



The wide world magazine

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THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE

APRIL, 1903, TO SEPTEMBER, 1903

THE
WIDE WORLD
MAGAZINE

AN ILLUSTRATED
MONTHLY
OF
TRUE NARRATIVE

ADVENTURE
TRAVEL
CUSTOMS
AND
SPORT

“TRUTH IS
STRANGER
THAN
FICTION”

VOL. XI.

—
APRIL

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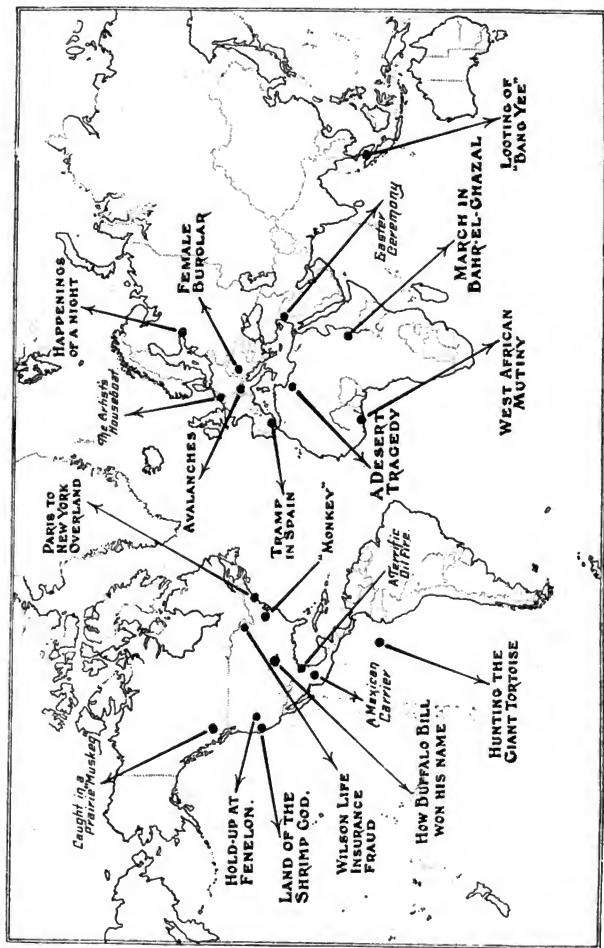
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THE NOVEL MAP-CONTENTS OF "THE WILD WORLD MAGAZINE," WHICH SHOWS AT A GLANCE THE LOCALITY OF EACH ARTICLE AND NARRATIVE OF ADVENTURE IN THIS NUMBER.



"CLIMBING A TWENTY-FOOT TELEGRAPH POLE IN THE DARK TO GIVE WARNING."

(SEE PAGE 8.)

THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE.

Vol. XI.

APRIL, 1903.

No. 61.

The "Hold-up" at Fenelon.

BY WALTER GEORGE PATTERSON.

A remarkable railway story. How the would-be train-robbers seized the station and dismantled the telegraph office; how they laid their plans for "holding-up" the "Overland Limited"; and how the pluck and enterprise of a young girl, coupled with the keen eyes of a brave boy and the sagacity of a dog, averted what might have been a great disaster.



EXACTLY two years ago to-day as I write this (October 27th, 1902) I was an unwilling actor in one of those almost exclusively American incidents, the "holding-up" of a railroad train—the modern successor of the old stage-coach robbery. Although the news agencies distributed the usual account of the affair at the time—accounts to which the newspapers devote less space each year owing to the increasing and deplorable frequency of these desperate enterprises—no detailed and ungarbled story of the "hold-up" at Fenelon has ever yet been presented to the public.

As everyone knows who has ever crossed the great American continent by the original Union and Central Pacific route, the larger part of the last half of the trip is made through the most desolate and forsaken six hundred miles of territory known to this greatly diversified country.

Beginning with the cane and brake sloughs which stretch out for miles from the north-western shores of that greatest of inland seas, the Great Salt Lake, the Central Pacific Railroad winds its monotonously unbroken course for the half of a thousand miles through the death-breeding alkali plains of Nevada, known a

few years back in geographies all over the world as the Great American Desert.

Fancy what life must be at a railroad station on such a line as this to a young girl not yet out of her teens, and you may be able to conjure up a partial realization of the existence of Miss Minnie Van Andle, who was sent to the station at Fenelon, some six months before the occurrences of which I am writing, as the day telegraph operator.

Miss Van Andle's father, Cornelius Van Andle, was at this time the oldest engine-driver on the C.P. system, having run the first engine across the line after the driving of the golden spike which announced the completion of the first great trans-continental railroad. Being frequently with her father as a little girl both at the depot at Ogden, Utah, where they then resided, and also making brief journeys with him upon his engine, she had—from curiosity chiefly—picked up a knowledge of telegraphy. Being ambitious, she had then applied for a position on the line.

The latest employé on this system, as elsewhere, was started off with what surely was the least desirable berth, not on the C.P.R. alone, but probably on any other railway in the world. Night operator there was



MISS MINNIE VAN ANDLE, WHOSE PLUCKY ACT WARNED THE OFFICIALS ON THE TRAIN THAT THE TWO WOULD-BE ROBBERS HAD PLANNED A "HOLD-UP" AT FENELON.

From a Photo. by Elite.

rasping, hoarse, menacing voice. "Drop that telegraph key!"

As she jumped back in a frightened manner at this unexpected command, her eyes fell upon two great revolvers levelled directly at her face.

"Don't bother your pretty self to announce our arrival down the line, miss. It will all come out in the society papers in due time, after we've finished our little *séance* with the Limited-to-night," said one of the men. And a diabolical grin overspread the two repellent physiognomies, as they saw the girl shrink back, pale and affrighted.

Like a flash she knew now with what she had to deal. The men were not merely ride-stealers. They were train-robbers! They had found out somehow that the two cars were to be shunted at Fenelon and had got left there purposely—an ideal location for their desperate work, two successful "hold-ups" having already come off near Fenelon within the past few years.

"You keep her covered, Bill, while I go inside and pay my respects," said the first speaker, the more villainous-looking of the pair, if there were any choice.

"Bill" held his gun in position, covering the cowering form of the girl, while the other desperado came through the side door into the office. He quickly seized the young woman in his powerful grasp and, having forced her to a seat in the office chair, proceeded to tie her securely, with such material as he could readily find.

"I won't gag you, missy, unless you are foolish enough to scream, for Bill and I want you to tell us things; and then we shall have a little story to tell you about what we are going to do to Number Seven-to-night.

"You're all alone here, I take it, missy?" continued he. "Where's the old man that runs the—"

But the "old man" in question made an answer to the unfinished query superfluous.

Poor old Mike, who had been taking a nap

in the shanty, hearing voices, came hurrying around the north end of the platform, breaking into a run and feeling for his revolver as the scene being enacted broke more clearly upon his view.

With a muttered curse the robber outside the window pointed his pistol, which he had gradually withdrawn from Miss Van Andle's direction and allowed to rest at his side, straight at the breast of the advancing station-keeper. Then he pressed the trigger, and with a loud cry the poor old Irishman fell forward dead, shot through the heart.

His wife, hearing the report and the scream of agony, came running anxiously towards the spot, only to fall fainting at the sight of her husband's body.

Without waiting to assure themselves whether the old lady was dead or alive, the two villains

tied her hands together and bundled her into the waiting-room, where they laid her on the floor; they then conveyed the body of the man whom they had so ruthlessly shot down into the empty box-car. After this both returned to the white-faced and violently agitated girl in the telegraph office.

"Now, I reckon you see that we mean business, sis," resumed the man who had been doing most of the talking; "and we want you to make no breaks of any kind, but to pay attention to us."

The frightened girl heard the voice, harsh

and discordant though it sounded, as if it came to her from a great distance. Her eyes were partly closed from sheer terror at what had taken place; but she realized in a dim sort of way that she needed all her wits about her, and with a brave effort she partially recovered her waning senses and tried to fix her mind upon her perilous position. She resolved, if possible, to devise some means of averting the dangers which she knew threatened not only herself, but a train-load of unsuspecting passengers. She had no need of further assurance from her captors as to their scoundrelly intentions;



THE "STATION" AND TELEGRAPH OFFICE AT FENELON.
From a Photo.



"HIS WIFE FELL Fainting AT THE SIGHT OF HER HUSBAND'S BODY."

but the assurance was none the less speedily forthcoming.

"Me and Bill," continued the ruffian, "want the money that's on that train to-night, and we're going to have it. We've worked the same lay before, and it hasn't interfered with our being in pretty good health right up to date. Number Seven ought to be due here about 8.15, and she's generally right on time. We want the keys of the hand-car first. Just tell us, now, where the old man keeps those articles, will you, or where he *did* keep 'em?"

With a shudder of horror at this reminder of the fate which had befallen the harmless old man, Miss Van Andle indicated, in a faint tone, the drawer in the agent's desk where the keys were kept. These secured, the man continued:—

"We're going to hustle up the line a bit as soon as it's well dark—say, about two miles. We're going to plant two red lamps all by themselves on the track where we stop. Then we're going to lie low along the track and wait for Number Seven. We shall dump the hand-car off into the ditch, where it won't give any tips. When the cars slow down we intend to sneak aboard the 'blind baggage.' Now, right here is where *you* get into the game, little missy.

spectable New York State family.

"Our object in going up the line to board our train is simply because we don't care to take a fifty-mile ride on the front of the baggage-car from the next station, and we don't reckon the conductor would receive us in the proper spirit if we flagged him here at the *dépôt*. Then, too, our get-away plans won't let us do any other way than how we've got the thing laid out."

Meanwhile, the poor old woman in the adjoining room had recovered consciousness and, moaning piteously, was rolling from side to side on the floor.

The two men, after a brief conference, picked her up roughly and carried her out to the little cabin which had been her own and her dead helpmate's home ever since the road was built. Here they threw her upon a bed, where she was firmly bound.

Thrusting a gag formed from a towel into the poor woman's mouth, the men returned to their other victim.

"When Number Seven stops and don't find no one around to explain the red lamps, they're going to crawl into the station with a danger-signal ahead of them or they're going to send a brakeman in here to find out what the trouble is. Either way, it's all the same to us. It rests

And you want to be mighty careful that you don't miss your cue."

Miss Van Andle remembered afterwards that the man had evidently found it difficult to speak like a man of no education—forgetting, apparently, at times, the part he was assuming. It transpired, as a matter of fact, at a later time, that while his companion was in reality the uncouth and low-born "hobo" he seemed to be, the speaker himself was the "black sheep" of a very re-

with you then to show how much you think of us. 'They're going to find you trussed here in the chair; and you're going to give 'em a hurry-up story as to how the old man went off his head all of a sudden, beat his wife with a club, tied you down to a chair, and rushed off up the line swinging a pair of red lights and screaming for 'Ould Ireland.' We'll put the old lady to sleep before we light out, so she can't talk.

Don't make no mistake, as me and Bill will be laying for you even if one of us has to follow the brakeman in. We're thinking the train'll flag in without waiting for anything. 'They'll have you unfasted and want you to come along with them on Number Seven; but you ain't to go. You might forget the feeling you've got for us, and blow our game as soon as you get out of the range of our admiring eyes and these pop-guns. You're to say you aren't afraid any more, and that you can't desert your post and

the old girl. Then the train will go off and—well, that lets you out of it. But just for fear of accidents—there's no knowing what a female girl may think up—we'll take this blooming telegraph thumper along and heave it in the ditch. Now you have got to swear you'll do as you've been told. That's right, my pretty, and now off we go; it's getting toward the hour. Be careful you don't make any mistakes."

And the worthy couple sidled out into the fast deepening shadows. There is no twilight on these plateaus, and this night there was no moon. Despite the awful experiences of the past few hours the young woman felt singularly composed when she realized how necessary it was that something should be done, and that quickly.

They had rendered the telegraph useless. But, then, of what use would it be now anyhow? Number Seven had long since passed the next telegraph station, fifty miles distant, and—Ah! a bright idea flashed across her mind.

All the big overland trains in these modern days are provided not only with the usual up-to-date luxuries, but each of them also carries its own telegraph operator, together with



"YOU'RE GOING TO GIVE 'EM A HURRY-UP STORY."

a clever device for telegraphing from a moving train.

If by any bit of good fortune the operator on Number Seven should happen to be "cut in" on the train wire at this critical juncture—and she knew that he generally was—and if she could but free herself from her bonds, she would find some way to get word to him without an instrument.

The ropes hurt her cruelly, but desperation rendered her insensible to mere physical pain; and by dint of grim persistence she at last succeeded in freeing one arm. The rest was comparatively easy, and she was soon free—but painfully sore and stiff.

Her first act was to hasten to the relief of the

old lady, whom she found breathing heavily in a profound slumber or stupor, having evidently been compelled to swallow an opiate or other sleep-producing draught by the two men. Nevertheless, she seemed to be in no immediate danger. Satisfied as to this, and having cut the ropes about the woman's wrists, the girl started back toward the office at a run. In her excitement she thought that she heard voices up the line. The robbers might be returning! With but a moment's hesitation she turned about and rushed down the track in an opposite direction. She had rapidly evolved a plan of action, which she gaspingly prayed might not be too late.

In the meanwhile the Overland Limited, loaded with California tourists and many other Western-bound passengers, was skimming along merrily, all unconscious of impending evil.

In the iron-beamed express car was a vast quantity of treasure. There were two big "through" safes bearing the seals of the great Wells Fargo Corporation, loaded with gold and currency and other valuable articles, besides the "local" safe, which on this trip contained in one consignment sixty thousand dollars in currency destined for the payboss of the big Con., Cal., and Va. Mining Company at Virginia City.

Messenger E. Chenoweth, who had charge of the run on this eventful night, glanced complacently now and then at the loaded Winchester, clung to brackets within easy reach, and patted the brace of loaded revolvers in his hip-pockets.

"Lots of stuff on our hands to night, Johnny," he remarked to his assistant. "It would be a great night for the 'hold-up' laddies to get in their work, this would."

"Oh, bother them," replied the assistant, confidently. "They've got the last pair that tried that game down in the San Quentin Gaol. I reckon they won't be trying that on again in a hurry."

"Oh, no; not that pair won't; but there are others, you know."

"Well, we're fixed for 'em if they come," replied the other. And so they dismissed the subject from their minds, and went on about their work.

In the parlour-car a group of stylishly-dressed passengers, many from abroad, were crowding about the telegraph operator—a young fellow named Foster—craning their necks over one another's shoulders, watching and listening to the young man's exhibition and explanation of this new application of telegraphy—telegraphing from a moving train.

Foster had made a connection with the wire used by the dispatcher's office for the giving of

train orders, and was in the midst of a long and semi-scientific elucidation of the principle of this forerunner of Marconi, when he paused abruptly at an unusual and somewhat jumbled-up ticking-off of signals on the part of the "sounder."

"Reckon some greenhorn is at the key somewhere on the line; or else it's a case of wire trouble," he remarked.

But whatever it was, or whoever it was, it was certainly persistent.

"I can't make head or tail out of it," remarked Foster, in a puzzled fashion. "I—but what's this?—"

"Beware robbers Fenelon——"

"*Beware robbers Fenelon!*" he gasped.

"It's a 'hold-up.' Someone's warning us! Wait; here it goes again:—"

"D-o-n-t m-i-n-d r-e-d l-a-m-p-s. D-o-n-t s-t-o-p——" There, I've lost her!

"That's a girl there at Fenelon," he jerked out, excitedly; "and by the style of her 'sending' the robbers have just about scared her out of her office and she has broken the wire somewhere outside, and is getting this warning to us by tapping the two broken ends together, thus opening and closing the circuit! That's all a telegraph 'key' does.

"Great Scot!" he cried, to the white-faced passengers, who thus far formed his audience, "I have it now! There's only one place on earth outside of the office itself where she could possibly make a thing of that kind work, and that's at the top of a pole! That girl has outwitted the scamps by sliding away from them and climbing a twenty-foot telegraph pole in the dark to give us warning!"

This was a guess on the part of Mr. Foster which afterwards proved to be perfectly correct. It was an heroic thing for a young girl to do, although Miss Van Andle had selected a testing pole which had a sort of stairway of ten-inch spikes running up either side of it, thereby rendering the feat comparatively easy of accomplishment.

On board the train many plans were discussed, and suggestions more or less wild and impossible made and rejected, as we rapidly neared the locality of the proposed "hold-up." Chenoweth, the express messenger, and myself made a rapid inventory of the number of weapons carried by passengers, and found that, together with the guns always carried of late by the train crew, we could, if need be, keep off a small regiment of "hold-up" ruffians. Of course, we had no idea how many there were of the robbers.

It was finally settled upon as the wisest plan to "put on the air" (brakes) as soon as we reached the danger signals, and be prepared to

put up the best fight of our lives when we saw what he had got to face.

It so happened that I was taking my young son Walter with me on this trip, intending to let him make a month's stay with his grandparents, who had a small fruit farm over in the Sacramento Valley. With Walter was a monstrous great giant of a dog, part Newfoundland and part St. Bernard, who answered to the name of Prince. The two were inseparables. The photograph of him shown in this article does him but scant justice. He was, in reality, nearly as big as a young grizzly, and not altogether lacking in the chief characteristics of a grizzly when he was angry.

I was naturally kept pretty busy as we were getting closer and closer to Fenelon in calming the more timid of the lady passengers. I'll admit, too, I was a bit excited myself. Thus it came about that, as our engine gave a single piercing blast of the whistle — which meant that we had sighted the red lamps ahead of us and were about to put on the brakes — I failed to notice that Walter and Prince had gone forward and taken a stand at the glass door at the front of the long express car, directly behind the tender to the engine.

As we came to a dead stop, not a dozen feet this side of the red lights, I rushed ahead to join the posse in the express car, for we well knew that this would be the place of attack by the boarding party — if that proved to be their business with us.

For one interminable moment there was a breathless hush of expectancy. Then everybody, myself especially, was horrified to see my young son grab a big Colt's revolver out of the hand of one of the passengers who was with us, snatch open the glass-pannelled door, and fire rapidly three times at some object in the outer darkness. At the instant that Walter opened the door his giant companion, Prince, leaped through the opening, with a savage growl,

and by sheer weight bore something to the ground below, where he immediately engaged whatever or whoever it was in a fight for life.

Above the hissing of the escaping steam we could hear mingled curses and groans and the rending of clothes, as Prince worried the would-be robber he had selected for his share of the



"PRINCE LEAPED THROUGH THE OPENING, WITH A SAVAGE GROWL."

sport. At the expiration of the brief twenty seconds it took for this to happen we were all out of the express car through the side doors, my brave lad well to the front with the rest of us, and all our weapons ready for quick use if there proved to be anything for them to do.

But there wasn't.

The engine driver and fireman came jumping down off the coal-laden tender, each bearing a huge lighted torch of "waste" aloft in one hand, a revolver grasped in the other; and by the light of these flares we quickly sized up the situation.

One robber lay moaning on the "blind baggage" platform, shot through the shoulder and through the fleshy part of the neck, where two of Walter's shots had taken effect; a second



"WE RESCUED HIM FROM THIS PERIL."

one was still pinned to the ground by the big dog, screaming with fright and trying to escape the evident intention of Prince to finish him.

Of course, we rescued him from this peril, and we soon had the pair of them securely bound on the floor of the baggage-car.

There is not much to add. Brave little Minnie Van Andle came up with us before we were ready to move, and from her we quickly learned all the facts we were necessarily in ignorance of—particularly as to the number of robbers involved. I was much relieved, and I think everyone else was, too, to learn that we had bagged the whole party. That is to say, a young girl, a little boy, and a dog had averted what might have been, even with the warning we had received, one of the big "hold-ups" of the West. Everything, however, had played into our hands—even the chance by which my boy happened to detect the desperadoes stealing on to the "blind baggage" car, as originally planned by them.

They must of

necessity soon have discovered the fact that we had received a warning, from the posse crowding the express car, and they would undoubtedly have sprung their coup without a moment's delay. We found enough dynamite in a hand-bag on the "blind baggage" platform (after we had pulled into the station at Fencelon) to have blown the whole train and everybody aboard it into eternity!

Proper attention was given the body of poor Mike Dermody; his old wife was still living, though very feeble, when I last heard of her some little time ago. Minnie Van Andle and Walter were not forgotten by the railroad and express officials, while Prince received a fine gold-plated collar bearing the legend "*Vici victores*,"

which is, as nearly as some well-meaning person could express succinctly in Latin what was intended to be freely, very freely, rendered: "I held up the 'hold-ups.'" As for the two desperadoes, they are now serving out long sentences in the Nevada State Penitentiary.



THE COLLAR PRESENTED TO "PRINCE"—THE LATIN LEGEND FREELY TRANSLATED READS, "I HELD UP THE 'HOLD-UPS'."

AVALANCHES

by John Swaffham.

The author has had special opportunities for studying these terrible scourges of the mountains, the dread alike of the climber and the dweller in the valleys, where whole villages are sometimes swept away and rivers dammed up. The article is illustrated by a set of striking photographs taken by Mr. G. R. Ballance, of St. Moritz Dorf, Switzerland.



O one who is renewing old acquaintance with the High Alps in summertime the frequent roar of minor avalanche comes as a something without which the country does not seem altogether itself. The sound is merely incidental, and the hearer never pauses to think of its real meaning. Even a note in the daily paper, which tells of one more avalanche fatality on the Matterhorn, finds no particular connection in his consciousness with the distant dull roar, like the firing of heavy guns, which is the sum total of his acquaintance with this dread danger of the mountains. It is well for him if his awakening does not come by way of actual personal disaster on the glacier.

The present writer and the photographer who took the snap-shots which illustrate this article have been fortunate in that they have witnessed, as it were face to face, avalanches which must have destroyed any living creature or any work of mortal hands which stood in the path. Fortunately, however, these great falls occurred without claiming a single human life.

An avalanche and a landslide differ only in so far that the matter which falls is in the one case snow, in the other earth. In both cases the determining cause may be due to any one of a

dozen various possibilities, but in the case of the avalanche the usual motor force is, of course, the heat of the sun. As this increases with the advance of the season, overhanging or roughly-balanced masses of snow fail to maintain their cohesion with the main bulk and plunge wildly down into the lower pastures, sometimes into the very valleys themselves.

Only a few seasons ago the papers told of an avalanche which menaced the existence of a village in the Tyrol, while those who have passed a while near the Rigi will recall a true valley of desolation where, says local tradition, grass shall never again clothe the hillside nor cattle browse, because of the snows which were loosed on a devoted village and overwhelmed the houses, their inmates and cattle alike, in one awful grave.

Nor is it only in high summer that the mountain snows fall upon the valley dwellers. Between St. Moritz in the Upper Engadine and Davos in the lower valley the road lies through the Flüela Pass. This pass is, by the nature of the mountain sides above it, peculiarly open to the sweeping onrush of snow masses, before which nothing can stand. Four winters or so back the Davos post never reached the upper valley, and all endeavours to find the missing

men or mails failed, so huge was the fatal area involved in the fall and so deep the subsequent snow, which covered all trace of the whereabouts of the actual disaster. Four months later, in the bright days of early June, another "post" saw a human arm stretched upward as though in mute accusation of the smiling sky. And there the searchers found those who had perished in performance of their duty—six couriers and drivers of the Staats-post, their horses and their mails, fresh and sound as on

days rushes a cloud of smoky snow, beneath which the noisy masses of the fall rush and tumble.

Straight in front of Mürren, also, is a huge mountain of bare rock called the Black Mönch. So steep is it that on its extreme top alone will any quantity of snow lie, and even there the masses are ever slipping away. When this glacier-like movement has forced a certain quantity of the packed snow over the edges of the rock the cornice breaks away and falls, a



From a]

A GENERAL VIEW OF AN AVALANCHE.

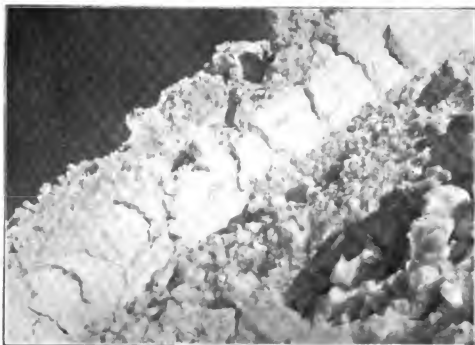
[Photo.

the moment when, more than six score days before, the mountain let loose their snowy winding-sheet.

No more instructive sights in the ways of the minor avalanche can be seen in all Switzerland than are visible between June and September from the high places on which the buildings of Mürren cluster. This village is in the heart of the Bernese Oberland, and hangs on the very verge of a two thousand foot precipice, which forms the wall of the Lauterbrunnen Valley. On the far side is a chain of mountains, worthy peers of the three peaks in which they culminate—the Eiger, Mönch, and Jungfrau. Between the various mountains—not that there is any observable break in their eternal chain—several permanent slides stretch their dirty, fan-shaped courses into the valley. Down them every few

solid waterfall of snow and ice, into the valley far below. Few finer sights are imaginable than the spurting leaps of this dazzling fall as it is tossed from ledge to ledge in that sheer eighteen hundred foot fall. Afterwards the Black Mönch justifies its dark name by contrast, for the gleaming relics of the fall linger in crevice and on ledge until the sun at last restores the rock to its habitual nakedness.

From Mürren, again, the present writer was witness of a most wonderful sight. Away a matter of two miles to the right of the village runs a narrow valley, by name the Sefinen Thal. The *thal* is no more than the bed of a rocky torrent, and so constrained is this stream that lower down it has, by some cataclysm of Nature, forced a tunnel through an immense mass of rock which otherwise would have completely



From a

ONE OF THE SIDE WALLS OF AN AVALANCHE.

Photo.

barred its course. About a mile above this spot there is a steep slide, above which lies a vast snowfield, almost a miniature tableland of snow.

One hot day in early July some five years since this space shot its thousands of tons of packed snow into the *thal*. With no warning

save a deafening roar like the boom of a dozen heavy guns the mountain emptied its covering into the narrow valley, where it completely blocked the stream, and had the spot been other than totally barren must have caused some terrible disaster. The fall continued for at least two minutes, during the whole of which a fortunate chance enabled me to observe it through glasses at a distance of not much more than half a mile. From the same spot a telescope enabled me to watch some less gigantic falls, but which might have well found record throughout the world.

A party of climbers were late in reaching the summit of the Eiger, and it was not till about 9 a.m.—it should have been 6.30 at latest—that they commenced the descent. A matter of an hour's climb from the top the way leads down a narrow passage between steep rocks. Avalanches from that side nearly always take



AN AVALANCHE WHICH DESCENDED UPON THE DISCHMATHAL VALLEY, IN THE ENGADINE, IN APRIL, 1902.

From a Photo.



THE FLOOR OF AN AVALANCHE, SHOWING THE CURIOUS MANNER IN WHICH THE SNOW HAS BEEN ROLLED INTO BALLS.
From a Photo.

this course in their fall. Suddenly we who were watching saw the faint cloud, as of far-off smoke, which hovers about the avalanche in its course. With a desperate effort the two guides literally dragged their climber on to the rocks. A moment later the avalanche swept by. It was after a week or more of extreme heat, and all the forenoon fall followed fall. The guides made several attempts to get their man down; but his nerves appeared unstrung and they had to give over. At last, about four, we saw them make a new start, and finally had the satisfaction of seeing the party emerge on the glacier below Wengern Alp just as the light began to fail.

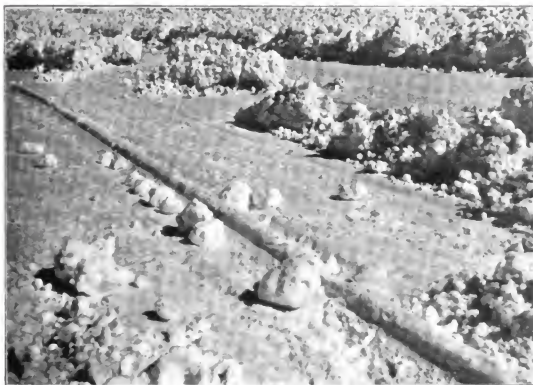
If any man would know the excitement of a climb without risking a single step, let him go to the Hotel des Alpes at Mürren, and watch another such climb through Herr Gürtner's glass there.

And now let us turn once more to the Engadine, to the lower valley, where the village of Davos Dörfli stands. Full in view of the station hotel, a broad valley, known as the Dischmatal, runs up at right angles to the Davos valley proper. Here, in April, 1902, occurred the tremendous fall whose strange vagaries are illustrated by the photographs which accompany this article.

The Dischmatal is a fairly broad valley, with

well wooded and not very steep sides. It lies, however, between mountains on many of which there are large glaciers, and it was from one of these that the immense mass of snow which caused such ruin originally fell. Gathering impetus as it went, the avalanche projected its thousands of tons of snow on the pine woods, through which it cut a road as clean as though every tree had been felled flush with the ground by the axe of some miraculous woodman.

The chief glacier above the woods is the famous one called the Scaletta, but it was from a smaller field on the Jatzhorn that the trouble came. It had been snowing for about a week and the depth of new snow in the valley was about ten or eleven feet, probably much more on the high peaks. Next came a warm spell of true April weather. The new snow settled, *i.e.*, grew compressed by its own weight and the softening influence of the sun. You are to remember that this new snow did not lie upon the earth nor yet upon a bare rocky bed. It lay as it had fallen, a separate mass superimposed upon the hard frozen crust of last winter's falls. As it contracted from above it naturally began to expand slightly on its unstable base. The movement begun continued, and the whole mass commenced to shift. Finally it came clean away, leaving a gash of over a mile long on the side of the Jatzhorn where



NOTICE THE CURIOUS BEVEL-LIKE MOUNDINGS CAUSED BY THE IMMENSE WEIGHT OF THE MOVING MASSES OF SNOW.
From a Photo.

it had parted from the main mass. This gash was upwards of fifteen feet deep and was plainly visible miles away from the bottom of the valley.

Now, avalanches are not so rare on the Jatzhorn, which possesses one of the permanent slips or slides of which I have spoken in the Lauterbrunnen Valley. The present fall was, however, on such a scale that it at once filled the entire channel, and literally brimming over the edge swept everything before it down the valley sides. Acres of pines of unknown age went down as easily as skittles, and the giant moved down the valley with a roar heard for miles away, and under a cloud of snow-dust so thick as to become a veritable fog, through which nothing could be seen for many minutes. For weeks after every tree and rock within a large radius was shrouded with a dirty covering of wet snow mingled with all manner of dust taken up by the fierce draught of the fall.

Now, an ordinary well-behaved avalanche is content to roll its troubled masses down into the bed of a valley, there to stay until the sun has effaced its last relics from the summer landscape. Not so this one, the force and weight of which carried it right across the valley so that it partly mounted the opposite hillside—a thing almost unprecedented in the history of its kind.



THE FIGURE OF THE LADY HERE SHOWN WILL GIVE AN IDEA OF THE HEIGHT OF THE SNOW WALLS.
From a Photo.

This same impetus and weight, acting on snow already packing under the heat of a week of spring sun, compressed the moving masses into a consistency little short of the familiar asphalt. Moreover, the masses naturally split up, and it was the side pressure of the later parts which threw up the extraordinary bevels or mouldings of snow shown in several of the photographs.

At the same time five successive falls occurred from the same mountain on its other side in

wards only to meet a similar wall of ejected air; then the two fought as to which should triumph, and so a false wind arose.

As the great avalanche rushed down the valley it flung up walls or ramparts on either side to a height of over thirty feet. The figure of a lady seen in one of the photos, gives a good idea of this, although you must note that her feet are already far more than her own height above the level of the avalanche bed.



From a) A TERRIBLE AVALANCHE DANGER—MOUNTAINS OF SNOW BLOCKING UP A STREAM. [Photo.

the Züge gorge, which is on the coach road from Davos to the Upper Engadine. The noise of these joined forces with that of the Dischmatal, and the combined result was very curious. First there arose a loud, dull roar, which soon changed into a deafening thunder of ever-increasing volume, which again rose in a weird sort of chromatic scale, mingled at last with a wild sighing, almost a moan, as of a thousand storm-wraiths wailing for some dread disaster. This curious phenomenon was doubtless due to the great displacement of atmosphere caused in two valleys, the air from which rushed up-

Of course, the snow blocked up the course of the stream in either valley. In the Züge gorge it resulted in a rise of water which washed away the bridge and a part of the road, so that communication was not restored for many weeks. In the Dischmatal there is no road, and, fortunately, no particular harm resulted here, though the photo, which shows how the water at once began to form a miniature lake will give you an idea of the results which may occur when a blocked stream rises to a great head behind a barrier composed of nothing more stable than snow.



Mr. Kennedy here describes his long tramp from Granada to Jaen, and the incidents which occurred en route, including his meeting with the old wanderer, Aquilino, and the young Spaniard who spoke "English."



THE night before I left Granada Santiago gave a dinner in my honour. José Castro, Constant, Rafael, and several others were present. It was a clear, warm night, and we dined together at a big table in the garden.

I sat next to Joaquin, the advocate who had engineered my defence at the trial. I endeavoured to tell him what great friends and comrades-in-arms briefless barristers and journalists were in London. I tried to picture the affinity between the two. Joaquin looked intelligent and then he endeavoured to tell me something—what, I don't know.

We had a gay and jovial and jolly time. Santiago came to the front like a hero of old. He made the strongest sort of a requisition upon the forces of the cellar of the hotel. The way he commanded Emilio to bring up the bottles caused me to gaze upon him with respectful admiration.

All of us made speeches at the dinner. They were of a complimentary, flowing, and flowery nature, as speeches at dinners ought to be. As near as I could get at it the burden of the speeches was that I was all right—was one of the best. They were much charmed because

of the fact that I had graced Andalusia with my presence. Everybody was proud to have met me; indeed, we were all proud and pleased and gratified to have met one another.

The end of each speech was punctuated by the commanding voice of the noble Santiago as he ordered Emilio to bring up yet another bottle.

My speech was by common consent admitted to be the speech of the evening. I praised Andalusia and everything Andalusian to the skies; I praised Granada and all its works of art and monuments; I praised Santiago and the hotel—and more especially its wines; I praised everyone at table; and I praised Spain in general and all its wonderful sports and institutions. In fact, I gave forth a paean of praise at the top of a naturally strong voice.

By this time I had, of course, become somewhat facile in the art of praising Spain. I had done it so often.

I sat down in the midst of tremendous applause. Rafael, who had not understood a word of what I had said, applauded even more loudly than anyone else. I thought he was going to break the table.

And then Constant arose and made a translation of my speech. Again there was applause—if possible greater than ever. During it Rafael shook me fervently by the hand. "Mucha bueno Inglés!" he exclaimed, with

emotion. When the applause softened down I got up and made a few closing remarks.

After that we turned in.

At five o'clock in the morning I was up and getting ready to start. It had been arranged that Santiago, Constant, and Joaquin were to accompany me along the road for a few kilómetros. My next point was Jaén, a town ninety-seven kilómetros from Granada. It lay up due north. It would take me three days to make the journey.

At six o'clock the four of us were in a carriage bowling down the road leading out from the Alhambra. And soon we were out through the low, Moorish arch at the entrance of the gardens. I turned for a last look at this arch. Many a hot day I had toiled up the steep road towards it and passed through it into the grateful, cool shade. Most likely I would never see the strange old arch again.

We were going now at a swinging rate along the Calle de los Reyes Católicos. The shops were beginning to be opened, and people were moving about and along.

And then we turned to the right by the big plaza at the end of the street—and to the right again. And we were on a road that went out in a straight line into the distance—out as far as the eye could see—the road to Madrid.

Little was said as we went along. Partings have always in them a touch of sadness; you can never tell if you will meet people again. You may have shaken them by the hand for the last time. It is hard to meet people and to like people and to pass from them and never see them again.

The carriage had stopped, and Constant was strapping up my knapsack on to my back. We were now some kilómetros away from Granada. The town was not to be seen: it was lying off behind the mountains.

They were going back along the road now, and I was standing looking after them. They had shaken me again and again by the hand, and had wished me all sorts of luck on my journey. Joaquin had told me, through Constant, that some time or another he might come and see me in London. Poor old Joaquin! He had the goodness and kindness of heart of the Andalusian.

I watched the carriage till it was out of sight.

For a while I felt low-spirited, but in time it began to wear off. It was a beautiful morning, and the air was fresh and cool, and soon I felt myself again. I began to think of what I was going to see and what would happen. It was grand to walk briskly along this fine road, and after an hour or two's tramp I was as right and as fit as a nail.

As I was coming up to the first pueblo (village) I heard in the distance the barking of dogs, and soon I saw two of them running towards me. But I was fully prepared to receive them. Constant had warned me that the dogs in the country were savage and dangerous, and I had provided myself with a heavy latigo (whip). I had, of course, my revolver to hand, but shooting dogs was no part of my plan. It would only get me into needless trouble.



"HE STOOD STILL AND GAVE WHAT I SUPPOSE WAS A HOWL OF WONDER."

As the dogs were rushing towards me I slipped off my knapsack and got off the latigo, which was strapped along the top of it. Then I stood a little to one side of the knapsack and waited, my latigo grasped in my left hand behind my back. Had the dogs seen it they might not have rushed on me with such valour.

The foremost dog was a big, ferocious fellow. His hair bristled and stood around his neck, forming a sort of collar.

As he came on I backed as though afraid, and he jumped at me as though he would take me down at a bite. But—well, he met the latigo right across the eyes. And as he howled and swerved he met it again and again. He stood still, and gave what I suppose was a howl of wonder, and I got him again right in the middle of the howl. It was a glorious moment.

Just as I was swinging the latigo to let him have one for good measure, he turned and executed with great swiftness a strategic movement to the rear—to the village from whence he came. His tail hung limp and useless as he hurried along. I suppose he was going to tell the other dogs that it was just as well to treat me with civility.

I looked round for his companion in the charge. But I could see him nowhere. He was in all likelihood a dog of a discreet calibre.

I picked up my knapsack and walked into the village. When I got there I saw the big dog with whom I had had the interview. I whistled to him. But he was coy. He withdrew himself.

I went in to what seemed to be a sort of a posada (inn) and made signs that I wanted something to eat. I thought it just as well not to trust to the few words of bad Spanish that I had at my command. A sign is a sign, a

gesture is a gesture, but a mispronounced word is either nothing or—what is worse—misleading.

The woman to whom I made the signs was rather good looking. She understood at once what I meant. A man, who was probably her husband, was sitting at the farther end of the posada smoking a cigarette. He came forward and looked at me.



"Buenos dias" (good day), he said.

I bowed and wished him good day, and then he went and sat down to resume, I suppose, his flow of thought. His

curiosity had been satisfied.

I turned towards the door of the posada, and in front of it there was standing a crowd of men, women, and children. The whole village had evidently turned out to see what I was like. They stared at me in a frank, natural way.

I waved my hand and smiled to them.

"Buenos dias," I said.

"Buenos dias. Buenos dias," said several of them. And then some of them came right into the posada to get a closer look at me. My knapsack claimed especial attention. One little girl, with round blue eyes, examined the straps of it.

"I WENT IN TO WHAT SEEMED TO BE A SORT OF POSADA."

The woman of the posada had gone to get something ready for me to eat, and I thought I would try and engage the posadero (the man of the inn) in conversation. He seemed not unwilling, and we began to try to talk to each other. But the labour was of too vast a nature. We had to give it up. The posadero relapsed back again into thought, and began to roll for himself a fresh cigarette.

Just then one of the *Guardias Civiles* came into the inn. He looked at me closely, and then asked me several questions at once. I did not understand his questions, but I knew what their general drift must be. He wished to know who and what I was, what my intentions were, where I was going, and if I were a person of a generally sound and honourable character.

He was a fine-looking young fellow, and was armed with a Mauser rifle, a bayonet, and a revolver. He wore a three-cornered hat with a piece of white linen hanging from the back of it for protection from the sun.

I answered his questions by producing my passport. He held it upside down and scanned it with much care. The crowd round the door pressed nearer.

The English passport is a large, impressive document. The man who designed it knew what he was about. It fills the bill. It is well and clearly printed on good, thick paper, and is a thing of much size and space. It crackles with much importance when it is being opened or flourished in the air. Even a Fiji Islander would know that such a document could only come from a Government of great weight and might and heft.

The guard handed me back the passport and bowed. And then I showed him a Spanish paper, published in Seville, in which was printed a couple of paragraphs concerning me. This, combined with the passport, clinched the matter of my introduction to the village. Again the guard bowed.

By this time the woman of the posada had got something ready for me to eat. She beckoned to me, and I went into a big room that opened off from the back of the posada. But just as I got in it struck me that I had forgotten something. I ought to have invited the guard and the rest of the people to eat with me. It is the custom in Spain. So out I came again and I invited the guard and everyone in sight to join me in my repast. They thanked me, but did not respond to my invitation—which is also the custom in Spain. It is just as well for travellers to remember this latter part of the custom.

The ceiling of the big room into which I had been invited was low, and the floor of it was

paved with small cobblestones. In fact, the whole floor of the place seemed to be paved in this way. It was the first thing I had noticed.

In the centre of the table upon which the meal was spread was a small skin of wine with a mouthpiece standing out from the top of it. I poured some of it into the thick glass that stood near my plate. It was *Valdepenas*—a yellow-coloured wine tasting like sherry. It was a good wine, but it had rather a hard, peculiar flavour, perhaps owing to being kept in a skin.

The rest of the meal was composed of bread and fried eggs and ham—not the ham one gets in England, but the ham of Spain—ham that tastes like a cross between uncured, salted leather and something else. Still, on the whole the combination of *Valdepenas* and bread and eggs and ham was good. Indeed, I have often fared much worse. I have often in my time dined, so to speak, off a combination of nothing.

After I had demolished the lot I asked how much the charge was. (*Cuanto?*) But the woman would take nothing. I appealed to the man whom I thought to be the posadero. But he seemed helpless in the matter. All he did was to shrug his shoulders and smile. I had happened amongst hospitable people.

I then tried to find out the name of the village, but either they did not understand my question or I could not follow the name when it was pronounced. And after thanking the woman and her husband I picked up my knapsack and went out.

Over on the other side of the road was the group that had stood outside the posada when I first entered it. They were looking at me and talking amongst themselves. As I passed them I raised my hat. The children of the group followed me as I went on out of the village. I was honoured with a rearguard.

About an hour after this I came up with a little old man who was going in the same direction as myself. He carried a folded-up blanket upon his back, and at once I knew him for a tramp. He had the characteristics that tramps have the world over—characteristics difficult to describe, but plain to the eye of experience. The sign of the road and of the open air and of the instinct to wander was written all over him.

I was glad to see him. Here was indeed one who might turn out to be a companion for me.

I stopped him, and we began to try and talk to each other—and, curiously enough, we in a way understood each other. There must have been some affinity between us. But even if there were not, there was still the tie that binds

tramps the world over. We were going the same way.

His name was Aquilino. This I soon found out. He was going to Madrid—Madrid that was off to the north more than four hundred kilometres. I tried to find out why he was going to Madrid, and after a while I understood that he had a son there.

He must have been at least sixty years old, and his eyes were brown and his skin was very brown and very wrinkled. His face had a gentle expression and his voice was quiet. His hair and beard were white. He was a very little old man—a little, worn-out old man whom the world did not want. I felt very sorry for him, and I determined to keep him with me for a while.

I asked how he managed with the dogs on the road, and he gave me to understand that the perros (dogs) did not bother him much. Perhaps they considered that he was not one to be afraid of.

We walked slowly along together—he with his blanket and I with my knapsack. I showed him the latigo that I had for the dogs. He smiled and said something that I did not understand.

All around us on the road the mountains were showing in the distance. We were still within the range of the Sierra Nevada. We would be in it for some time. And then we would pass into another range, and then to Jaën.

The country around looked lonesome. Not many people lived in it. Constant, who had surveyed it, had told me that it was much the same all the way up to Madrid. It was a country full of beautiful colour and possessed of a strange stillness of aspect. As we were going along Aquilino paused and pointed towards the mountains to the west.

"Aguila," he said.

I stopped and looked. Off there, high above, a great bird was poised—an eagle. It was a long time since I had seen one.

The eagle seemed to stay motionless in the air. And then it began gradually to descend. And then it rose again—and went round slowly in a circle. And all the while its wings did not appear to move. It moved as though impelled by some power other than the power of flight.

Suddenly it swooped, or rather fell—fell so quickly that the eye could not follow it. A tragedy was passing before us. And then from a tree beneath a bird began to fly away. It flew slowly—reluctantly—as if it had left its mate behind.

At about five o'clock in the afternoon we came in sight of the village of Campotegar. It stood off from the road about a mile to the right of us, and I proposed that we should go there and get something to eat. I was not hungry, but I thought that my companion might be. He looked as if a good meal would do him no harm.

At first Aquilino did not want to come. I suppose he was afraid of the Guardia Civil. But I prevailed upon him, and we cut off from the road and on towards the village.

We were in it now—a curious old Moorish-



"WE DID NOT ATTRACT THE ATTENTION I HAD EXPECTED."

looking village—of narrow, uneven streets and low, strong-walled houses. It was a much larger place than the village I had been in last, and it looked as if the people of it saw strangers now and then, for we did not attract the attention I had expected. Even the Guardia Civil did not ask us questions; he only came up—looked at us—and passed on.

We walked on through it till my eye caught what seemed to be the *fonda* (hotel). I stalked in as if I owned it, Aquilino following behind.

"Buenos dias," I said to a stout-looking man who came to meet me, and I signed to Aquilino to translate. Aquilino did not know English, but he knew what was wanted, and he fell in at once with my idea—that he was to act as though he were able to interpret for me. Life on the road sharpens a man's wits.

Thanks to Aquilino things travelled here in the *fonda* with smoothness. The people of the place evidently took him for my bodyguard and factotum-in-chief. And soon we were seated at a table discussing the provisions—or, rather, Aquilino was discussing them. I was not hungry.

I watched the old man as he ate without letting him see that I was watching him. It must have been a long time since he had had a proper meal at a table. It was easy to see that he had been on the road—roughing it—for a long time. He ate nearly everything from his hand. It is a habit into which a tramp naturally falls.

I would have given words to have been able to talk with him. I would have liked to have found out his view-point of men and of things and of the world. He must have had a philosophy of his own concerning life just as all men have—whether they are able to express it or not. He must once have had ambitions, even though they were now perhaps dead—this little old tramp with the brown, wrinkled face and the white hair! I watched him as he broke his bread and slowly ate it. I noticed the

change that gradually came into his face as he drank his wine. What could he be thinking of? What memories were coming up before him? Did the wine bring back to him some feeling of the magic of his youth? He was a Spaniard and I was an Englishman. We were men of a different race. We could not exchange a thought. We could hardly even exchange a word. And still—and still there was a link between us. Had he suddenly told me his history—in words that were clear to me—I felt that it would have been a history the like of which I had known of before.

Race is a big word, but circumstance is a bigger word.

We stayed at the *fonda* till the next morning, and then I paid the bill and we went off. To me the going along the road was like old times. The only real difference was that I was tramping along in a country where I didn't know the language. But the circumstances were in a way much about the same, and I had a companion with me who was going the same way—little, wrinkled, brown-faced Aquilino.

The road wound along through the beautiful sunlit mountains—a fine, good road along which it was a joy to walk. I know of nothing better than walking along a road in the clear, open sunlight.

We did not meet many people, and the dogs gave us little trouble. Now and then we came upon a man of the Guardia Civil, but he let us pass without question.

Campillo de Arenas. We came near to this village towards the evening, and the dogs came out to look at us; but I showed them the *latigo*.

Here there was some trouble about Aquilino. The guard came up and asked him some question, and Aquilino fumbled all through his pockets and at last produced a battered-looking paper. The guard looked at it and then asked him more questions—and I was wondering what might happen. Aquilino



"THE GUARD LOOKED AT IT."

looked perturbed. I gathered then that the paper he had showed the guard was a paper describing himself, which the law required a Spaniard to carry. Evidently there was something not quite up to the mark about it, or it was out of date. The guard was adopting a stern, judicial sort of an attitude, perhaps in a measure for the benefit of the people of the village who had thronged round us.

Then it was that I pulled out my impressive-looking passport—my English passport. It made a crackling, important sound as I flourished it before the guard. And I talked loudly in English to the effect that Aquilino was my servitor and bodyguard generally, and that I had brought him with me from Granada. Aquilino also lifted up his voice, and between the noble-looking English passport and him and myself the affair was settled. What affair I don't quite know. But, anyhow, the guard was vanquished. He stepped down from his lofty horse.

I liked the people I met in Campillo de Arenas. They had the simplicity that country people have the world over, and added to it they had the charm and grace and lightness of bearing of the Andalusian. There was nothing of the clodhopper air about them, such as one may see about the people of a small village in England, and still no one could mistake them for anything but country people. Country people with grace. They seemed somehow different from the people of Campotegar. Perhaps Campotegar had upon it the influence of Granada.

The accommodation we got in Campillo de Arenas was hardly the best going. I would as lief have camped out. But Aquilino and I didn't mind that very much. We were old campaigners.

Jaën. At last we were coming towards it. It was the morning of the day but one after we had been in Campillo de Arenas. We saw it first through a gap in the mountains—about seven kilômetros off from us. And then we lost sight of it again in a bend of the road.

The colour of the soil of the country had now changed. It had turned from dark brown to red, and the vegetation was much stronger. There was more life in the soil—more vigour in the earth. We were still in a mountain country, but the sterility had gone. The country behind us, though beautiful to the eye, had still a sterile, unfruitful aspect.

It was a very old town, this Jaën. The Romans had been here; the Moors had been here. Its name had an odd sound, just as "hine" would sound in English. It had been the scene of assaults and strife between opposing races. And still it remained here in the mountains—an old town.

In the town itself there was an air of bustle and activity, and the people looked altogether different from the people of Granada. The men looked stronger and bigger, and they moved around with energy. One felt that they had something to do in life. The town was only ninety-seven kilômetros from Granada, but as far as the difference in the people was concerned it might have been a thousand. In Granada everyone seemed to be lost in an eternal siesta. But here, in Jaën, the people were alive and awake. It may have been the difference in the soil and the air that caused it, but, whatever the cause, the difference in the people was striking.

I don't mean, of course, to suggest that Granada was in any way inferior to Jaën because the people of Granada took life with ease. Rather is it the other way about. I personally prefer people who know and appreciate the full value of leisure; these hurrying, bustling people and these hurrying, bustling towns and nations by no means have the meaning in the life of the world that is generally imagined. They are but mere puffing bubbles on the great river of Time. And for this blessing thanks be to Heaven. No; when I compare the people of Jaën to the people of Granada I am only telling of what came under my eye—as an observer.

In some curious way Jaën suggested—to me—an English town. It was essentially a Spanish town, and still the suggestion of England was in it. As I walked through it I thought of Richmond, though it was outwardly in no way like Richmond. Indeed, it rather looked like a small Seville—a Seville of uneven, steep, up and down streets. In the middle of it was an immense, irregularly shaped plaza. To the right a jagged mountain towered above it. In the distance—when I had seen the town first—this mountain seemed rather off from it. But now it stood right up against the town—close and steep and threatening.

Here it was that I had a difference of opinion with Aquilino. He would not come with me to the hotel. I tried all the persuasion that my limited stock of Spanish words would allow of, but it was of no use. And then I tried to bring him with me by force. But he was firm, and in the end I handed him three pesetas, with the understanding that he was to shift for himself, and that he was to meet me the next morning in the plaza, so that we could continue our journey north together. He insisted, however, on giving me back two pesetas. "Una" (one) was enough for him.

At the fonda (hotel) I cut rather a poor

figure, so far as making myself understood was concerned. The few words of bad Spanish that I had picked up turned out to be the merest reeds. No one seemed to have the remotest idea of what I was driving at whenever I tried to ask a question.

The place was kept by a very nice old *señora*, who seemed to take some sort of an interest in me. First I would ask the waiter a question. He would look puzzled, and he would call the other waiter to the rescue. He also would look puzzled. Then the old *señora*—who sat in a great chair—would be referred to. To tell the truth she never looked puzzled at all, but always talked to me quickly and at length. She was kindly disposed, but unintelligible.

The chief question I wanted to ask was when dinner would be ready. I was hungry. And the mystery of my question was at last dragged from its lair by the old *señora's* daughter. I was told that dinner would be ready at "*siete media*" (half-past seven). After this I subsided. I indulged in no more questions—life was too short. Evidently the people here spoke Spanish with a different accent from that spoken in Granada.

The dinner was a most free and easy affair, and most enjoyable. The waiters served it in their shirt-sleeves and cracked jokes with the guests, who were all Spaniards. I was looked upon with curiosity, and one of the waiters came over to me and, after a while, made me understand that a "*caballero*" near the other end of the table wished to enter into conversation with me. The "*caballero*" knew English! I smiled and looked towards the "*caballero*" and waited for him to open fire. He was rather a smart-looking young Spaniard.

He smiled as I smiled, but he said nothing

to me. And then it dawned upon me that he was waiting for me to talk. I presume he wanted to hear a sample of the English language.

I made some remark about the weather, and all at once there was a sudden lull in the conversation which was going round. Everyone became attentive. They wanted to hear how

their compatriot acquitted himself as a linguist.

The young Spaniard answered my remark, but I understood him no more than the dead. His English was of a make weird and curious—something like my own Spanish.

I pretended, however, to have understood him perfectly. In Spain politeness is as necessary as salt is to an egg.

"*Bueno Inglés*" (good English) I said. He understood what I meant and he looked pleased. Indeed, everybody at table looked pleased. Their compatriot had acquitted himself with honour. I had said the tactful thing.

During dinner this young man enlivened me with his conversation. He seemed to burn with the desire to tell me a number of things. He would address a cryptic remark to me in alleged English, to which I would reply in English. After each reply I would wind up with the compliment in Spanish ("*Bueno Inglés*") upon his high linguistic attainment.

As the dinner got towards its end I found myself becoming a favourite—rapidly attaining to popularity. Even the waiters began to beam brotherliness upon me. I do believe that I could have got credit at that fonda. Such is the power of politeness—in Spain.

When my linguistic friend arose from the table he said "Good night!" These were the only two words of his that I understood, and I was not sorry to hear them. His conversation was getting to be rather a strain.



WARWICK GOBLE.

"I CUT RATHER A POOR FIGURE SO FAR AS MAKING MYSELF UNDERSTOOD WAS CONCERNED."

(To be continued.)

Hunting the Giant Tortoise.

By FREDERIC HAMILTON.

An account of the expedition dispatched by the Hon. Walter Rothschild to the Galapagos Islands in quest of the last survivors of a prehistoric race of monster tortoises.

SOME seven hundred and thirty miles west of the coast of Ecuador, the South American State, lies a group of rugged islands of volcanic origin known as the Galapagos group. They are situated far out of the beaten track of the ocean traffic, and are consequently but seldom visited. Under these circumstances, therefore, it is small wonder that very little is known about them, and that they are practically a closed book to all but a select few. Yet these islands are of great interest and value, since they form a connecting link between the animal life of the twentieth century and prehistoric times.

On these islands are found the famous giant tortoises, which often weigh some four hundred pounds apiece and are remarkable for their longevity, many of them being over two hundred years old; one in Lord Rothschild's collection is at least three hundred and fifty years old.

These huge monsters are the only living descendants in direct line from the dinosaurs of the reptilian age, and consequently constitute a valuable prize to the naturalist. In no other known island on the globe are they to be found, and probably it is the practical inaccessibility of these islands that has preserved them to the present day, though, unfortunately, they are very scarce and promise to become extinct altogether in the near future. When Charles Darwin, the famous *savant*, visited the Galapagos group during his voyage round the world, the islands were overrun with the creatures. The author of "The Origin of Species" was greatly in-

terested in the animals, and spent much time in studying their habits, haunts, and life.

Since Darwin's visit, however, the numbers of the tortoises have been greatly decimated, and now only a comparative few remain. In order to preserve a selection of the best of these remaining links of a bygone race the Hon. Walter Rothschild, who is an enthusiastic naturalist, organized a special expedition in 1896 to visit the Galapagos Islands, to secure some specimens to enrich his extensive and valuable zoological collection at Tring Park. The work was entrusted to Mr. Frank B. Webster, the well-known naturalist and taxidermist of Hyde Park, Massachusetts, U.S.A. When I visited Mr. Frank B. Webster, on behalf of THE WIDE

WORLD MAGAZINE, to secure an account of his work he was sorting out some specimens of the tortoise from a large collection in a field adjoining his domicile, which is a combined residence, workshop, and museum. He gave me an account of the journey in the following words:—

"When I received the request from the Hon. Walter Rothschild to organize an expedition to visit the islands I was somewhat dubious of success, for it appeared to me a question as to whether the tortoises had not already been exterminated. There are about a dozen islands in all composing the Galapagos group, and they belong to Ecuador. Only one or two

of them are inhabited. One, Chatham Island, is practically controlled by Señor Manuel Cobos, who has some three hundred slaves under him—people who have been deported from Ecuador



MR. FRANK B. WEBSTER, TO WHOM THE HON. WALTER ROTHSCHILD ENTRUSTED THE ORGANIZATION OF THE EXPEDITION.

From a Photo. by Baldwin Coolidge.

by the Ecuadorian Government for various offences, so that it is to all intents and purposes a penal settlement. Charles Island, another of the group, is inhabited by a small colony headed by an Englishman, but none of

not complete, success. I decided that the only way to carry out the task was to make a thorough and methodical investigation of the islands. I submitted my proposals to the Hon. Walter Rothschild, and he ordered me to go



MR. WEBSTER'S COLLECTION OF TORTOISES AT HYDE PARK, MASSACHUSETTS.
From a Photo.

the people are slaves. The remaining islands are desolate and uninhabited, though it appeared that at various times efforts had been made to colonize and develop them, since cattle, horses, goats, pigs, and dogs run wild in great numbers, especially on Albemarle Island, the largest of the group, which is some one hundred and twenty miles long and ranges from twenty to thirty miles in width. The character of the islands is very bold, consisting of numerous extinct volcanoes, the broken lava-covered sides and craters of which are covered with an almost impenetrable growth of thorn bushes and cactus, woven with vines, with a few fertile spaces here and there. There are few beaches, as the cliffs rise abruptly and precipitously from the sea, affording few favourable anchorages, while the tides run very strongly, so that it is a difficult matter to bring a vessel in very close to the shore. Chatham Island is the only one in an advanced state of cultivation, and is about the only place where water can be obtained. Although directly under the Equator, the temperature on the islands, owing to their high elevation, is very even and comparatively cool, averaging about seventy degrees all the year round. Taken on the whole, therefore, you see it was rather an inhospitable spot to visit, and my mission was rather an arduous and risky one.

"Still, I did not despair of achieving partial, if

ahead. I gathered together a party of five experienced men, consisting of Mr. C. M. Harris, a taxidermist, and Mr. O. E. Bullock and Mr. George Nelson, to act as his assistants; together with Captain Robinson, navigator, and Mr. James Cornell, mate. The expedition was amply equipped with everything necessary, and in the middle of March, 1897,

the party started on their journey. I instructed them to sail from New York to Colon, cross the Isthmus of Panama to Panama City on the Pacific Coast, and there charter a suitable craft to reach the island, some nine hundred miles distant. On the arrival of the expedition at Panama City, when it was known they required a vessel every possible obstacle was thrown in the way to prevent their procuring one, except at a price far above the value of the miserable, undersized hulks that were available. They were delayed in a most provoking manner for nearly three weeks, and to crown their troubles the curse of that region—yellow fever—appeared among them and wrought terrible havoc. Captain Robinson contracted the disease and succumbed in a few hours. Bullock, one of the assistants to Harris, insisted on returning to New York, as he took fright at the appearance of the plague. Harris procured him a passage, and he started for home in good spirits. But the fearful malady was upon him, and although he reached New York he died in quarantine the next day. Meantime Harris had cabled me of his difficulties in obtaining a ship and the news of the disaster to his party. I immediately replied, instructing them to proceed at once northwards to San Francisco, and there start for the Galapagos Islands. But misfortune still dogged their footsteps. The mate, Cornell,



SOME OF THE MEMBERS OF THE FIRST EXPEDITION—IT MET WITH DISASTER, ONLY TWO MEN
From a [Photo.]
 LIVING TO RETURN HOME.

died while on the way to San Francisco and was buried at sea. Harris and Nelson reached San Francisco without mishap, sole survivors of the ill-fated party, but Nelson had passed through enough terrible experiences, and upon arrival at the Californian seaport took the first train home. Harris, however, was made of sterner mettle. Nothing daunted, he stayed at San Francisco and telegraphed to me: 'Send me a new party, so that I can start at once.'

"Although my first attempt to reach the Galapagos tortoise had resulted in such disaster, I gathered together new assistants for the undaunted Harris with all possible speed. I dispatched Mr. G. D. Hull and Mr. F. P. Browne, both New England men, to San Francisco, and also a man named Beck from California. While I was reorganizing the expedition Harris had not been idle. He had chartered a small schooner, the *Lila and Mattie*, commanded by Captain Linbridge, and on June 21st, 1897, the second party passed through the Golden Gate, ninety days after the start of the first expedition, *en route* for the Galapagos Islands.

"On July 25th Culpepper, the first of the group, loomed up in sight. Duncan, a small islet only three miles in diameter, overlooked probably owing to its small size by previous tortoise marauders, was the first to yield a specimen. The party climbed a mountain and passed over its dangerous peak down some two hundred and fifty feet into the crater. Signs of

tortoises were soon discovered, and, following up these trails, the party came across a herd of more than thirty of the creatures. After twenty days' hard labour they were safely stowed between the decks of the little schooner. It was no mean task conveying some of these huge monsters from their haunts to the vessel. Several of the mountains exceed four thousand feet in height. When a tortoise was discovered he was

strapped securely to two poles, one on each side, by which the men lifted and carried the creature. In the case of the largest specimens two other poles were lashed at right angles to the first two, so that more men could lend a hand. Some of the reptiles were found in such inaccessible places that it was found impossible



MR. C. M. HARRIS, LEADER OF THE SECOND EXPEDITION.
From a Photo. by L. Monaco.

to secure them, and the prizes had to be abandoned.

"The specimens secured by the party on Duncan Island were the *Testudo ephippium*, the special feature of which is a long shell,

smooth plates, with narrow rising in front. Hitherto only two specimens of this creature had been secured, and they are mounted in the museum at Edinburgh and Tring Park respectively. The party scoured Duncan Island from end to end and thought they had secured every specimen, but in this they were mistaken, since a few more were obtained by a subsequent exploring party.

"Island after island failed to yield a prize until Albemarle was reached, and from this island were taken the same number as from Duncan. They varied from thirty pounds to two hundred pounds in weight and from forty to one hundred and fifty years in age. At the time they were supposed to be of the variety *Testudo vicina*, but when the Hon. Walter Rothschild examined them later he found them to be *Testudo elephantopus*. The feature of this latter variety is a round shell with low opening in front, and the shell-plates finely marked almost to the centre.

"Two days after Christmas Day, 1897, the *Lila* and *Mattie* hove anchor for the last time and sailed for home. San Francisco was reached on February 8th, 1898, with about sixty living tortoises. The handling of the reptiles during the voyage was one of the most difficult parts of the undertaking, but few deaths occurred during the passage. The party covered no fewer than twelve thousand miles by water, which testifies to the thoroughness with which the hunt for the tortoises was carried out. The party experienced many exciting episodes in the

course of their investigations, the gales at times being so fierce that it seemed as if the little craft could not possibly weather them.

"The tortoises were transported by railway from San Francisco to my zoo at Hyde Park,

under the superintendence of Mr. Harris. As the weather was unsettled at the time of their arrival they were placed in the main room of the museum, and whenever the sun was shining were carried out by hand into the yard for a few minutes' sunning. On July 5th I sailed for London with fifty-six specimens, and delivered them to the promoter of the expedition,

the Hon. Walter Rothschild, and they were placed in the Tring Park collection. The Hon. Walter Rothschild defrayed the entire cost of the expedition, which amounted to several thousand pounds.

"In the following year, 1899, Captain Noyes, a well-known Californian seal-hunter, sailed from San Francisco *en route* to the Galapagos Islands in quest of seal fur. Stopping at Duncan and Albemarle he found on the former four tortoises, which Mr. Harris's previous party had failed to discover, and on Albemarle Island he discovered, in a new and unexpected haunt, a further thirteen of the creatures of the true *vicina* and

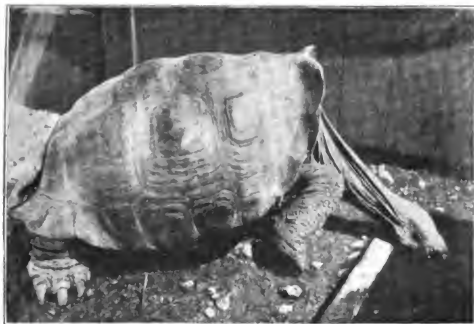
a few of the *Testudo microphyes* varieties. Captain Noyes took them to San Francisco, in the public gardens of which they were exhibited. But, unfortunately, all but six of the collection died from the effects of the journey and exposure. The remaining half-dozen I



A MIDDAY REST—OBSERVE THE TORTOISE STRAPPED TO POLES, READY FOR CARRYING. [From a] [Photo.]



A GIANT TORTOISE FOUND ON TOP OF A MOUNTAIN AT DUNCAN ISLAND. [From a Photo.]



THE HEAVIEST TORTOISE CAUGHT AT DUNCAN ISLAND—IT WEIGHED 200 LB.

From a Photo.

secured for the Hon. Walter Rothschild, who kept them in the warm until the suitable season arrived to enable them to be shipped to the Atlantic coast. They were dispatched by a fast passenger train to Boston at a cost of seventy-six pounds for their fare, and thence shipped to London. Two of them were huge monsters, weighing about three hundred and fifty pounds apiece, and over two hundred and fifty years of age. When they stood on the ground these two creatures could easily eat from the hand when outstretched four feet above the ground, from which a comprehensive idea of their size may be gathered.

"In 1900 Captain Noyes went on another expedition to the Galapagos group. He made another searching investigation for tortoises upon Duncan Island, but only found four specimens, which fact caused him to remark to me, 'I do not think any more will be found.' At Albemarle Island Captain Noyes had better luck, for he caught nineteen more, and, satisfied with the result of his labours, he returned to San Francisco. In this last catch Captain Noyes had beaten the record, for right up in the mountains of Albemarle Island, about two miles from the coast, he found old patriarchs exceeding in weight and size the monsters of his previous catch.

"They were found in the most difficult places, where it took

sixteen men twelve days to get them out. When I arrived at the port of arrival I at once made arrangements for their transportation from San Francisco to Hyde Park, and nine of the largest were to be dispatched to London for the Hon. Walter Rothschild's collection. During this journey a most exasperating incident occurred, which resulted in the death of the finest specimen. After some three thousand miles' run across the continent without mishap or delay, the railway car containing the curious passengers was detained by a petty railway official

for several hours. It was an exceptionally hot day; the temperature in the car was one hundred degrees. Horses were dropping in the streets under the influence of the terrific heat, and two of the largest tortoises could not stand it. They succumbed, and thus London was deprived of seeing the largest tortoise ever brought from the Galapagos Islands. It weighed five hundred pounds—nearly a quarter of a ton—was four feet ten inches in length, and over four hundred years old. The creature has been stuffed and is to be dispatched to London. Seven, including a new variety, sent to London reached their destination safely.

"One of this batch—approximately a hundred

*From a*

A DUNCAN ISLAND TORTOISE FEEDING.

[Photo.]



THE LARGEST TORTOISE EVER BROUGHT FROM THE ISLANDS—IT WEIGHED 500 LB. AND WAS OVER FOUR HUNDRED YEARS OLD. [Photo.]

years old—I was obliged to kill at Hyde Park, and I seized this opportunity of tasting the flesh of the reptile, since it is claimed by sailors that the flesh of these tortoises is a great delicacy, and I wished to satisfy myself on the point. I cut several steaks from what I deemed the best part of the reptile's body and broiled them over a fire. With a little salt and butter we truly found that the flavour was all that had been claimed for it. The grain was like that of venison, but the taste was much sweeter. Notwithstanding the comparatively great age of the creature its flesh was quite tender. How it would be with one four hundred years old I cannot tell.

"In all about a hundred and twenty-five tortoises from the Galapagos Islands have passed through my hands, the great majority of which were for the Hon. Walter Rothschild. I consider, now that these creatures are so nearly extinct, that any remaining ones there may be in their natural habitats will only be stragglers, and will only be secured at a great expense of time, hardship, and money.

"In the islands the tortoises feed on the cactus, thorn bush, and other vegetation which grows in such profusion. I feed them on grass, cabbages, and other indigenous foods of this description. They like bananas, apples, and oranges. They are the most docile creatures I have ever handled. I never found one at all

vicious, and personally I should say that, being of a timid disposition, they have no means of defence. The shell is a thin, greyish-black colour, and is of no commercial value whatever. They soon learn to know their keeper, and will follow him about for food.

"The question will no doubt arise with many, Why should such determined efforts have been made to finish a rapidly expiring race? In the island the wild dogs and pigs have preyed so extensively on the eggs and the young as to stop all breeding, and so

long as they were within convenient places the natives hunted them and dispatched their carcasses to the mainland for food. Thus only the creatures who secluded themselves in the most remote places resisted the depredations of man and beast, and when they had expired there would have been no young to take their place. Had it not been for the determined efforts of the Hon. Walter Rothschild, science would have been left with but very few little known specimens for future reference of what appears to be the last of a prehistoric creature."



SOME OF THE DUNCAN ISLAND TORTOISES CAN RAISE THEMSELVES NEARLY FOUR FEET FROM THE GROUND. [Photo.]

A Desert Tragedy.

BY CAPTAIN A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE.

An authoritative account of a little-known episode—the murder of the Marquis de Morès in the “forbidden hinterland” of Tripoli. The Marquis had an ambitious project for a great “Franco-Islamic Alliance,” by means of which the Khalifa—then fighting Lord Kitchener—should be able to hurl back once for all the encroaching British. Unfortunately for himself, however, the gallant but unpractical visionary “fell among thieves,” and the desert tribes whom he had hoped to lead to victory against the British turned upon him and killed him.



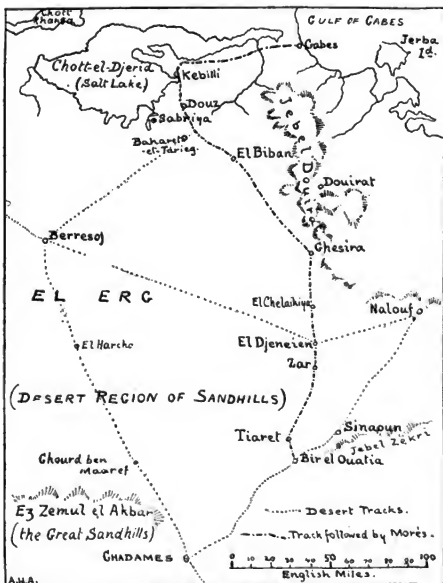
FRENCH military Court, sitting at Susa, in the Tunis Protectorate, recently condemned to death one of the murderers of the Marquis de Morès and sentenced another to

twenty years' imprisonment. The murder was committed in the summer of 1896, and the two Arabs had been nearly four years awaiting trial, apparently because the authorities hoped from month to month to secure the arrest of others of the band. De Morès had lived for some years in America and had married there. His widow offered a large reward for the capture of his murderers, and the two who have just been tried were entrapped by Arab “friendlies” in 1898.

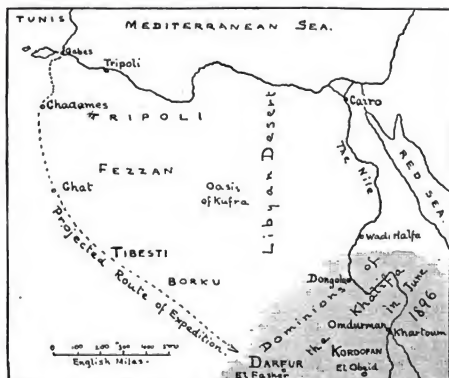
In the summer of 1896 I was on the Upper Nile with the Sirdar's army. One day I was discussing with an officer of the Intelligence Department the desert routes on the west of the Nile. I asked him if it would be possible to make a journey through the great oasis and then across the desert to Tripoli. He said at once that for a white man such a journey would be about the most dangerous march a man could make in Northern Africa. “In the hinterland of Tripoli,” he said, “on the borders of the desert, there is no powerful tribe the chief of which could secure the traveller's safety. There are a number of small tribes, many of them of bad character, and the place is full of

‘scallywags’ from the North African coast countries, who are simply brigands and outlaws. A white man would be murdered for the sake of his kit.”

Next day a Reuter's telegram brought the news that De Morès had entered this very tract of desert with a caravan that he had organized



MAP SHOWING ROUTE OF THE EXPEDITION.



SKETCH MAP OF PART OF NORTH-EAST AFRICA ILLUSTRATING THE PROJECT OF DE MORÈS.

at Gages, and that he hoped to penetrate to Khartoum and offer the Khalifa his services against the British. I was not surprised to hear a few weeks later that he had been murdered by the lawless brigands of the hinterland.

In Paris in the following year I met some French friends who took a special interest in African questions, and with their help I got the details of the wild enterprise and tragic end of De Morès. He was a wealthy man, plucky, adventurous, eager for distinction. He had conceived a fantastic dream of France putting herself at the head of a great Mussulman movement to drive the "perfidious English" from every Moslem land. The Frenchman, the Arab, the Tuareg, and the Soudanese were all to be allies against the encroaching Briton. He would go to Africa, preach the new alliance, and then cross the desert to the Upper Nile and present himself to the Khalifa as the envoy of French sympathy with his cause against the invaders of the Soudan. The fate of Oliver Pain might have warned him of what he had to expect at the hands of the Dervishes if he ever got so far.

He went to Tunis, where one evening he delivered a lecture at the theatre on the proposed "Alliance Franco-Islamique." At that moment, he said, the English were moving on the Nile. The Dervishes were fighting for liberty. They had numbers, arms, wealth. All they wanted was the advice and guidance of trained officers. Well, let the watchword of the

alliance resound from Dunkirk to the Upper Nile, and French volunteers would soon find their way to the standard of the Khalifa. A resolution was passed setting forth that two thousand Frenchmen and Mussulmans assembled at Tunis acclaimed the principle of the alliance, and sent their good wishes to the Mussulmans who were fighting for liberty on the Nile. Copies of the resolution were to be sent to the French President, the Sultan, the Russian Ambassador at Paris, Lord Salisbury, and other eminent persons. Oddly enough, the Khalifa was omitted from the list. It was all a bit of a farce, but De Morès was in deadly earnest, and, in reality, it was the prelude to a tragedy.

After this the adventurer spent some weeks at Hammam-Lif, near Tunis, planning this expedition. He told his intimate friends that he hoped to cross the desert to Rhat, in the Tuareg country, make friends with the tribes, and then visit the chief of the Senoussi at Kufra, and after assuring his co-operation make his way to the camp of the Khalifa. In his utter ignorance of



THE MARQUIS DE MORÈS, WHO WAS MURDERED BY THE ARABS.
From a Photo. by E. Piren, Paris.

the situation in North-East Africa, De Morès does not appear even to have heard that the Dervish leader had invited the chief of the Senoussi to be his ally, and that the latter had denounced him as an impious impostor.

The French authorities gave him no encouragement. On the contrary, they warned him that he must not enter the Sahara from Tunisia. To do so would be to court destruction, and they did not want to have to get up an expedition to punish the border tribes after the catastrophe. They would not mind, however, his making a simple exploring expedition on the frontier of Algeria. There he had made friends of the Azdjer tribes by sending them a caravan-load of flour as a present on hearing that they were suffering from famine. In that direction he would not be likely to be tempted by wild projects of marching to Khar-toum.

Finally he agreed to organize his caravan at Gabes and march through Southern Tunisia to the Algerian border. His friends hoped he had been saved from himself.

On April 22nd he parted with his American wife, whom he sent back to France. On May 6th he left Tunis by steamer for Gabes, taking with him some stores for his caravan and a number of natives he had engaged to accompany him. He only knew a few words of Arabic. He took with him his interpreter and secretary, Abd-el-Hak, a highly-educated young Arab, and as his chief guide El-Hadj-Ali, a wealthy trader, who was about to return to his home at Ghadames, and possessed great influence with the desert tribes. He was to be paid ten thousand francs (four hundred pounds) for his services.

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At Gabes De Morès bought camels and hired camel-drivers. Before he left the place on May 14th he held a meeting, at which he delivered another lecture, like his Tunis harangue, on the alliance of France and Islam. It was addressed to an audience most of whom did not understand a dozen words of French.

He first marched for some days to the westward, as if he really meant to conduct his caravan to Southern Algeria. On May 23rd,

however, he suddenly changed his route and turned to the south-east, heading for the dangerous Tripolitan hinterland. Possibly it had from the first been his intention to resume his old plan of campaign as soon as he was clear of the French frontier posts and could not be forcibly turned back; or, perhaps, when he found himself in the desert, his old dreams assumed an irresistible mastery over him.

As he plunged farther into the wilderness his men, who knew better than he did the risks they were incurring, became almost mutinous and protested against the change of route, but by threats, persuasions, and promises he induced them to go on.

At the beginning of June, after a trying march, he reached the wells of El Ouatia, about three hundred miles from his starting-point. Here he halted for a week. Tuareg and Chambaa tribesmen came flocking into his camp. He told them he had come as a friend. He gave them presents of arms and robes, and threw gold pieces to the children. He talked to the chiefs of his projects, and they told him they would be glad to march with him against the English. The camels he had brought from



"BY THREATS, PERSUASIONS, AND PROMISES HE INDUCED THEM TO GO ON."

Gabes were exhausted with the desert march, the camel-men reluctant to go farther; it had been difficult to bring them so far. The chiefs offered to find camels and guides to escort him to Rhat. He accepted their offer and paid them a large sum on account.

On June 6th De Morès told his Tunisian and Tripolitan camel-men that he would pay them off and supply them with provisions for their journey back to the Mediterranean. He wrote his last letters to France, full of praises of his Tuareg and Chambaa hosts and of hopes for his great project. Then, of his party of thirty-eight, all but eight left him. His new friends were to bring their camels and start for Rhat next day.

De Morès, happy in his dreams of successful adventure, had no idea that the very chiefs who were camped beside him were murderers for whom rewards had long been offered by the French frontier authorities; that they had been lying in wait for him near the wells of El Ouatia for days; that a few miles to east and west other parties were watching lest he should change his route; that a rumour had passed through the desert that a French officer was coming with millions of Government money on his camels, and a store of arms—wealth which was to be had for the taking. The tribesmen were only too anxious to separate him from most of his servants whom he had brought from the coast. He had fallen into a trap.

On the night of Saturday, June 6th, the chiefs sent word to their accomplices to the east and west to close in upon El Ouatia. On the Sunday De Morès and his eight men were alone in the midst of the brigands. He still suspected

nothing. By a strange chance, that day when he virtually became a prisoner was the day on which Kitchener fought at Firket his first battle in the victorious advance up the Nile.

On the Sunday and Monday no camels appeared. The chiefs made excuses. They were gaining time for their friends to arrive. On the Tuesday a few camels were brought in, but without proper pack-saddles, and some of the baggage was plundered. De Morès became suspicious. He sent for the chiefs and told

them he would not go to Rhat. He would be satisfied if they would take his baggage to the neighbouring oasis and town of Sinaoun. They might keep all he had paid them for the longer journey. It was a vain effort to escape from the trap.

Next day, June 9th, forty-five camels were brought in. The tribesmen had been largely reinforced, and their conduct was brusque and unfriendly. They loaded up the baggage and started after a long delay. De Morès rode apart from the caravan. Abd-el-Hak, El-Hadj-Ali, and two Algerian servants were the nearest to him.

A few miles from the wells the line of march struck the beaten caravan track



"THE CHIEFS MADE EXCUSES."

from Rhat and Ghadames and the south-west to Sinaoun to the east. The tribesmen turned to the right away from Sinaoun. De Morès called out that they must go to the left. There was a halt, some confusion and hesitation. Suddenly De Morès saw three men with drawn swords moving stealthily towards him from a clump of scrub. He slipped off his camel and drew his revolver. They rushed at him, one coming so close as to wound him slightly, but he killed one and badly wounded the two others with his pistol, and then took his repeating carbine from his saddle. Abd-el-Hak and old El-

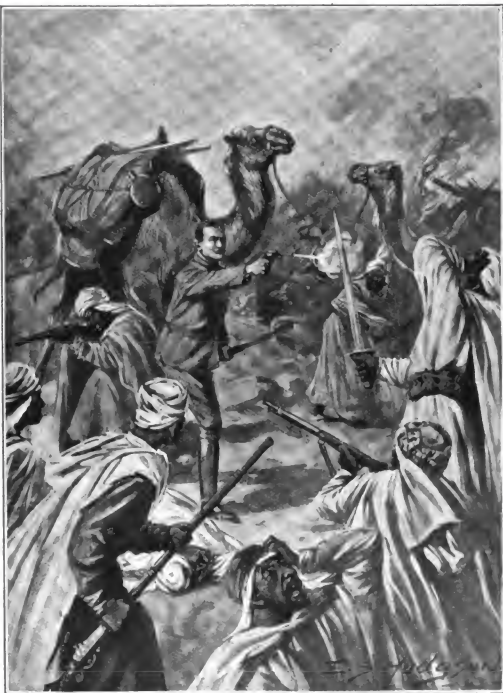
Hadj-Ali, true to their salt, dismounted and stood beside him, carbines in hand. His two Algerian servants also tried to reach him, but were cut down or shot by the tribesmen as they dismounted. His other servants were overpowered and made prisoners.

Meanwhile, the Frenchman and the two brave Arabs were attacked by some thirty of the brigands. They sold their lives dearly, but were soon shot down, De Morès being the last to fall, riddled with bullets. The murderers buried their victims in the sand and then plundered the baggage, leaving untouched, however, the property of El-Hadj-Ali, which the chiefs ordered to be sent to his family at Ghadames.

The surviving servants expected to be killed, but one of the Tuareg chiefs told them that all who were to be killed were already dead. "You are mere wage-earners," he said; "you may go." Before the end of June two of them had reached Tripoli and a third had brought the news of the tragedy to Tunis.

So died De Morès, a victim to his wild dreams of the alliance with Islam in Africa. He had borne himself in the last scene as befitted a soldier of France. The pity was that the dashing officer of Cuirassiers should have fallen in so mad an enterprise.

Before the end of the summer a party of Arab friendlies visited the scene of the



"THEY SOLD THEIR LIVES DEARLY."

skirmish and brought the body of De Morès to the coast, sewn up in skins and carried on a camel. It was still quite recognisable, and the numerous wounds proved that the servants had not exaggerated in telling the story of his last gallant fight. The body was placed in a coffin and sent back for honourable burial in France. And now, after more than six years, tardy justice has overtaken two of his murderers.

The Land of the Shrimp-God.

by Denis Donohoe Jr.
of San Francisco.

From a Photo.

A description of a remarkable Chinese community on the shores of San Pablo Bay, near San Francisco. Its members live by fishing, worship a god of their own — the Shrimp-God — and owe allegiance to a "Queen," who is also the head of a flourishing "trust" which exports dried shrimps to China

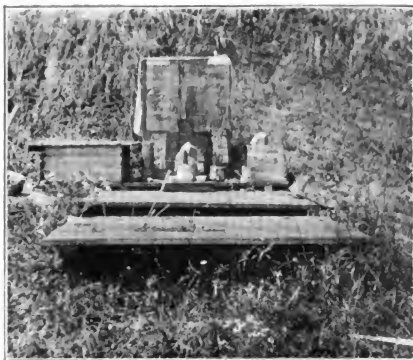
opium dens, the very joss-houses of San Francisco's Chinatown are managed with a sole eye to scenic effect and the nimble shilling of the ubiquitous tourist. Of course, the show is well ordered and emphatically worth seeing; but it ceased years ago to be the real thing.

Yet San Francisco can boast a genuine "Little China" at her very door—and the remarkable thing is that scarcely one in every thousand of her inhabitants knows of its existence. It is unfeatured and unphrased in that marvel-mongering, multi-coloured "tourist-literature" disseminated gratis by every American railway company, for no railway reaches it. For the matter of that, neither does any road. The prospective visitor may take his choice of trundling a bicycle up and over sundry hills that closely resemble mountains, or walking.

The Chinese villages—there are three of them—lie huddled along the shore of San Pablo Bay where Point San Pedro cuts its waters, five miles due east from San Rafael. Their harbour a population of five hundred souls, all Chinese;



VERY globe-trotter whose wanderings lead him to San Francisco feels in duty bound to visit Chinatown. It is one of the sights of that most cosmopolitan city, and as such it has been carefully fostered by the municipal authorities until, like some tropical plant in an English hothouse, it has lost almost all its natural characteristics. The outward form remains, 'tis true, but nowadays the goldsmiths' and chemists' shops, the stalls of the carvers of jade, the bespectacled Chinese doctor beneath his canopy of stuffed alligators, the



THE SHRINE OF THE SHRIMP-GOD, WHERE THE VILLAGERS OFFER UP THEIR SUPPLICATIONS FOR A GOOD DAY'S CATCH. [Photo]

and when the shrimp-fishing—which constitutes the chief industry of the community—is particularly good the population reaches a thousand. No white man lives in any of the villages, and, in point of fact, probably less than 3 per cent. of the inhabitants can speak a single word of English. In this sequestered nook, girt landward by the rock-ribbed mountain slope, their harvest field, the sea, stretching away from their very doorsteps, these Chinamen live and labour, governed by chiefs of their own choosing, who legislate, try, condemn, and even, it is said, execute offenders against strange laws of their own making. They worship a god unknown in the San Francisco joss-houses—the Shrimp-God.

Up the steep trail we scramble, and emerging on the brow of the hill from a thicket of madrone and scrub-oak we catch our first glimpse of the domain of the Shrimp-God—a collection of ramshackle rookeries, sprawled along the bay shore, where strange craft lie moored to snaky piers. This is the central and largest village of the three, and, since none of them possess names meaning aught to Western ears, we shall call it "Village No. 2." No. 1 is behind us, and No. 3 lies beyond a rocky point in the background. Those bare spots on the hillside are carpeted with drying shrimps. Every vestige of

undergrowth, grass, the very soil itself has been laboriously cleared away by patient Chinamen, who every evening scrub and polish the naked, sun-baked clay with many brooms—for John, although his ideas of sanitation are rudimentary, is a scrupulously clean person according to his lights.

Let us enter the long, narrow, crooked principal street, past the queer tables of netting on which shrimps are sorted, giving a wide berth to some fish, nailed to boards, which shriek to heaven; but first let us look at the shrine of the tutelary divinity of the community—the Shrimp-God, or, rather, the "God of the Little Fishes," for according to Chinese natural history, all marine organisms, from the oyster to the whale, are fish.

Before this little shrine—there is one on the outskirts of each village—the hardy shrimp-fishers gather long before dawn, pour their libation of rice brandy into one of the three tiny porcelain tea-cups, kindle a punk-stick and place it reverently in the sand in the bronze-mounted vase, and while it smoulders prostrate themselves upon the platform shown in the fore-



THE HIGH PRIEST—HE DID NOT WANT TO BE PHOTOGRAPHED, AND FLED WHEN HE SAW THE CAMERA. [Photo]

ground of the photograph and offer up their supplications for a good day's catch. The last thing at night, after the shrimps and fish are sorted, the largest and best are laid on the shrine behind the vase, and hither steals the lank priest through the darkness and bears them away, for they are his perquisite, although no man may see him take them.

On the preceding page we see the gentleman himself in airy garb—a shrimp-pink blouse of watered silk and knickers of lavender damask. He is not the least bit glad to see us either, and when he spies the camera he emits a screech and scurries behind the buildings and across the drying-grounds like a frightened rabbit. He is an important personage, priest and governor rolled into one, and also physician, as the herbs growing in his quaint little net-covered garden testify.

But who is this handsome and intelligent

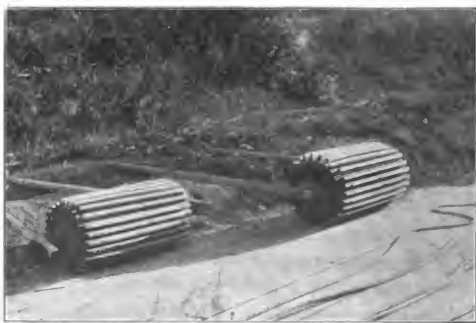


THIS GENTLEMAN IS THE PARCEL-POST, PURCHASING AGENT, AND LIVING NEWSPAPER OF THE SHRIMP VILLAGES. [From a] [Photo.]

makes the round trip to San Francisco's Chinatown, and returns laden with bundles of goods and all the latest news and gossip—shark-fins for the priest and birds' nests for the Queen of Village No. 3, whose appetite must be pampered; the latest ordinance of His Imperial Majesty the Son of Heaven and Brother of the Sun and Moon; the winning numbers in the big lottery; what crazy schemes the "foreign devils" are concocting now to make John a cleaner but poorer man; the personal character, private income, and get-at-ability of the last-appointed Chinatown policeman; and where the gasoline launch of those children of evil, the Fish Commissioners,

is cruising at present.

Everywhere we go there are ducks and cats, all on terms of the closest intimacy. What feeds they have when the shrimp-fishers return

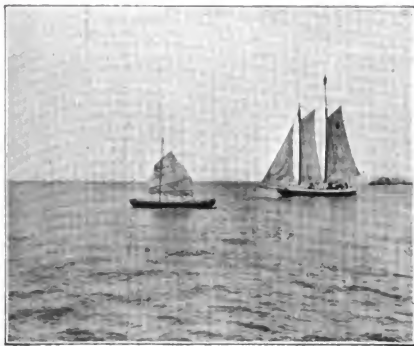


THE CORRUGATED ROLLERS USED FOR REMOVING THE SHELLS FROM THE SHRIMPS. [From a Photo.]

gentleman running towards us, waving his arms and jabbering pigeon-English thirteen to the dozen? He is the parcel-post, the purchasing agent, the living newspaper of these strange communities. Thrice a week lie

at nightfall! No wonder that they look so sleek and fat!

What are these curious-looking, corrugated rollers? Well, after the shrimps are sorted and parboiled they are sun-cured on the drying-



"ASIA VERSUS AMERICA"—THE VILLAGE JUNK RACES THE SCHOONER.
From a Photo.

grounds and then rolled with these rollers to remove the shells. They are next pounded into meal, packed in baskets, and wheeled on a narrow barrow along the rickety pier to the junk, which bears them to San Francisco. There they are reshipped on a Pacific liner to China, for, as the village Mercury phrased it, "Slimpee, him velly lare in China!"

Here is a race—Asia *versus* America—and Asia wins! The junk has distanced the scow-schooner and is bearing in shore. Now she is lying at her wharf, with her sail housed. Let us board her. Isn't she a staunch craft? Her timbers are ten inches thick and she boasts two water-tight transverse bulkheads—a Chinese invention, by the way, as old as Confucius. Every stick of her was fashioned and fabricated in the village here. There isn't a single nail in her—all wooden pegs! Her cordage, too, was woven here, on that queer machine that we passed at the rear of the buildings, and her stone anchor was quarried from that hill beyond.

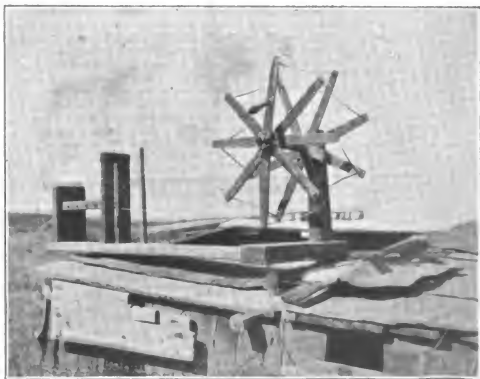
We ask the skipper if

his voyage has been a prosperous one. It has. A quick homeward run from San Francisco? A fair average run—twenty miles in nineteen hours! But then John Chinaman is never in a hurry.

We wander off through the village, past tumble-down houses placarded with signs of red paper, the lintel festooned with gaudy calico, while to each door-post is nailed an old baking-powder tin containing sand and punk-sticks; for does not the law say that no man may enter a dwelling unless he burns incense upon the threshold to the ancestral gods? Here, sitting in the sun, is an old man weaving baskets, and there, just beyond, is a man with something in his hand, leaving a rather pretentious building. Surely that can be nothing else than a Chinese lottery-ticket? Its shape and

colour betray it. We are right, it is; and the building is the lottery-shop—for John would gamble if he were at death's door.

It is a toilsome climb to the graveyard in a grove of eucalyptus on the crest of the bluff. Here, in the scant acre of the Shrimp-God, slumber his quondam worshippers, but not for long. Three years is the limit. Three years of peaceful sleep beneath waving eucalyptus fronds,



From a

A CHINESE ROPE-WALK.

[Photo.

wild oats, and eschscholtzias, and then one day the lank priest comes, and to the beating of many gongs and the burning of much incense the mouldering remains are dug up,

little attraction for him. He will, however, stint himself all his years to keep his bones fully assured, so that when death overtakes him he may know that they will find their final resting-



From a

A STREET SCENE IN THE PRINCIPAL VILLAGE.

(Photo.

boxed in empty five-gallon coal-oil cans, and transported per junk to the city, where they are invoiced and shipped by steamer to China. For if it were done otherwise, as every Chinaman knows, the poor soul would

surely lose itself in the limitless realms of celestial space and go wandering helplessly through all eternity. The Pacific steamship companies know all this as well as any Chinaman, and with provident forethought have arranged their tariff to meet John's views as to the only desirable place of sepulture. "Miscellaneous—Chinese bones" figures on every way-bill, and the uniform rate for the voyage is two guineas per petroleum tin! John is far too practical to insure his life. He will gamble until cock-crow, but the beauties of a game where one must die to win anything have but

place within the mud-walls of his native village. A score of Chinese insurance companies see to it that John's wishes are gratified.

Apropos of this, a few years ago a certain coroner—he was the town undertaker as well—



"THE SHRIMP-GOD'S ACRE"—HERE HIS WORSHIPPERS ARE BUSIED FOR THREE YEARS BEFORE THEIR BONES ARE DUG UP AND ENPATCHED TO THEIR FINAL RESTING-PLACE IN CHINA.

From a Photo.

conceived and executed a brilliant scheme. Business with him in both branches had been very bad indeed. The town folk were appallingly healthy. The crop of suicides had dwindled down to nothing. People were so prosperous and so busy that they simply wouldn't take the time to kill one another. Then he bethought himself of the shrimp village, raided the burying-ground, secured six very dead Chinamen, impanelled six juries, held six inquests at the legal charge of two pounds two shillings per inquest, and subpoenaed pretty nearly the whole population of the three villages as witnesses at one shilling and sixpence per subpoena and mileage extra. It was a glorious harvest while it lasted! The verdicts, to be sure, left something to the imagination: "We, the jury, find that deceased, John Doe, whose true name is unknown, age unknown, supposed to be a native of China, died from a cause or causes unknown, on a date unknown, at or in the neighbourhood of a Chinese fish-camp." Just as the zealous official was on the point of reintering the lot of them at two pounds sixteen shillings and sixpence per head, under a law providing for the burial of the indigent dead, a representative of a Chinese bone insurance company appeared, reclaimed

his defunct clients, and settled all bills, past and prospective.

Through many drying-grounds strewn with shrimps and shrimp-nets we wander down into Village No. 3, which is ruled by a woman—the feminine J. Pierpont Morgan of Shrimpland. Here is an opportunity for a fortune-hunting bachelor. The somewhat corpulent lady in the photograph is the head of a flourishing trust—the dried-shrimp trust! Moreover, she is the despotic ruler, more than Queen, of a small kingdom of three hundred and twenty-three souls. Furthermore, she receives as revenue one hundred and thirteen three hundred and twenty-thirds of the gross profits of her subjects—a bewildering fraction which yields her a good income. Lastly, she is reported to have fifty thousand pounds in cash—and she is a widow. She speaks a moderately fair imitation of English and entertains us with tea, abominable Chinese sweetmeats, and rice brandy.

But we must hasten homeward, as night is approaching. As we reascend the mountain slope we catch a glimpse of a Chinaman repairing a net—and an illegal net at that, with meshes scarcely a quarter of an inch wide. And so we bid farewell to the curious villages of the Shrimp-God.



THE "QUEEN" OF THE SHRIMP VILLAGES—SHE IS A WIDOW, AND IS SAID TO POSSESS £50,000!

From a Photo.

How "Buffalo Bill" Won His Name.

BY FREDERICK MOORE.

The story of the remarkable achievement which won "Buffalo Bill" his world-famous sobriquet. When the thousands of men engaged in constructing the first trans-continental railway were all but starving for want of fresh meat, young Cody undertook to supply them, and carried out his contract single-handed, in spite of the bands of hostile Indians who menaced the flanks of the railway.



N army of hungry workmen, far from the confines of civilization, literally starving for fresh meat and surfeited with an endless course of salt pork. How were they to be fed? That was the problem, more serious than any immediate engineering difficulties, that confronted the builders of the first American trans-continental railway, pushing rapidly across the plains in the spring of 1867. That pioneer road was built, so men said at the time, as fast as a horse could gallop. So, indeed, it seemed. Across the great, level plains from St. Louis, then a mere frontier town, the permanent way was laid with remarkable speed. Mile

after mile behind the workers the tracks spun out straight as the crow flies, till the ribbons of steel met at the vanishing point on the horizon. Ahead, as far as the eye could reach, the middle hair of the engineer's level split the tacks in the surveyors' pegs. Construction trains rushed material to the front, and a host of workers swarmed to lay it down almost as fast as it could be unloaded from the cars. There were three thousand men in one capacity or another to be

fed at the head of the line, and the work had long been beyond the uttermost limits of civilization.

It was long before the days of refrigerator cars, and fresh meat from "the East" was out of the question. But men cannot work in the burning summer sun of that arid region on a steady diet of salt meat. To feed them was the problem.

It hardly suffices to say that game was abundant. It was the heyday of the buffalo, and game at times was an absolute nuisance. Monster herds of the shaggy beasts drifted north across the line of construction for days at a time, sometimes actually stopping the work. Then they would vanish, and it took not only

hunters but Indian fighters to risk the perils of the desert beyond the protection of the cavalry patrols and bring meat into camp. The perils were of varied sorts — death by sun and thirst in summer, and by the icy blast of the north in winter, and at all times there was the risk of capture and torture — many times worse than death — by the tribes of "hostiles" that hovered for ever on the flanks of these white invaders of their ancient hunting-grounds.

But game



THE LATEST PHOTOGRAPH OF COLONEL CODY, "BUFFALO BILL."
From a Photo. by John C. Henning, New York.

was the only fresh meat available. It had to be procured, and the superintendent of construction conferred with his lieutenants about letting a contract to some of the best scouts and hunters to keep the camps supplied. None of the railway men knew just how large a force they might have to enrol to keep up the meat supply, till the foreman of the tie-gang suggested, "S'pose you talk it over with Cody?"

"And who's Cody?" inquired the chief engineer.

"Oh, he's a youngster," replied the foreman. "He's done some freighting and rode mail routes back in Pike County, and he's scouted for Hazen. They say he's all right. He'll know as much as anybody you can ask."

So they sent for the young fellow called Cody. He came, handsome as a Greek god, in buckskins. Cody was always good-looking, and just then he was at his best. With his

long brown hair curling over his shoulders after the fashion of the frontiersman, his clean-cut features, and tall, athletic frame, he was a picture, but not an effeminate sort of picture.

The chief engineer wanted to know how many men Cody thought would be required to keep the camp supplied with fresh meat. Cody thought one could do it, and the chief was surprised. But he offered the young fellow the job if he thought he was equal to it.

"Well," remarked Cody, "I guess I can come pretty near doing it."

"Come pretty near doing it!" The West always was chary of promises, though precipitate to the verge of recklessness when it came to fulfilment. "Come pretty near doing it" from one of those sons of the saddle and six-shooter was about as good as a bond from a modern trust company, and so young Cody got the job and started on the career that was to win him the name that has become familiar to the world over.

During the next eighteen months, while he was with the Kansas and Pacific Company, Cody killed and delivered to the railway camp over five thousand buffalo—an average of more than ten a day, including Sundays! But the regrettable extinction of the buffalo on the Western plains is not to be laid at his door. For the time being, it is true, he was a pot-



"WELL," REMARKED CODY, "I GUESS I CAN COME PRETTY NEAR DOING IT."

hunter, but he killed no more than there was immediate use for; and if it had not been for Cody and his buffalo the first trans-continental road would never have been built at the rate that established an engineering record for the New World.

It was before the days of the repeating rifle. Indeed, even the breechloader was more or less of a novelty on the frontier; but Cody, who was always extremely up-to-date, had acquired somewhere a Springfield breech-loading needle gun, which he christened "Lucretia Borgia." "Lucretia" was his constant companion, till the advent of the Winchester revolutionized the whole practice of Western gun-play. His other inseparable ally was his buffalo-hunter, a swift, powerful horse named Brigham—after the then famous head of the Mormon Church. "Lucretia Borgia" was as deadly as her classic predecessor; and as for Brigham, Cody to this day declares that "he knew enough to vote and lacked only the property qualification." Brig-

ham knew as much about hunting buffalo as his master, and the trio—man, gun, and horse—were a formidable combination.

Cody's reputation was not made in a day, and he tells a good story against himself concerning his experience with a party of army officers after he had taken the meat contract for the Kansas Pacific. They had been short of work horses at the head of the line, and Cody, who was a good hand anywhere, had drafted Brigham, much to that worthy animal's disgust, into wagon work with one of the advance parties. Brigham had never known the indignity of traces and a blind bridle, but he worked most of the day. Towards evening, meat being needed in camp, Cody took him out of the team and started off bareback to look for game with the working bridle still on him. Cody himself was in boots and overalls.

Some strange officers had just joined the railway construction party from one of the military posts farther east, and a few miles outside of camp they came across Cody in his remarkable hunting get-up just as he had sighted a small "bunch" of eleven buffalo over the crest of a "hog-back," about a mile away.

"Young man," remarked one of the officers, "do you think you are out chasing buffalo on that wagon-horse?"

Cody admitted modestly that he had some notion that way.

"You are wasting time," said the captain; "it takes the fastest sort of a horse to run down a buffalo."

"Does it?" said Brigham's rider, with mild-eyed innocence, as though it were an entirely new proposition to him.

"That's what it does," rejoined the soldier, "and that plough-horse of yours won't be in the hunt at all. But I'll tell you what. We are going to kill some of those beasts, and all we want are the tongues and a bit of the tenderloin. You can have all the meat you want."

"Thank you," said Cody, politely, and the hunt commenced.

The buffalo "winded" pursuit immediately, and the cavalymen—all of them well mounted—started full tilt after the herd. Now, both Cody and Brigham knew their game.

Far away, and considerably to the left, a faint line of cottonwood trees showed on the horizon.

Cottonwood trees mean water in that arid region, and Cody divined that the buffalo would run for water, and that with a hot chase behind them it would take a good deal to turn them. So he slipped the blind bridle, kicked Brigham in the ribs just to let him know there was "something doing," and headed across the chord of the circle, while the soldiers followed the circumference. The result was that at the end of a few miles he emerged from a hollow right on the tail of the flying herd, with the officers still nearly half a mile behind.

Then Brigham showed what he knew of *his* end of the game. Without the suggesting touch of a bridle he darted into the "bunch" and brought his master alongside the rearmost buffalo. A crack of the rifle and the buffalo was rolling over and over in a cloud of dust. Without pausing in his stride Brigham ranged up with the next of the fugitives, and that, too, dropped to a single shot. Another and another followed in quick succession, and the soldiers spurred up just as the young fellow in overalls slipped off his barebacked horse alongside the last of the dead beasts, having killed the eleven buffalo with twelve bullets.



"WITHOUT PAUSING, IN HIS STRIDE BRIGHAM RANGED UP WITH THE NEXT FUGITIVE."

"Young man," said the officer who had lately referred to Brigham as a plough-horse, "will you kindly tell me who you are?"

"My name is Cody," replied the unknown. "And you gentlemen are welcome to as many tongues and tenderloins as you care to have."

His reputation as a scout and hunter was just beginning to be made, and he had not then arrived at the distinction of "Buffalo Bill."

The reputation came in due time, but on the frontier in those days reputations were built on more than a single exploit. Young Cody was the contemporary, though much the junior, of such men as Kit Carson, Uncle Dick Wootan,

manches, and Blackfeet in turn disputed the progress of the railway. Many a consignment of meat meant a fight before it was delivered at the construction camp; and while Cody's work was primarily that of a hunter, it was during this time that he passed through what may be termed his postgraduate course in desert craft and scouting, which afterwards made him the ablest lieutenant of Sherman, Sheridan, Miles, Custer, Carr, Crook, and the other noted Indian generals of the West.

The buffalo had their times and seasons, and the winter months proved a lean season for game of all sorts; but Cody was indefatigable,



"BLOW HOT OR BLOW COLD, THE MEAT SUPPLY WAS NEVER ALLOWED TO FAIL."

Jim Bridger, Texas Bill, Wild Bill, and California Joe. Hunters, scouts, and Indian fighters they all were, the very pick of the West, and a man to rise to prominence among them had to be someone very much out of the ordinary run. Kit Carson, the trusted companion of Fremont the Pathfinder, stood pre-eminent among that remarkable group of strong men of the early West, and upon no shoulders can his mantle be said to have descended more fittingly than upon those of "Buffalo Bill."

Cody's reputation grew apace as the Kansas Pacific pushed west to the foothills of the Rockies. It was a record of mixed hunting and fighting. The Sioux, Cheyennes, Kiowas, Com-

and, blow hot or blow cold, the meat supply was never allowed to fail.

To understand how such a monster hunting contract could be successfully carried out by a single man, it may be worth while for the benefit of those not familiar with the conditions prevailing on the plains in the late sixties to explain something both of the plentitude and the habits of the buffalo. Records compiled with the utmost care after the awful carnival of slaughter that ended in the practical extinction of the buffalo in 1881 show that in Kansas alone, between 1865 and the early eighties, no fewer than ten million buffalo were slaughtered and their bones afterwards sold for fertilizer!

As late as 1870 the migrating herds were at times so dense as to delay the traffic on the railways. There is one record of a train not far west of Kansas City being held up for five hours by a monster herd passing northward over the track.

This suggests another curious idea firmly believed by the Indians, and that was that the buffalo always moved north and that the same animals never returned. The migratory movement certainly started each spring among the animals south of the old Arkansas River line, where they wintered by the million. They moved north in droves of from a few score to countless thousands, following the receding snows and grazing on the new grass that in the early spring covered even the sub-desert section of the plains region. The migratory movement carried them far over what is now the Canadian line, and there in the brief, hot northern summer they waxed fat preparatory to returning south before the advent of winter. But, curiously enough, there was no great migra-

the huge beasts did actually seek sanctuary in the far north, never to return. There they bred, in the face of hardships and strange and unfavourable conditions, a new and stunted breed, the wood bison of the far North-West of Canada, whose presence there to-day has been verified by explorers.

The immensity of the northward-moving herds almost passes comprehension by those who never saw them. Densely packed droves, with a front from a mile to ten miles across, would take hours to pass a given point. From the tops of the scattered buttes eye-witnesses have declared the country black with moving herds as far as the eye could reach. And after the great slaughter that came with the advent of the hide-hunter and his magazine rifle there were sections of Kansas, Nebraska, and Colorado where one could walk for miles over the dead carcasses of buffalo without ever setting foot to the ground.

With such a game preserve to work in Cody's task does not seem such a phenomenal one.

But while advantage could be taken of the plentiful spring season and a considerable supply of meat dried and stored for use, the winter months, with blizzards and long stretches of intense cold, forced him far afield and taxed every resource to keep the supply equal to the demand.

A dozen times he and Brigham had to race for their lives to avoid getting caught in the deadly rush of a stampede. On one occasion there came galloping suddenly over a hill-top an enormous herd of the animals, its front stretching as far as the eye could see in either direction. Cody and "Sawbones," his Scotch companion,

who butchered the buffalo after they were shot, were making their midday meal. Grabbing only their rifles, they jumped on their bare-backed horses and started in wild flight before the maddened beasts. Hour after hour they fled, first diagonally towards one end and then towards the other. "Sawbones's" animal played out first. Brigham could have run for another hour, but Cody was not the man to desert a companion. They drew up on an eminence, "Sawbones's" exhausted horse falling the



From] THE LAST HERD OF BUFFALO NOW IN YELLOWSTONE PARK.

[Photo.

tory movement south, and if the buffalo returned, as they doubtless did, it was in such straggling parties that the movement passed unnoticed.

The Indians declare that they never did return, but vanished into the unknown north into certain great caves, where they were cared for by the Great Spirit, who next spring sent a fresh multitude from the south for the benefit of his children—the plains Indians.

One thing is certain—that when the great slaughter of the buffalo was in progress many of

moment he halted. Both men jumped behind the dying animal, while the faithful Brigham stood like a statue behind his master. At a hundred yards range a battery of fire broke forth from behind that curious living redoubt such as never two men discharged in war, for they were fighting for their lives. It was their only hope to split the herd.

Gradually they piled up a series of hurdles of dead buffalo. At first the others vaulted these without hesitation. By the time they got to the men, however, the line was beginning to swing around the obstacles, and the fire from the rifles

the night inside the warm carcass, an expedient often adopted by hunters. Once, indeed, he was just in time to save the life of one of the older trappers who had resorted to the same curious shelter and been frozen in, being utterly unable next morning to escape unaided from between the frozen ribs.

The winter of '67 passed, and the fall of the succeeding year found the trans-continental road beyond the confines of the plains region and forcing its slow way over the almost inaccessible passes of the Rockies.

The land of the buffalo lay behind them.



"GRADUALLY THEY PILED UP A SERIES OF HURDLES OF DEAD BUFFALO."

completed the split in the herd.

After two hours of this Cody and Scotty together mounted Brigham and went back to their camp, but there was not a vestige of it left on the ploughed field the buffalo had left behind them. Once, indeed, the resistless rush of an immense herd of maddened buffalo routed a full regiment of cavalry on escort duty.

But winter was the worst time for the young hunter. The blizzard, the great white death of the West, comes without warning, and neither man nor beast can live against it. Even the thick-coated buffalo fled before it to the sheltered valleys, and there Cody followed them, never returning empty-handed. More than once, caught suddenly by the storm, he killed and disembowelled a buffalo and spent

But young Cody's services as scout, hunter, and courier were too valuable to be dispensed with, and he continued in the service of the construction party clear to the end. His achievement of the previous year and a half was too striking to be forgotten, and thereafter William Cody, even when he rose to be chief of scouts in the United States Army, was universally known by his now world-famous sobriquet—"Buffalo Bill."

The Looting of the "Bang Yee."

BY CAPTAIN T. COSTELLO.

While in Penang, Straits Settlements, looking for a ship, the author heard that the command of a certain vessel was literally going a-begging. The explanation of this curious state of affairs was given him by the chief engineer of the ship in question, who unfolded a most remarkable story.



LID NORTON was one of the most genial and kind-hearted of men, and although our acquaintance was short—more's the pity—I can never forget that at a time when I was in sore need his was the helping hand which gave me a fresh start, or at least was the means of doing so.

Mine had been an eventful career, and at the age of forty-five I found myself in Penang. Like many another I was looking for a ship, and not particular as to the size, kind, ownership, or in fact anything else, provided I could only get command of one. How it came to pass that at my time of life I was in such a predicament is a long story. Suffice it to say that I had commanded as fine a liner as ever left the London Docks, but thick weather, an unexpected set of currents, and a shoal in that most treacherous and scandalously ill-lighted of places, the Red Sea, had wrecked my vessel, and with it my previously prosperous career. So here I was, after trying my fortune at various places, endeavouring to get a ship out of Penang, where I had heard that if one could keep away from the bottle—to which, I am thankful to say, I had never been addicted—there was always an opening to be found.

On the particular morning which was to bring the first gleam of sunshine through the very dark cloud which had been hanging like a pall over my fortunes I had strolled down to the landing jetty on the off chance of hearing of some opening. I was quite resigned to take a berth even as mate of a vessel, if it offered,

sooner than lead my present life of idleness, which was sadly straining my reduced resources.

Suddenly my attention was attracted by a very heated altercation between the occupant of a dilapidated sampan, or native boat, and the very dirty and scantily-clad native who had rowed him to the jetty, evidently from one of the numerous steamers lying off the city.

"You grimy-faced son of a gun!" I heard the European exclaim. "Twenty cents for bringing me a few fathoms! I could almost have jumped! Here's ten, and that's too much! Away with you," and then followed some very forcible remarks, presumably in Malay, a language with which I was not



"THEN FOLLOWED SOME VERY FORCIBLE REMARKS."

acquainted; but it was evidently very efficacious, as the sampan and rower disappeared with remarkable celerity.

I had been standing quite close to the scene of this occurrence, and as the speaker turned hurriedly he came into collision with me, knocking my topee to the ground.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said, as he stooped to pick it up, "but I didn't notice you standing there. Fact is, I was too much taken up with that dirty rascal who brought me on shore. He can thank his lucky stars, or whatever the native equivalent is for it, that I didn't give him an unexpected bath. The idea of trying to charge *me* twenty cents to land! Why, anyone would think I was a globe-trotter, instead of an old stager who has sailed in and out of this port for the last twenty years."

The speaker was a short, stoutly-built man of, as far as I could judge, some fifty years, but it would have been very hard to guess what his age really was, as his face was so tanned and wrinkled that the skin rather resembled a piece of rusty old parchment than anything else.

Now, I thought, here's a chance at last. If this old fellow has been sailing out of Penang all these years he may possibly be able to put me in the way of getting something. No doubt he would know personally some of the local shipowners, which at all events would be a help. I determined to ask his assistance, and so I put the matter plainly to him, giving a short outline of my career and my hopes of getting a berth out of the port.

He listened to me very attentively and pulled his beard vigorously—a habit, I noticed afterwards, he always had when in deep thought.

"Well," he said at last, "I don't quite know what to say. You see, it's like this; I *do* know of a berth, and a command at that, but as to whether you'll feel inclined to take it after you've heard my story, well, that's quite another matter. It's only fair to tell you that the billet has been going a-begging, so to speak, for the last four weeks, and although there are to my knowledge half-a-dozen skippers knocking about the port, there's not one of them will look at it."

I expressed myself anxious to know what vessel it was and the reason of there being any difficulty in finding a commander for her; it struck me that if any of the other skippers were

at such a low ebb as myself it must needs be something very serious indeed which could keep them from taking it.

"The best plan," he answered, "is to tell you the whole story, and then you can judge for yourself whether you think you would care to take it, for I can assure you there will be no difficulty in getting the appointment."

"But surely," he continued, as if struck by an after-thought, "you have heard of the looting of the *Bang Yee* off Acheen? It has been the talk of the city for the past month."

I protested my ignorance of the affair.

"Of course," he said, "you wouldn't know, having only been here three days. Well, I'll tell you what you had better do: come up and have a bit of dinner with me and the wife to-night, and we'll talk it over after she's gone to bed. You'll understand after you hear the story that I want her to forget about it if possible, for I happen to be chief engineer of the old packet, and the only white man saved of the four who were on board. Here's my address," he said, as he jotted it down on a by no means clean piece of paper. "Any rickshaw coolie will be able to

find it, so we'll expect you at seven.

"No, captain, I don't want any thanks"—for I had begun to give expression to the sense of obligation I felt—"wait until you have heard me to night, and then perhaps you will not think there is much to be thankful for."

I doubt if he realized the sense of relief our meeting had afforded me, as he wished me a kindly good-bye, for I felt lighter at heart, notwithstanding his ominous words, than I had done for many a day. Surely at last a berth had turned up, and I determined, unless something very terrible was wrong, to give it a trial whatever the drawbacks might be.

It was with a sense of excitement that I arrived at my prospective host's bungalow that evening, and, as far as I could judge in the darkness, a very pretty little house it was, as houses go out in the East.



THE AUTHOR, CAPTAIN T. COSTELLO.
From a Photo.

Norton and his wife were both on the veranda to receive me, and made me feel at home immediately by the warmth of their welcome. Bearing in mind what he had told me in the morning, I was careful to eschew the one subject I was burning to hear about, and conversed on general topics until the pleasant little dinner came to an end. My host's wife had evidently been told that my visit was partly a business one, and as she rose from the table

A more villainous-looking lot than those deck passengers I don't think I ever recollect seeing, though one does meet all sorts, good and bad, in a little coaster such as ours. Looking back after the event, I recall them vividly to mind—and I have indeed cause to do so—but at the time I don't suppose I gave them a passing thought. They were a queer mixture of nationalities, half Chinese, half Malay, but, whatever their race, as great a set of villains as



THE DECK PASSENGERS—"A VILLAINOUS-LOOKING LOT."

she wished me "good-night," and hoped I would soon give them the pleasure of seeing me again.

"Now," said Norton, as his wife left the room and he lighted his pipe, "I'll give you the details of a tragedy which, had I not been a witness of, I could scarcely have believed could happen in these modern times."

And as I drew my chair closer to his and lit up, he told me the following remarkable story.

Six weeks ago the steamer *Bang Yee*, of which I am chief engineer, left Penang bound for Kluang, a small trading port on the north-east coast of Sumatra. She carried a little general cargo, twenty deck passengers, and twenty thousand dollars in specie, and it was this last item which was the cause of the dreadful events which happened subsequently. I had another engineer besides myself, Arkwright by name, and Captain Fairbank and Mr. Finn, the chief mate, completed the European crew. The native crew numbered eighteen all told, but my experience is they don't count for much in an emergency—at any rate not in the sort of one we experienced.

ever crossed a ship's gangway, as we discovered only when too late.

We weighed anchor on Sunday afternoon, which was our usual day of departure, and were due at Kluang on the Tuesday morning following. I little thought as we passed out beyond Muka Head of the terrible trial in store for me.

Nothing occurred to raise suspicion on that day, or the next. After dinner on the evening of the second day I was having a pipe and a yarn with the captain, a man I greatly respected, as did everyone who knew him. The after-deck, where we were seated, was dimly lighted by a sickly globe-lamp, whose feeble rays made it just possible for us to see each other.

The better to illustrate the terrible events which shortly occurred, I must explain our positions. The captain's chair was near to a canvas screen, which separated the after from the main deck, where the deck passengers were located, and we were both seated with our backs towards this screen. My chair was a few feet farther away from the screen than his, fortunately for me, though it seems selfish to say so. We had been chatting as seafaring

men are prone to do, mostly about matters connected with ships and shipping, and I was just making up my mind to turn in, when, with a suddenness which is simply indescribable, three men with *dahs* flashing in their hands appeared on the deck behind us, and almost as I shouted out a warning cry pounced on poor Fairbank. The biggest of the three—a very giant in stature—with one sweep of the terrible weapon he was wielding, almost decapitated the poor fellow, who with a muffled groan slid from his chair to the deck an inert mass. The suddenness of his death was appalling.

I jumped to my feet as the men appeared. My only weapon of defence was the chair I had been sitting on, but as the two other fellows made for me I swung this round my head with all the force I was capable of, bringing it down

had hurried up on deck, only to be ruthlessly cut down by the bloodthirsty ruffians of deck passengers, who by this time had seized the ship. What had become of the chief mate, Mr. Finn, will never be known, but he disappeared—murdered and thrown overboard, in all probability. Who can say?

Dazed with the rapidity with which this horrible tragedy had been enacted, and sick at heart with apprehension—for I felt certain that as soon as I was discovered I should be the next victim—I made my way down into the engine-room, thinking I should be safer there than on the deck, where the inhuman brutes were no doubt now looking for the specie.

The engine-room crew were all huddled about in abject terror, most of them being in the stokehold. As I afterwards learnt, the deck crew



"I SWUNG THIS ROUND MY HEAD WITH ALL THE FORCE I WAS CAPABLE OF."

with a crash on the nearest villain's skull. He fell like a log. Providentially, I struck the lanip, which was hanging over my head, with the same blow, shattering it to pieces. It was to this accident I owe my life.

Under cover of the complete darkness which now prevailed I rushed to the other side of the deck and fled for my life towards the engine-room, which, fortunately, I reached in safety, but only to find another terrible sight awaiting me. There, outside the door, lay my second engineer, stone dead. He was quite a youth, and—the pity of it!—married but a few months. I have no doubt, hearing the cries of alarm, he

were down forward in their quarters in much the same state; and, strange to say, no attempt was made on their lives. The villains rightly guessed there would be no resistance from *that* quarter.

What to do now was my next thought. Should I stop the engines? No; that would never do, for the pirates would immediately come below to find out what was the matter. It was no use courting death in that way. I could open a sea-cock and scuttle the ship! The thought flashed across my mind only to be rejected. That would mean launching a number of innocent souls into eternity, for the sake of

punishing a few. Besides, there were my dear old woman and the two children to think of. I could see her in my mind's eye, sitting where we are to-night, little thinking of the terrible tragedy being enacted, or the slender thread by which her husband's life was then hanging. No; I would see the business through to the bitter end, and if my appointed time had come I must try and meet it like a man. A hundred plans flitted through my brain—some of them mad enough in all conscience—only to be thrown out as impracticable, until finally a sense of utter helplessness seemed to come over me. I strained my hearing to catch the slightest sound which should warn me of the approach of the murderers.

Suddenly an inspiration seized me—an idea I had no sooner thought of than I set to work to put it into execution. We fortunately had a good length of hose in the store-room below, with a nozzle attached, kept in readiness in case of fire. This, if fastened on to a connection on the main feed-pump, which had been fitted before my time—I doubt if for the same purpose as I was going to use it—would give me a strong pressure of boiling water, at two hundred and twelve degrees of heat, so I had but little doubt that at last I had found a sure weapon of defence, and one which would be no less effectual, perhaps even more so, than the razor-like *dahs* which had been used with such deadly results on my poor friends.

However, I hadn't long to wait to test it. It surprised me, as a matter of fact, that my respite had been such a long one, but I suppose the villains must have had some trouble in finding

the specie. That their quest had been successful I didn't doubt, as I could now hear voices overhead close by the engine-room, and the sound of heavy boxes being dragged along the deck. You can well imagine what my state of mind was, as, their main object being attained, the robbers' thoughts would naturally return to me, who, if left alive, would be able to give damning evidence against them in the future. I felt as if a tight cord were stretched across my head, which threatened every moment to burst.

Action was better than this awful state of suspense, no matter what the upshot. Thank Heaven, it soon ended, or I think my mind would have given way.

A slight sound above attracted my attention, and looking up I saw the forms of two of the wretches stealing cautiously down the ladder and peering about, no doubt trying to locate me in the semi-darkness. They little guessed in what manner they would do so!

I allowed them to come down sufficiently far to be well within reach of my water-jet, and then I connected the hose and let them have full pressure.

The results far exceeded my most sanguine expectations, for as the boiling, seething

fluid caught them fairly on their scantily-clad bodies they let out wild yells of agony and retreated helter-skelter to the deck, their groans being audible for a long time after they had departed. It gave me some satisfaction to know that at least I had managed to partly skin two of the scoundrels. The lesson must have been a salutary one, too, for I had no more visitors that night.

But what would their plans be now? I



"I LET THEM HAVE FULL PRESSURE."

wondered. To land the specie would certainly be their first aim. But where? That was the point which troubled me. However, it was no use conjecturing; the only thing to be done was to keep the engines going, and trust that they had some knowledge of the coast, at least sufficient to keep clear of the rocks, of which, fortunately, there are but few on the north coast of Sumatra, and those very close inshore.

As far as I could judge we ought to have been getting within the radius of Pulo Weh light, and whether they intended to go on through the Malacca Passage and round Acheen Head would, I knew, be decided in a very short time. The revolutions we had made since leaving Penang were my only guide, but I had made the voyage so often that I could give a pretty fair guess as to our position.

How the weary hours of that terrible night dragged on! It seemed an eternity. I wasn't to be left long in doubt, however, as to the intentions of the pirates, for, just as daylight was breaking, without any preliminary warning I was thrown violently on my back on the engine-room plates, and the poor old packet, with a shudder that seemed to shake her as with a fit of ague, gave one convulsive heave and stopped dead.

My first sensation was a feeling of thankfulness that I had fallen backwards instead of into the crank-pit, which I should assuredly have done had I been pitched forward; and there one turn of the crank would have been quite sufficient to put an end to all my troubles.

I struggled to my feet and stopped the engines, which I knew were only driving the ship harder on to whatever obstacle she had struck.

What would be the next item on this horrible programme? I could hear shouting and a great tramping of feet on the deck overhead, and later, to my great joy, the sound of boats being lowered into the water, so I concluded that they evidently intended leaving the ship. My conjecture was right, for after an hour of yelling and bustle, the welcome sound of oars beating the water reached my ears. Then a great silence seemed to settle over the vessel, and I felt as though a weight had been lifted from my brain. Broad daylight now flooded the heavens, and the relief of it after the long night of darkness and horror was simply indescribable.

I determined to wait for an hour, so as to make sure they had departed, before venturing on deck, and at the end of that time I cautiously ascended, having my trusty friend the hose ready in case any of the villains were still lurking on board, though I felt certain in my own mind that I need not feel any alarm on that score, as,

having secured what they wanted, they would try to efface themselves as quickly as possible.

As I reached the deck I saw that we were heading on to the beach, which was about half a mile distant. By a stroke of good fortune it was a sandy one. Three of our boats lay at the water's edge, deserted; but of the murderers not a sign could be seen.

My first thoughts were of the poor skipper and Arkwright. I shudder now when I think of the awful sight their bodies presented in the daylight. The latter was lying on his side, quite dead, close to his cabin door, which place he had no doubt tried to reach after he had been cut down. He had made a hard fight for his life, as I could see by his hands, which were badly cut where he had tried to ward off the keen-edged *dahs*. The captain lay on the deck, aft, just as he had slid from the chair. By this time my trembling crew, who had cautiously followed me up from below, appeared on the scene, and the deck crew turned out soon after.

I now stood face to face with a dilemma. What was I to do? The captain and chief mate both gone, and nobody to consult with! Even if I managed to get the ship off, who would navigate her? Well, it was no use to stand still and wonder; the first thing was to see if the ship was leaking. I therefore sounded the wells, and could have cried out with joy; there was not a sign of a leak, the only water in the wells being the usual inch or two which the pumps never suck dry.

I could see by the beach that the tide was out, so that we must have grounded somewhere near low water. I saw that if I could lay out an anchor and hawser, and as the tide rose leave on that and go astern with the engines, I might get her off. My plan was put into execution, and much to my delight by midday I had the satisfaction of seeing my efforts rewarded and the little vessel once more afloat. Things were working bravely indeed for me.

My difficulty now was as to our position, and that I could only make a guess at. One thing I *did* know, and that was, that we had not run on our course towards Acheen during the night, for I knew the coast about there intimately. I concluded—and rightly so, as after events proved—that the ruffians, after seizing the ship, had turned her round and headed back along the coast, no doubt beaching her at a pre-arranged spot. I accordingly decided to get the log-book and see what course had been steered on our return journey on previous voyages. That at any rate, I thought, should lead us somewhere in the right direction.

And so we steamed away, but what a difference from twelve hours before! Who could have



"THE SADDEST TASK OF ALL."

foretold the dreadful events which were to happen in that short space of time?

Now came the saddest task of all—the consigning of the two hapless victims to the deep, for it would have been impossible to keep the bodies until our arrival at Penang. Having sewn them up, with weights at their feet, I offered up a short prayer, and with my heart full silently gave the signal. A dull splash, a ripple on the surface of the water, and all that was mortal of two lives that had been so bright a few hours before disappeared from sight. I trust it may never fall to my lot to endure again what I did at that moment.

Mine was now no easy task, for I had to divide my time between the engine-room and the bridge, but fortunately my engine-room *serang* could work the engines, which lightened my task considerably; though I took good care not to carry too big a head of steam, as I had no mind for a boiler catastrophe, after all I had gone through.

It was an anxious time, but on the Wednesday night I had the joy of seeing Muka Head light flashing out through the darkness; and I thanked Heaven that my task was nearly at an end.

In the early morning I picked up a pilot, who took us safely into port, and so brought to a close the most terrible experience of my life.

"My story is told, and you now know why I doubted whether you would feel inclined to undertake the command of the old packet,

which everyone fights shy of, though I doubt very much, armed as we are now and careful as to whom we allow to embark, if such a blood-thirsty crime could ever happen again.

"Has anything been done to capture the murderers?" he exclaimed, in answer to my question. "Well, yes; the Government have taken it up, and a gunboat has been dispatched to the scene of the tragedy, but I doubt if any good will come of it. You must remember that these villains have landed on the shores of a country whose inhabitants, the Achinese, are a wild and warlike race and up to the present time unconquered, as the Dutch, who own the island, know to their cost, for they have been at war with them for the past fifty years or more.

"It is a long story, and one I don't care about repeating often, for the shock has been a severe one to a man of my years, and I sometimes doubt if I shall ever get over it. But I promised you should hear it, and now you know the truth of the matter."

Poor old Norton! He didn't live long enough to get over the shock, for six months afterwards he was laid in his grave, his health having given way, mainly due to the events related.

This all happened nearly ten years ago, and though I *did* take command of the little packet, but on a different line, I am thankful to say no such terrible experiences as my old friend went through ever happened to me as the "Looting of the *Bang Yee*."

On the March in the Bahr-el-Ghazal.

BY CAPTAIN H. E. HAYMES, OF THE ROYAL ARMY MEDICAL CORPS.

III.

An interesting account of one of the little expeditions of which the general public hear next to nothing, but which accomplish a vast amount of useful work. Captain Haymes was a member of a small but well-equipped expedition which, under Colonel Sparkes, C.M.G., was sent to re-occupy the Bahr-el-Ghazal province. The author illustrates his narrative with some extremely striking and curious photographs.



T the end of April Colonel Sparkes joined me at Waw, having dispatched Boulnois to Rumbek to form a post of forty men there.

We had now visited both our eastern and western boundaries, and Sparkes was anxious to make a patrol directly south from Waw, through the little-known Niam-Niam country.

The portion of this tribe which came within our boundary was governed by two big chiefs, or "Sultans" as they are called, one named Tambura, the other Yambeo. Reports were constantly reaching us to the effect that this tribe, the strongest and best armed in the country, meant to oppose our further advance. All the smaller tribes, especially the Bongo and

Golo, were terrified at the very name of Tambura, who had made constant raids on their villages and carried off all the women and children. We were strongly advised not to enter his country unless with a large force. Previous to starting on this patrol large numbers of natives from the surrounding tribes came in to welcome the commandant. They all received food and presents, and two or three days' feasting ensued. Dancing is a favourite pastime amongst all native tribes, but more especially amongst the men-folk. The photo. here reproduced shows a Dinka dance in progress. The outstretched arms and extended fingers, together with the obvious exertion entailed, are well shown in the picture.

Our start was delayed for some days owing



From a)

A DINKA WAR-DANCE.

[The photo.

to Sparkes having a bad attack of fever, and by the time we got on our way the rains had set in properly and there was every prospect of a very unpleasant march.

No guide could be found, as very few people had ever visited the Niam-Niam and returned—a sinister suggestion of what our own fate might be. We knew, however, that we had to follow the Jur River for about two hundred and fifty miles, and hoped there to be able to get some definite information concerning this strange people, whose name, by the way, means "Great Eaters." Our force consisted of thirty men—several of whom could speak the Niam-Niam language—our servants, five mules, and twenty donkeys. These carried rations for forty-two days, together with the men's blankets and presents for the great Tambura. As we were short of pack animals we managed to engage a few porters to carry our lighter burdens. Up to this time the natives hereabouts had refused

the village of Kusshuk Ali. The whole country hereabouts was several inches under water and the poor donkeys had a dreadful time of it, constantly falling with their loads into some elephant hole or small khor (watercourse).

On leaving the village we were told that we should not find any signs of natives for twelve days, and that we should certainly die in the forest. The first part of this prediction turned out to be correct, but, happily for us, the latter did not. Our journey took us through the thickest jungle we had yet met with. Game of all sorts swarmed, and had it not been for the constant heavy rains we should have had a lovely trip. The khors were now quite full and caused us endless delay, as when we came to one it always meant getting out the boat and taking off all loads, only to load up again on the other bank. My mule, carrying my bed and clothes, generally led the way, and seems to have been used to test the depth of khors or the



THE EXPEDITION EN ROUTE TO THE NIAM-NIAM COUNTRY.
From a [Photo.]

absolutely to carry a load, and it was only by the exercise of great patience that we managed to persuade them to do so.

They are always well paid and well fed, and at the present time we have no difficulty in getting about fifty carriers in Waw alone. A strong man will simply run away with a forty-pound load, and is always good for a twenty-mile march. The accompanying photograph shows our carriers with their miscellaneous loads.

After passing the Waw River—which we crossed in our useful canvas boat—we reached

strength of bridges. Through this little arrangement I found most of my belongings nixed up with weeds and mud when I reached camp. I had all the luck in this line during the early part of the march, but later on had the supreme satisfaction of seeing Colonel Sparkes's traps floating gaily down stream. Our chief enemies in this country, by the way, were the white ants, which were absolutely ubiquitous. It was never safe to leave anything on the ground for more than a few minutes, as it was certain to be destroyed by them. Our books, clothes, etc., therefore, were either hung up or taken to bed with us to keep them safe. In the next photo. will be seen a back view of Colonel Sparkes, wearing a coat which accidentally fell from its peg and was eaten by these terrible pests.

We were now well in the elephant country, and realized what an amount of damage these huge beasts can do to a forest. Nearly every

day we saw one or more, as our road lay near the river. One evening the whole caravan was routed by an elephant. He was between our line and the river, got our wind, and at once made a bolt for cover—crossing between Sparkes and the guide. Everyone sought his own particular tree, and the leading donkey gave a strident bray which stampeded the rest of the animals. It was some time before we got things straightened out again.

After marching for seven days we reached the deserted French post of Raffele. This was where Marchand had put together the boats with which he reached Fashoda. All the buildings here had been burned, but cotton bushes and a few solitary garden flowers still remained as relics of the occupation. Above Raffele the river for a mile or so is filled with huge rocks, which would render it quite unnavigable. I shot a big crocodile here which measured sixteen feet. Our men were exceedingly fond of the meat, preferring it to antelope. They also prized the musk glands. Half an hour after taking the accompanying photo. nothing but the head and bones of the creature were left. The meat is cut into strips, dried in the sun, warmed over the fire, and then eaten.

By this time almost everyone had had one or more attacks of fever, Sparkes up to this date having had an attack every second day. The rains were so heavy that on several days we were not able to light a fire, and went to bed in soaking garments covered

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COL. SPARKES'S COAT AFTER THE WHILE ANTS HAD FINISHED FROM A] WITH IT. [Photo.

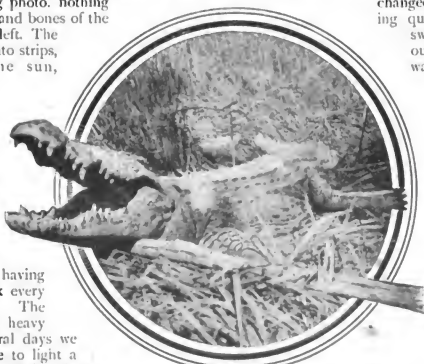
by damp blankets, and without any supper to cheer us. If any jaded globe-trotter is seeking novelty, let me recommend him to take a trip to the Bahr-el-Ghazal in June or July. I can promise him a moist, weary, unpleasant, tinned-sausage time of it.

A further march of six days took us to a second deserted French post, where we met the first men we had seen for fourteen days. They were on the opposite bank of the river, so I launched the boat and went over to see them. The headman turned out to be the brother of Tambura, and he had brought some honey and Indian corn. As I turned to conduct him to the boat he let off a rifle within a foot of my head. It was distinctly disconcerting, but I imagine it was merely his way of saying "How do you do?"

He told us that we were five or six days' march from Sultan Tambura's place, and at once sent on messengers to inform him of our coming. He also provided us with a guide.

From this point we left the river and marched in a south-westerly direction. The country changed in character, becoming quite hilly. Numerous swollen khors impeded our march, and the boat was in constant request.

Many barren, rocky mountains, consisting of gigantic blocks of gneiss, rose far above the tree-tops; they were generally peopled by huge baboons, who filed along parallel to us, vociferously barking their disapproval. It was very curious to watch their antics. Game entirely disappeared, and we were not even able to get guinea-fowl, and so much biscuit had been spoilt by the ceaseless



A SIXTEEN-FOOT CROCODILE SHOT BY THE AUTHOR. FROM A PHOTO.

downpour that we had to be very careful about the rations.

A four days' march took us to the first Niam-Niam village, where we were most hospitably received, a hot meal of chicken and boiled corn, flanked with a jar of marissa, or native beer, being provided for us. We noticed many curious little huts raised on piles, the walls made of blue clay and the roof thatched with grass. These were the "googoes," or granaries of the country, and are raised from the ground to keep out the damp, and also to check the insatiable white ants. After being filled with corn they are thatched, and keep the grain in perfect condition till required. A typical "googo" is shown in my next photo.

Two days later we reached the residence of Sultan Tambura. He came out with a large following to meet us. In our honour all the grass had been pulled up for a distance of quite two miles, making a broad carriage-way.

Tambura was a fine-looking man, but he wore a most remarkable get-up, consisting of a Homburg hat, a Newmarket coat, a striped football jersey, loose trousers, and red shoes. This costume was doubtless assumed in our honour. Immediately behind him came two little boys, one carrying a very long pipe and the other a piece of live charcoal. The leading files of the accompanying procession were the band, who blew ivory war-horns and French trumpets or beat side-drums. Every man of the escort was armed with a rifle—many of the French pattern and the remainder chiefly Remingtons. They marched in step and had a thoroughly military appearance.

At the entrance to the Sultan's private stockade a guard of about ten men was posted night and day, and drawn up in an open space outside were about five hundred armed men. There was no talking or gesticulating on our arrival, and we at once realized that Tambura was the most important man we had yet had to deal with. We were conducted to a large empty house with a veranda running all round it, which was given to us for our personal use, whilst our men were housed in a

similar building close by. These houses were seventy feet long and about thirty broad; they were rather dark, but beautifully cool. A meal of chickens, cooked whole, *à la* woodcock, with several sorts of vegetables, was quickly put before us, and this was served regularly morning and evening during our stay.

Tambura spoke Arabic well, which was a great thing, as we were able to dispense with the endless and unsatisfactory interpreting. He showed us many of his treasures, including a double-barrelled hammerless gun by Greener, a capital Colt's revolver, and two magazine rifles. All these he had received from the French, who

had evidently been in high favour with him. He presented sixteen fine tusks as a present to the new Government, and afterwards added about seventy more in exchange for Khartoum goods. Some of these tusks—together with Sultan Tambura himself—are

shown in the next snapshot. Tambura is seen standing in front of the great nagara, or war-drum, surrounded by his ivory.

The house in the background is the one occupied by our men, while the two flags on the right are placed in front of the entrance to our own house.

The Niam-Niam were known to be cannibals, and I was anxiously on the look-out for signs of this awful custom. The whole tribe have the incisor teeth of both jaws filed into points. This is quite distinctive of the Niam-Niam, and gives them a savage appearance when grinning. Tambura spoke quite openly about cannibalism. He said that he and those immediately around him did not indulge in it, but he pointed out to us several great "man-eaters." One of these told us that he could not eat a white man as it was sure to make him ill, and then, pointing appreciatively at Sparkes's Egyptian servant, said, "That's the colour I like!" The prospective victim got terribly chaffed about this, and my own small boy was quite nervous during the rest of our stay.

Bananas are cultivated by all classes in this district and were a real treat to us. Indian corn is grown in great quantities, and many



From a] A NIAM-NIAM "GOOGO," OR GRANARY. [Photo.



From a] SULTAN TAMBURA AND HIS STORE OF TUSKS. [Photo.

vegetables, including tomatoes and onions, have been introduced by the French. The Niam-Niam are a very warlike race, and certainly the most powerful in our district. This is, of course, due to the large number of firearms they possess, and also to the state of discipline they are in. The men all wear small straw hats covered with cocks' feathers, and many of them use a blue or red dye with which they paint their bodies. They were the only tribe we met with who did this. All the men wear loose fitting knickerbockers made from the bark of a tree. This is called "roko," is dull red in colour, and very durable. These curious hats and breeches are well shown in the photo. here produced, which depicts a group of Niam-Niam warriors. Those who do not carry rifles are armed with throwing spears and throwing-knives called "pinga," which they carry inside their wicker shields. They also wear an ugly-looking knife in their belts. They are great elephant hunters, large parties going out for two or three months at a time for this purpose. They have a good number of old muzzle-loading elephant rifles and plenty of ammunition. Most of the elephants are, however, killed by fire. Miles of country are beaten when the grass is dry and tall, and the

elephants in the cordon are gradually brought together and surrounded by hundreds of natives. At a given signal on the war-horn the grass is lighted simultaneously by each man. The poor elephants, who dare not face this circle of fire, die from suffocation.

Medicine was very popular among the Niam-Niam, and I gave powders that had These, however, did not seem to suit Tambura at all, as he kept complaining of a dreadful pain in his "middle," which he assured me could only be cured by a dose of "Abu Sim," or Father of Poisons, by which he meant whisky. As we were practically out of this useful commodity, I am afraid he must have suffered a good deal.

We spent a week with Sultan Tambura, and



From a]

A GROUP OF NIAM-NIAM WARRIORS.

[Photo.

found him only too anxious to help us in every way. He was in want of Khartoum goods and we were after ivory and food, so we were able to accommodate each other. He sent us three hundred banana trees to our post at Waw, and expressed a great desire to visit the Sirdar at Khartoum. We left him a mule to ride, and in return he lent us fifty carriers to make up for the losses we had had amongst our animals. He also lent us one hundred carriers for the ivory we had bought off him, so we started back quite a large party. The ivory, under an escort of ten men, was to go by a new route to Waw, whilst Colonel Sparkes and I, with twenty men, intended returning through fresh country to our first post at Tong. This meant crossing the Jur River, which turned out to be a very big undertaking.

The annexed photo. shows our carriers just

covering the patches with melted rubber collected from the trees. Very luckily we were enabled to engage the help of a dug-out canoe which would take about eight men at a time. We started to cross over at dawn. The stream was so strong that every load was carried far down stream. Only Sparkes and myself and one other man knew anything about rowing, so all the work fell on us.

The donkeys were made to swim behind the boat, and nearly capsized us each time. The mules absolutely refused to face the water, and we thought for a time we were beaten. At last, however, I found one of the men who could swim, and with him managed to ride them into the river well up stream and swim them over without much bother. As we knew that there were plenty of crocodiles about the work was none too pleasant. Soon after the sun went



From a

THE CARRIERS WITH THEIR LOADS OF IVORY LEAVING TAMBURA'S STOCKADE.

[Photo.

leaving Tambura's stockade with the ivory; each man carried about fifty to sixty pounds weight and his own food for what proved to be about two hundred miles. Tusks over sixty pounds in weight were slung on a pole and carried by two men.

We reached our old camp on the banks of the Jur River after a march of five days. At this time the river was at its highest, rushing down at a tremendous rate between banks quite two hundred yards apart. We could see that we were in for a big business, having to get about a hundred men across, with all our baggage, as well as fifteen animals, and only one small canvas boat at our disposal. As this was torn in several places we had to patch it up with strapping out of our medical box,

down we had transferred everything to the opposite bank, with the trifling loss of a keel-rope. Taking into consideration the strength of the stream I always think this the hardest day's work we went through.

Our day's exertion was succeeded by one of the most terrific thunderstorms we had experienced, and poor Sparkes, who had had fever all day, went to bed with a temperature of 105 deg. At daybreak we started marching north-east and said good-bye to the Jur River. Twelve miles took us to a Niam-Niam village, where we were offered as food a foul-smelling mass which turned out to be the flesh of an elephant deceased some two months previously.

A further march of two days through undulating country and we reached the village of

Sheik En Dorima, brother of Tambura. No game had been seen for three weeks, and the few guinea-fowl we were able to get here were a great treat. Our carriers—some fifty to sixty in number—were having rather a hard time of it, as we were quite unable to feed them, and expected each day to shoot a beast.

At this village I met the first native musician I had seen. He was an old man, wearing the "roko" bark breeches and also several skins of animals and tails of wild cats. Over his shoulder was slung a small ivory horn, half covered by the skin of a snake. He played on a curious kind of mandoline, the strings of which were made from the hair of a giraffe's tail. As his tune progressed he did a curious kind of step dance, the whole effect being certainly pleasing. He was a pleasant old man and marched about a hundred miles with us, being highly delighted with a present of a few beads and some brass bracelets.

The sheik complained of a raid having been made upon him by the Bongos, who were now under our protection. He told us that he had not followed them as he did not wish to interfere with the Government. The next day, however, we came upon three or four dead Bongos and grain



A CURIOUS OLD NATIVE MUSICIAN WHO ACCOMPANIED THE PARTY FOR MANY MILES. [Photo. From a]



THE AUTHOR'S "ONE AND ONLY SHIRT" ON HIS RETURN FROM THE EXPEDITION. [Photo. From a]

and loot scattered all over the track, which scarcely fitted in with his tale.

After a two days' march I was lucky enough to kill a hartebeeste, the first animal we had seen since leaving the river. Our hungry carriers could not even wait to cook the meat, but ate it raw. The following day we struck the Tong River about forty miles above our post, and halted for the day.

We soon reached our post at Tong, which we found much improved. The rains continued daily and marching became more and more difficult. Sixty miles took us back to our starting-point, Waw, where we once more had to cross the river. Colonel Sparkes had been ill practically the whole march, which had

lasted fifty-four days, and reached Waw completely worn out. His fever continued for about a fortnight, when I persuaded him to go down to Khartoum. The country had been visited east, west, and south, and friendly relations established with most of the tribes, and we all felt badly in want of a rest. Our clothes, too, were practically done for, as will be seen from the last photo., which shows the back view of my one and only shirt on my return from this long and arduous patrol.

Francisca Machalek, the Female Burglar.

By L. H. EISENMANN, OF VIENNA.

Being an account of the extraordinary career of a remarkable woman, who caused a veritable reign of terror among nervous householders in Vienna. The audacity and skill of this one-armed female criminal enabled her to perform seemingly impossible feats, and when finally caught and placed in the dock she was charged with no fewer than thirty-nine burglaries!



WHenever we hear of a daring burglary perpetrated by an unknown hand, we naturally suppose that the crime has been committed by a man, and probably a healthy and powerful one to boot. That the criminal might be a woman never enters our heads. And yet, during a space of not much more than a year, many dozens of skilful burglaries, some of them carried out with extraordinary audacity and skill and involving the theft of many hundred pounds' worth of valuables, have been committed in Vienna by a woman—and a one-armed woman at that.

This one-armed female burglar, in all human probability, has established a world's record in crime with her thirty-nine proved burglaries within one year, while as many again have probably not been brought home to her. In her lodging in the Koppstrasse there was found a regular store of jewels, clothes, articles *de luxe*, and household utensils, the fruits of her misplaced activity.

Francisca Machalek, as this artist in burglaries is called, is now thirty-six years old. She may plead as an excuse for her criminal tendencies that she lost her parents in early childhood, and therefore lacked all training and supervision during the years when these are most necessary, as no one took any notice of her. Besides this, her health was weak and she only attended school for a short period. Thus it came about that she lived all alone in a miserable hut outside her little native village in Moravia, and all she got from the mayor of the place, whose duty it should have been to look after her as an orphan, was the advice to go begging. This advice she took, soliciting alms regularly in various directions. Soon this small vagrant turned thief, and as such made the acquaint-

ance of the inside of a prison as early as her twelfth year. When thirteen years old a disease from which she suffered rendered necessary the amputation of her left arm. As she received no assistance whatever from any quarter—and it was impossible for her, uneducated and maimed as she was, to earn her own living honestly—begging and theft were her only remaining resources. These soon brought her into contact with the law, and conviction followed conviction. She has probably spent at least a quarter of her days within the walls of various prisons.

In 1894 Francisca Machalek came to Vienna, where it is beyond doubt that, at least at first, she endeavoured to earn her living in an honest manner. In the end, however, she took to begging again. As a mendicant she came into conflict with the police regulations, and was

finally permanently expelled from Vienna and forcibly conducted back to her native village. But there, as before, she met with no success, and henceforth her life for at least three years was as wandering as that of a gipsy.



THE POLICE PHOTOGRAPH OF FRANCISCA MACHALEK, THE FEMALE BURGLAR OF VIENNA.

During the whole of this time, according to her own confession, she lived exclusively by begging.

At last, weary of her nomad life, Machalek returned in 1900 to Vienna, and, as she knew from previous experience that a professional beggar in Vienna is terribly harassed by the police, she made a virtue of necessity, gave up begging altogether, and turned burglar, committing one burglary after another with astonishing boldness and skill, in spite of her crippled condition. She chose her victims among all classes of society, robbing the town flats of the rich while they were away in the country and the lodgings of the poor while they were absent at work.

The methods she followed in these under-

takings were very various. Her most common course was to find out from the *concierge* of a house, or the neighbours, by means of cunning inquiries, what tenements were left empty for the moment. For this purpose she often pretended to have been sent to fetch clothes for the wash or to have a message to deliver. Then she used to open the door of the tenement with a false key in broad daylight, even safety locks yielding to her skill. In spite of her one arm she displayed extraordinary aptitude in the manufacture of skeleton keys. She would hold a key which had to be filed down with her foot or in her teeth, while she used the file with her one hand. Her teeth, by the way, played a great rôle in all her burglaries, for it seems certain that she employed them somehow or other in breaking open chests and drawers, and also in packing up and carrying away stolen property. This employment of her teeth in her work as a burglar no doubt explains why seven otherwise sound front teeth were found to be broken off short when the police doctor examined her mouth.

Once she had effected entrance into a flat, she collected and carried off with the greatest thoroughness everything she regarded as worth taking. Sometimes she paid several visits to the same flat, and then she would literally carry everything away except the furniture. She used to wrap up the stolen property in an ample piece of cloth, which she carried slung over one shoulder in the way peculiar to this country. Then she would watch her opportunity when the corridor and staircase were deserted, and so leave the house without exciting any notice. Altogether the mass of her spoils was so great that it at first appeared incredible that a single one-armed woman could possibly have carried away so much. When she once got clear of the house, however, she often took a cab and so

drove home in triumph with the stolen property. This was proved to have been done in many cases. To take one instance. A newly-married couple named Hupka suffered very severely from her depredations. While they were away on their honeymoon Francisca Machalek broke open the flat they had just furnished and carried off everything of any value, including all the clothes, linen, boots, and shoes. Even Frau Hupka's bridal dress was taken, together with all the wedding presents and the poor bride's dowry.

The rapidity with which Francisca Machalek went about her work is well shown in the following case. A certain Frau Barbara Sladik crossed the passage from her flat to that of a neighbour in order to return a book she had borrowed, and

meanwhile left her own door open. As ill-luck would have it Machalek happened to be on the staircase at the moment and observed this. She at once entered through the open door and set to work. When Frau Sladik returned to her room—according to her own account, after a lapse of only one minute—she found a locked chest broken open, the jewels and money it had contained gone, and the thief already disappeared.

When, as sometimes happened, she was caught in the act by the inhabitants of the house she broke into, she either

confessed her guilt at once and offered to restore the stolen property, or else took advantage of the persons' surprise to shove them on one side and escape arrest by hasty flight.

With the stolen property Machalek drove a good trade. She managed, with great adroitness, to completely deceive her neighbours and the tradesmen living near her as to her real character. She disposed of her booty locally, representing that she made a business of redeeming forfeited pledges in the pawnshops. Thus



"SHE TOOK ADVANTAGE OF THE PERSONS' SURPRISE TO SHOVE THEM ON ONE SIDE AND ESCAPE."

no suspicion was aroused as to the origin of the articles, and she was able to get rid of a great quantity of plunder at fair prices.

The way in which this remarkable woman carried out some of her burglaries was daring in the extreme. Once she came to a house and discovered—as usual, by cautious inquiries—that a tenement on the fourth story was for the moment unoccupied, the tenants being out. She hastened up the staircase; but, despite all her efforts, was unable to open the door with any of her false keys. When about to retire in disgust she noticed, through a window of the corridor which opened on a court, that one of the windows of the flat in question, also looking on to the court, and about four feet distant from the corridor window, was open. Very few able-bodied men would care to take a leap from one fourth-story window to another at right angles to it and four feet distant, with the prospect of a terrible fall if the narrow window-sill were missed, as was the case here. But this one-armed woman performed this daring feat without the slightest hesitation. She jumped from one window to the other without any more nervousness than when, in her early days as a girl tramp, she used to jump across a ditch by the side of a road. Once safely over, she pushed open the



"SHE JUMPED FROM ONE WINDOW TO THE OTHER."



THE FOURTH-STORY FLAT WHICH FRANCESCA MACHALEK ENTERED BY JUMPING FROM ONE WINDOW TO ANOTHER. (From a) WINDOWS ARE MARKED WITH CROSSES. (Photo.)

window and entered, opened several boxes, and appropriated whatever she fancied. She then returned to the corridor by the same breakneck route. Once in the passage she left the house with her booty without exciting notice. When the tenants of the flat returned and saw that a robbery had been carried out they naturally thought that a burglar had got in through the door by means of a false key, and even when they noticed a footprint on the window-sill of the vestibule they would not have thought that the burglar had got in that way had they not been told so. It happened, however, that a slater engaged on the roof of a neighbouring house had been a fascinated witness of Machalek's daring return leap, and had given information to the *concierge* as soon as he could get down from his elevated position.

On another occasion Machalek discovered a flat the occupants of which were in the country. Here again, however, the lock of the door



"SHE RETURNED BY THE SAME
HAZARDOUS ROUTE."

resisted her utmost efforts; but the next flat on the same staircase was empty and open, as plasterers and painters were busy preparing it for a new tenant. She managed to slip into this flat one evening without being seen after the workmen had gone away, and when it was night she opened a window and dropped down upon a narrow ledge, no broader than a man's hand, which ran along one side of the house. On this she managed to walk, holding on to the wall with her one hand, till she came to a window of the next flat. This she broke noiselessly, in the ordinary burglar's way, by means of a sticky cloth pasted over it, and then entered the flat. Here she appropriated a quantity of valuables and other property, and returned before the night was over by the same hazardous route, but this time carrying her bundle on her back, probably holding it fast with her teeth. Before the workmen came in the morning, but after the main gate of the house had been opened, she left the premises unchallenged.

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On yet another occasion, when she was unsuccessful in opening a door, she revenged herself by stealing two incandescent gas lamps from the staircase, and in disgust at the poor result of this expedition went straight to a shop to sell the burners. While waiting at the shop Machalek actually managed to annex a gold watch and chain belonging to the shopkeeper!

One of the female burglar's most desperate and daring exploits was the following. She had discovered that the flat of an opera singer was occupied only by a servant maid, the singer herself, with her family, being in the country. She accordingly determined to pay the place a visit. She contrived to slip into the attic of the house one day, when the door which led to it happened to be open, and allowed herself to be locked up there. When night came she climbed through a little window on to the roof, and from there let herself down a whole story by means of two clothes-lines knotted together, until she came upon an open window belonging to the apartment she desired to enter. Had anyone seen this one-armed woman climbing down the side of one of the high Viennese houses, in all likelihood clinging with her teeth as well as her one hand to the frail cord which supported her, he would probably have thought that some cripple had been left in



THIS IS THE FACADE OF ONE OF THE NARROW LEDGES ON WHICH THE FEMALE
BURGLAR WALKED FROM THE VIEW OF ONE FLAT TO THE WINDOW
OF ANOTHER. THE CROSSES INDICATE THE WINDOWS.

a burning house to make her escape as well as she could. He would certainly never have dreamed for an instant that anyone could run such terrible risks in order to make a living. However, Machalek was not observed in the darkness of the night, and without making the least noise she entered the rooms from the window, ransacked the cupboards and chests which she found without waking the servant, and after collecting a number of small but valuable objects left the flat by the door leading to the staircase, the key of which happened to be in the lock. When morning came she escaped unnoticed from the house, as on other occasions, and added one more to the long list of mysterious burglaries which worried the Vienna police. The manner in which the burglary had been effected was, of course, revealed the next day by the sight of the two clothes-lines hanging down from the roof, but no one imagined that a woman, let alone a one-armed one, could have been the perpetrator. The burglar would have remained undiscovered to this day if various objects belonging to the opera singer had not been found in Machalek's lodging after her arrest.

Finally, Nemesis overtook this remarkable female outlaw. Various clues having led the police to suspect the identity of the long-sought burglar, whom they had never been able to catch in the act, Machalek was arrested on the 13th of January, 1902. When first examined she obstinately denied the charges brought against her, and only confessed to having committed the various thefts one by one when confronted with irrefutable proofs, such as, in most cases, stolen objects actually found in her possession.

When she was tried before a Vienna jury on the 26th and 27th of August, 1902, she was charged with being an habitual thief and vagrant and also with having committed no fewer than thirty-nine burglaries.

To all these counts she finally pleaded guilty, but it is absolutely certain that the total number of her burglaries was far greater than the number stated, though it was impossible to bring all of them home to her.

The trial of Francisca Machalek was an extremely interesting one, as in answer to the questions of the presiding judge, the Public Prosecutor, and her own counsel, she gave an impressive description of her own past life and revealed a state of social misery of such a pitiful character as is seldom heard of. She described the terms of imprisonment she had suffered in her youth as the best days of her life, and said she was anxious to find herself again in confinement. When asked by the judge if she had not learned that theft was forbidden by her religion, she answered, "Yes; but if one cannot work, what is one to do?"

The defending counsel put in the plea of *force majeure*, a plea which in Austria includes cases where circumstances are so strong that it is morally impossible to resist the temptation. He pointed to her destitute and laid stress on her crippled state, which prevented her from finding any work, and referred to the inadequate provision which is made by the

State and society in Austria for such poor persons. "When," said her counsel, "sickness is added to hunger, it is surely in the course of Nature that a suffering human being should lay hands on other people's property. It was the duty of the State to provide this woman with bread. The State should be in the dock, not this poor creature before us."

In spite of this eloquent appeal, the jury, of course, had no choice but to bring in a unanimous verdict of "Guilty." The Court, however, took the extenuating circumstances of Machalek's incapacity to work and her neglected upbringing into consideration, and passed what was, considering her manifold crimes, a very mild sentence—five years' penal servitude.



THE HOUSE FROM THE ATTIC WINDOW OF WHICH FRANCISCA MACHALEK LET HERSELF DOWN BY TWO CLOTHES-LINES TO THE WINDOW OF A ROOM BELOW. THE RESPECTIVE WINDOWS FROM A] ARE SHOWN BY CROSSES. [Photo.

The Wilson Life Insurance Fraud.

BY DOROTHY VON HEISMAN.

The story of one of the most remarkable frauds ever perpetrated upon a life insurance company. How two men and a woman obtained fifty thousand dollars by means of a clever plot and got safely away with the money. The fraud was only discovered by the merest accident.



NE of the cleverest frauds ever practised upon a life insurance company took place about sixteen years ago in a remote village in Wisconsin, in the United States.

Huntley, a scattered hamlet of eight hundred inhabitants, was the terminus and single station of a branch line of the C.M. and L.R.R. Every morning a discarded engine drew a melancholy-looking coach containing a solitary mail sack—and on rare occasions a passenger—up to our little village; but for this we should have been cut off from the outside world completely. It was an indescribably dull and sleepy little place, where the men congregated at the one store in the evenings to discuss the crops and the price of hay, and where the women looked upon a funeral as their only recreation. My father had charge of the plan of the village cemetery, and when a death occurred a lot was selected from this plan, and my father gave the necessary instructions for the digging of the grave.

One hot afternoon in August our front-door bell rang. Now this door was never used save by the minister when he made his periodical call, and with the curiosity of a country girl I rushed to the door to see who the unexpected caller might be. A well-dressed, middle-aged man stood on the steps, hat in hand. He inquired for my father. I replied that he was not at the house and asked if I could take his message. He replied that his name was Barber, and

that he had brought his wife's remains to the village for burial, as it had been her home as a child. He came, he said, from Roscobel, fifty miles distant, but having arrived too late for the branch train he had been obliged to hire a team and driver to bring him from the main line station, fifteen miles away, to Huntley. He said it was very necessary that he should leave by the fast train at six o'clock; to do this he must first see the body buried and then make the return drive.

My father was summoned at once, the stranger was given the plan of the cemetery, and he immediately chose a lot and begged that no time should be lost. My father promised to make all possible speed, and, securing the necessary tools and a man to help, started at once for the cemetery, while the stranger said he would go for the team and driver and join them at once. He looked worn and seemed very nervous and troubled, but that, of course, was to be expected.

I evaded my work and followed the men out to the graveyard, as the country people called it. It lay beyond the outskirts of the village—a dreary, melancholy-looking place. A broken fence and a number of forlorn-looking pine trees added to its neglected appearance. The better-kept graves were a mass of myrtle and wild pinks, with here and there a brilliant poppy, but for the rest it was given over to weeds and decay.



"HE INQUIRED FOR MY FATHER."

I found my father and his helper hard at work. The waggon containing the coffin was drawn up under the shade of the trees just outside the fence. The husband of the dead woman sat near in gloomy silence, while the driver lay asleep on the grass.

The law provides that a grave shall be six feet long, six feet deep, and four feet wide. It was already three o'clock. If the stranger was to arrive in time for the train a good hour and a half must be allowed for the return journey. As the time went by the stranger began to exhibit great impatience and anxiety. He suggested that a little less than the required six feet would suffice, and offered the men extra pay if they would hurry the work.

At last the grave was finished. The gentleman said that funeral services had already been held, so the waggon was drawn as near as possible to the grave, and the men prepared to lower the coffin into the earth. The coffin bore on the outside a doctor's certificate stating that Mrs. Mary Barber had died three days previously in the township of Barton, of consumption, and that he, the attending physician, testified to the same. Here followed the name of the physician, Dr. John Gray, and the date, August 16th, 1886.

So far all was well, but when the three men tried to lift the box out of the waggon, preparatory to lowering it into the grave, they found that they were unable to move it. My father expressed his surprise at the weight of the coffin, whereupon the stranger replied that the remains were enclosed in a metallic casket. Three men were called in to assist, and finally, after great effort, the coffin was placed on two stout leather straps and made ready to lower into the place prepared for it. Almost instantly, however, the straps snapped and the coffin fell with a thud into the grave. The men were astonished at this, for the straps were new and capable of bearing a great weight. However, nothing was said, the grave was rapidly filled up, and the stranger paid his bill and drove away.

As soon as they were left to themselves the men began to talk of the extraordinary weight



"THE COFFIN FELL WITH
A THUD INTO THE
GRAVE."

of the coffin, and later on, when they assembled at the store for their usual evening gossip, the talk began to take the definite form of suspicion.

Meanwhile the men who had been present at the grave had related the circumstances to their wives, and the result was that what the men lacked of imagination the women supplied. By bedtime everyone in the village and even some people in the surrounding country were in full possession of all the facts, which each one coloured to suit his or her imagination. Never before had the sleepy village known such excitement. Speculation of all sorts was rife, but by-and-by it got down to the one ugly word, "Murder." The stranger had given absolutely no information in the few hours he had been in the village. He had spoken to no one save at our house, and there he had merely said that his wife had lived in the village as a child. As he had not given her maiden name, however, the information afforded us no clue.

Of course, no definite accusation could be made until it was certain that a crime had been committed, but next morning a meeting was held, and the three principal men of the village, the doctor, the minister, and my father—who was also the local justice of the peace—decided, with the full consent of all the villagers, to have the grave opened. It was noon before all the

arrangements were completed, but immediately after dinner the people began to hurry toward the cemetery by twos and threes and in groups of half a dozen. In dead silence they stood around the grave, and as the men threw out the earth and brought nearer to their eyes what each one believed to be the evidence of a dreadful crime, even their breathing became hushed, and they stood there motionless under the blue sky, with the hot sun beating down upon them. Not a sound was to be heard above the noise of the spades save the sighing of the wind in the pine trees and the clear call of a meadow-lark from the adjoining field. Presently the shovels in the hands of the two men at work gave out a scraping sound, and the men asked for more help in order to raise the coffin. This was a difficult task, but finally it was accomplished and the casket lay ready to open. One of the villagers, a carpenter, stepped forward, tools in hand. His tanned face turned a shade paler, and the hand that held the chisel trembled a little. The people stepped back and then surged forward. The coffin opened readily and revealed a strong, handsome inner case of metal.

Slowly the screws of this shell yielded, and two men stepped forward to raise the lid. Those who stood near enough to see fell back. Slowly the men raised the lid

They found inside what no one in their wildest imaginings had thought of—*stones!* About fifty stones of varying sizes, each one wrapped in paper so that it might give no sound. One by one the people came up and looked wonderingly in and turned away. The real truth of the matter had by no means dawned upon them yet and the mystery seemed deeper than ever. The coffin and box were returned to the grave, the earth was filled in, and the people slowly retraced their steps to their homes.

There could be no doubt, however, that something was wrong. It was finally decided to telegraph to the station where the casket was put on the train, but all the information gained was that at three o'clock in the morning of the preceding day two men had driven to the railway station in a waggon containing the casket. They came, they said, from their home in the country, showed the official in charge



"THEY FOUND INSIDE WHAT NO ONE HAD THOUGHT OF—STONES!"

a doctor's certificate properly made out, and asked for the usual permit to take a corpse by train. There had been no reason for refusing, so the forms were filled out, and one man, taking a ticket, accompanied the remains, while the other drove away at once. The great weight of the coffin had been noticed, but the two men had helped in placing it on the train and had explained that it contained a metallic shell. Moreover, they had arrived barely in time to place the body on the train, and there had been no time for questions.

Further telegraphing elicited the fact that the man had arrived at the station on the main line the preceding evening in time to catch the fast train, had bought a ticket for Chicago, and had departed. The police in Milwaukee were communicated with, and some weeks later we heard the true particulars of this remarkable case.

It appeared that two years previously a man named Wilson, accompanied by his wife and her brother, a Dr. Gray, had rented a small farm in a remote part of Wisconsin. They did not say where their last residence had been, merely giving out that they came from the State of New York. Their new home was in a thinly-settled region, their nearest neighbour being ten miles away, and nearly all the farmers in the district were foreigners.

Mr. Wilson gave out that he had come West and taken a farm on account of his wife's ill health. She was never seen at all, and her brother made no attempt to practise his profession.

At that time there was but one life insurance company in the United States that took women as a risk, and then only at a very high premium. Shortly after their arrival in Wisconsin Mr. and Mrs. Wilson went to Milwaukee, the nearest large city. Here Mrs. Wilson applied for an insurance policy, and after passing a very rigid medical examination the life insurance company insured her life in her husband's favour for the sum of fifty thousand dollars, which—at that time, at least—was the maximum sum issued on a female life. Returning to their home the couple kept strictly to themselves.

By degrees Mr. Wilson gave out that his wife's health was failing, and as her brother was a physician no comment was excited by the fact that no other medical man was called in. Finally, after two years' residence, the end came. Mr. Wilson drove to a town about thirty miles away, where he was a perfect stranger, and there bought a metallic coffin. On his return home he went to his nearest neighbours, who were Swedes and had but a slight knowledge of the English language. He told them that his wife was dead, and that he was going to take her to her birthplace, where the funeral services would be held, for burial. When the neighbours called the coffin was already closed, Mr. Wilson

explaining that it had been necessary to do so. Meanwhile, some days before, Mrs. Wilson had driven during the night to a railway station thirty miles away across country. Here she had taken a ticket for Chicago, and then presumably for New York, the nearest seaport.

The husband and brother locked up the house—which contained only the barest necessities—and started in the night for the nearest railway station, taking the "remains" with them. After seeing the husband safely on his way the brother probably took the next train to New York and joined his sister.

The husband after leaving our village went at once to Chicago, arriving early the next morning. He went direct to the office of the insurance company, to whom he had already sent word of his wife's death, together with the certificate of her brother, Dr. Gray. Everything had been properly done; the company had no reason to dispute the claim, and it was immediately paid in full, and by noon Wilson was on his way to join his wife.

They were never caught. So much time had been lost before the real facts of the case were discovered that they were able to make good their escape, and are probably enjoying their ill-gotten gains somewhere to-day. They were certainly clever enough to have decided on a safe hiding-place before they launched their project.

These people's plans had been well laid and carefully matured. They chose a residence remote from everyone, made no acquaintances, and finally chose as a burial-place one of the most isolated and forsaken villages in the United States. Had they not overdone the business in the matter of weight in the coffin, the fraud would probably never have been discovered, the insurance company would not know that they had been duped into paying fifty thousand dollars to a rascal, and little Huntley would have missed the greatest excitement that it has ever known.

Experience is a great, if costly, teacher, and nowadays the life insurance companies have grown very wary. A fraud of this kind would be painfully unsuccessful if tried to-day, for a policy is seldom or never paid at once, and under no circumstances until an agent of the company has assured himself that there really is a corpse.

MONKEY. THE BIOGRAPHY OF A FAMOUS DOG.

By DANIEL GIBBONS.

Monkey is a wire-haired Siberian terrier, and the most famous and valuable dog in the United States. He has won countless prizes, and is valued at five thousand dollars. Monkey's fame is so great that dog thieves from all parts of the country have endeavoured to steal him. He has been abducted no fewer than ten times, and even now three professional criminals are serving long sentences in the State Penitentiary of Pennsylvania on his account. No amount of money would purchase Monkey, as he is the one diversion in life of his master's invalid mother. This biography has been compiled with the assistance of the dog's owner, Mr. Willard Lee Hall, of Philadelphia.



MONKEY lives in Philadelphia with Mr. Willard Lee Hall and his invalid mother. He was born in Russia, at St. Petersburg. There were eleven of them in the family, and they had a very happy time till there came a day when they were all boxed up like real monkeys in a cage, and were put into a train for the first time in their lives. The bumping and noise of the journey worried the poor little puppies so that two of them sickened and died.

Soon the youngsters were carried out of the train and placed aboard a steamer, and here they stayed for a great number of days. They had a terrible passage across to the States, and all of them were very ill. Day by day they grew worse and worse, and one after another they died. When the ship reached her destination, Monkey was all alone—a poor little orphan in a strange land.

He was at once borne off and taken into a long building, where dogs were exposed for sale. To this place came a lot of people, among them Monkey's present master. He had a long talk with the dealer, and finally purchased the dog and took him away.

But Monkey's troubles were not over yet. He had some more train journeys to undergo, but this time not quite such long ones. When these were over he was taken on another

short trip—to a place where many other animals were kept. It was a veterinary hospital, and Monkey was sent there to be acclimatized.

And then it became awfully hot, unlike anything the little dog ever dreamed of at St. Petersburg. He was ill for a long period, and spent his time between that awful veterinary hospital and a cellar where it was delightfully cool, just like his native St. Petersburg. But it was so dark that he did not enjoy it half as much as the bright, shiny romping he used to have in Russia.

His master used to come every couple of days and ask after Monkey, who grew slowly better, recovering by degrees from the effects of his long journeys; and at last his master came to take him away to his home in Philadelphia.

Once out in the street Monkey ran a little.

It made him feel so happy that he could not help running about, till finally his master grew almost angry with him, and shouted after him, "Here, you little Monkey, stop your running about, or I shall have to carry you, and spoil your fun."

This was the first time Monkey heard his name, but from that day to this he has always been Monkey.

His master's mother, a gentle-voiced invalid lady, was delighted with the little dog, and he immediately became her pet.

A few days after



MONKEY, THE MOST VALUABLE DOG IN THE UNITED STATES.
From a Photo.



MONKEY AT HIS TOILET—HE HAS A VALET WHOSE SOLE DUTY IT IS TO ATTEND TO HIM.

From a Photo.

Monkey arrived home he had his first taste of the grim realities of life in a big city. One of the servants left a back door open and Monkey saw out into the street. It looked so warm, and broad, and splendid, so like St. Petersburg, that he thought he would go out and take a walk. So off he trotted. He saw the houses all along the street, and the green plot of ground just below where he lived. Across this he went, meeting a lot of strange dogs, but none of them at all like him: his eyes were wider apart—and, indeed, his master often joked about this peculiarity, saying, "Monkey looks like a Tartar."

The little dog kept on through the square, and after a while a ruffianly looking man began to follow him. He glanced around under his overhanging eyebrows and, when he seemed sure that the dog was alone, picked him up. Monkey was so young then that he did not know enough to make a row, but he has got over that by this time. The man took his prize a long way, into a part of the town where the houses were small and dirty-looking, and here he hid the dog away in a box, after giving him a beating to keep him quiet.

A few days afterwards

Monkey's master came and fettered him away, after paying over a substantial sum to the "finder" of the dog.

Mrs. Hall fairly cried with joy when her little pet came home, and she hugged him so hard that it hurt. His master brought him into the room where she was sitting in her chair, and she burst out at once:—

"Oh, darling Monkey, I am so delighted to see you! You are the dearest thing in all the world, and my life would be lonely without you."

Monkey led the other dogs a nice life. There were none of them just like him, as I have said; and when they tried to stiffen their tails and snort at him, because he had a rough-haired coat and his eyes were so far apart, he merely "waded in," as his master says, and, before they knew what they were about, the plucky little fellow, although he only weighs eight and a half pounds, had them thrashed soundly and well.

His master tries to stop him from fighting, but it is of little use; it is in his blood.

"My son," says Mrs. Hall, "that little rascal will be killed fighting with such big dogs. Why do you let him do it?"



From a

MONKEY AT DINNER WITH HIS MASTER.

[Photo.]

And then Monkey's master laughs all the more, and says :—

"Let him fight, mother! Why, one might as well talk about letting chain lightning go. It doesn't need it, does it? And as for getting killed, mother, I begin to think he is like sailors, drunkards, and babies—Providence surely must have him in its special care. There is a good deal more danger of the big dogs you talk of being killed. He fears nothing in the dog line that comes along. You know that mastiff down in the next square? Well, he defeated him yesterday in the shortest time I ever saw. To see the giant bolting at record speed down the street ahead of Monkey was worth going miles for."

Nevertheless, Mrs. Hall is anxious about her pugnacious little pet, for he is one of the few pleasures she has in life.

Monkey's wardrobe is extensive and varied; and his jewellery and decorations are magnificent. He has any number of little suits, complete with hat, gloves, and watch-chain, which he wears when being photographed. And no grizzled war veteran wears anything like the sixteen silver medals that he bears at these times, or the two magnificent jewelled collars, or the diamond anklet. Monkey has a valet, whose sole duty it is to attend upon him and minister to his wants; and it will have to be a very cute thief who succeeds in kidnapping him again.

Monkey has been stolen no fewer than ten times! It was not till after he had been around, being exhibited at the various shows and winning prizes and medals in shoals, that he got so much of a name and value as to make it worth while for thieves to run all the risks. Several well known criminals have tried their hands at stealing Monkey, and it is gratifying to know that three are still "doing time" as a result.

Monkey will not soon forget the last time he was stolen. He went out for a walk with the

servant, who, as servants will, got into conversation with a policeman. While she was talking Monkey roamed about with another dog his own size, whose acquaintance he had made early in his American career.

People were passing in numbers. For the most part they did not seem to take much notice of Monkey, even though he had on his best suit that day—his Persian lamb coat lined with red satin.

Presently two villainous looking men came along, and one of them recognised Monkey as the dog which had caused such a furore at the Madison Square and other dog shows, where he had taken upwards of seventy special prizes.

Poor Monkey! He was soon in their hands, the servant having quite forgotten her precious charge during her flirtation with the stalwart man in blue. The little dog bit at his captors, but they pounded him until he lost heart, and then took him away to a dark cellar in a low quarter of the city where they had their abode.

A long period of suspense followed, while the thieves awaited the raising of the reward offered by Monkey's distracted owner.

Then one morning a boy came to the cellar where he had been spending the dreary days, and took him by a cord to a certain place near the square where Monkey had disappeared. There he was handed over to his master. When Mr. Hall picked the dog up and saw his sore legs and mouth, eloquent of ill-treatment, he didn't say much, but took him straight to the veterinary hospital where he had been acclimatized. In a few days Monkey was well enough to be taken home. Mr. Hall's mother was so overcome with joy that she could only cry, saying to her son :—

"Oh, son, I am so happy that you have brought him back to me! You know——"

"Yes, mother, I know," was all he said.

But I do believe both of them were crying.



THE MAGNIFICENT DIAMOND COLLAR WON BY MONKEY
AT THE MADISON SQUARE DOG SHOW.
From a Photo.

THE HAPPENINGS of NIGHT



BY J. E. PATTERSON.

Being an account of the adventures of three sailors who undertook to smuggle seditious literature into St. Petersburg. Two mistakes completely wrecked their enterprise, and plunged them into a most remarkable series of complications.



HERE were three of us in the venture—Olaf and Ivor Petersen, two Swedish brothers, strong as bullocks, cool as water-melons at ordinary times, thorough devils when aroused, and myself. The inception of the affair took place simply enough in all conscience, and, of all towns under the sun, in Shields—grimy, coal-dusty, unromantic South Shields.

Olaf and Ivor—whom I may term “the inseparables”—had been ashore to buy soap and matches for the voyage. Our rusty steam tramp was lying in Tyne Dock loading “black diamonds” for St. Petersburg. It was late, and we three chums were turning in, with the fo’c’s’le to ourselves. They were telling me of a peculiar-looking man having accosted them outside the dock gates.

His conversation had shown that he knew them to be part of the *Volante’s* crew. How and where his information had been gained was a mystery, with which we did not much concern ourselves. But what did interest us was his offer of two five-pound notes to carry a parcel to

St. Petersburg. Without declining the offer, they had put off accepting it until the following day, on the excuse of being in a hurry; in reality to ask my advice on the matter, because of its suspicious appearance. We had been shipmates and friends during six months in the Mediterranean. They were simple fellows; I had “book learning,” and was generally referred to when the subject lay outside of our own narrow lives.

As we talked, smoked, and prepared for our bunks, a black figure quietly entered the fo’c’s’le alleyway and advanced into the dim light of our sixpenny paraffin lamp. An eye-signal and a gesture from Olaf told me that the strange individual they had mentioned stood before us. Tall and thin, his pale, un-English face overtopping a shabby frock-coat, a bowler hat half covering his rather long hair, and a pair of thin white hands dangling at his sides, he looked more like a dock-side missionary than anything else. But instantly my mind flew to Anarchism and Nihilism, and all the other revolutionary “isms.”

He gave me a quick, searching glance, spoke a collective "Good evening" in a gentle tone with a foreign accent, then turned to Olaf and asked if they had decided to accept his offer. For some seconds there was an awkward feeling in the air, but an admission on Ivor's part that the matter had been referred to me caused the stranger to turn my way at once, and soon we were all closely discussing the whole subject. The parcel was to be delivered at a stated address in St. Petersburg, and help would be given to get there from the quay. I asked its contents, and was assured that it consisted solely of printed matter. I then said that before taking a hand in the affair I should want to see every scrap of what the parcel contained.

Infernal machines, bombs, and the like were in my mind. I knew something of the "Friends of Russian Freedom Society," and had not been in Russian ports, north and south, for nothing. To smuggle "liberty literature" into the country I was by no means averse; but uncertain explosives, meant for a fiendish purpose, were quite another matter. However, a third five-pound note was offered me to join the project; we were to see the whole contents of the package before leaving Tyne Dock; and the work was agreed to. On the following evening we went ashore for the literature, examined it, took it aboard, and at 1.30 a.m. the *Volante* was en route for the Russian capital.

After passing Copenhagen we three tackled the difficult subject of where to stow the pamphlets and leaflets whilst the Russian revenue officers were making their usual search. At the outset we had decided that the undertaking was to be kept a profound secret between ourselves, lest some unfriendly shipmate should get us into trouble over it. Thoughts of horrible Russian prisons and Siberia made us feel the due importance

of what we were doing, especially as Olaf and I had tasted the rigours of a French military prison together. Finally, our beds were fixed upon as the best repositories of the dangerous parcel. Luckily we three formed one watch, a fact which left us alone in the fo'c's'le during our watches below. So to the work we set, ripped open the seams of our "donkeys' breakfasts" (as seamen term their mattresses), placed the literature between the straw, and sewed up the seams again. By this means the Russian preventive men were cheated when we reached our destination.

Next came the more dangerous and delicate task of conveying our consignment ashore, for the reward was not to be paid us until it had been deposited at a given address. We arrived on a Friday morning, as expected. The landing of the literature was to be effected on the following Sunday evening, and the house where it was to be taken reached under specific directions given us by our mysterious employer.

When our fellow A.B.'s had gone ashore after tea on the Sunday we fastened the fo'c's'le door, undressed, opened our beds once more, tied the literature — printed, fortunately, on very thin paper — around our legs and bodies with rope-yarns, and then dressed again. Thus weighted, a scramble was made across an intervening vessel's deck, and the quay gained some two hundred yards above the Custom-house.

Now we were veritably in the eagle's claws. A wrong move and we should be — Heaven and an autocratic Government alone knew where. But, acting on the directions given us, we sauntered, in apparent carelessness, towards the Custom-house, in front of which was a row of droskies plying for hire. Here we were to find the promised help of a vehicle to take us to our destination.

Keeping the roadway between them and us,



IVOR PETERSEN.
From a Photo. by W. Andar, Grubly.



OLAF PETERSEN.
From a Photo. by Carl Tatterfen.

and watching them out of the corners of my eyes, I made a certain sign taught us by the strange man in Shields. Not one of the drivers, however, made an answering sign. This put us into a quandary. We paused, apparently to look at a wheat barge; in reality to whisper our surprise and misgivings to each other. We repeated the sign without result, then went on and returned again, when Olaf made the sign. To our great joy a long-hatted driver made what we took to be the return signal. Over to him we walked, and were greeted with: "Drosky, Sjhonny—Nevska?"



"OVER TO HIM WE WALKED, AND WERE GREETED WITH: 'DROSKY, SJHONNY—NEVSKA?'"

These were the passwords for which we had been told to listen.

Still more highly pleased, I replied with the other password: "Nevska, dobra."

He nodded his head, opened the door of the vehicle, and in we tumbled, feeling awkward in our thick padding of revolutionary literature. The next minute we were being driven away towards the great bridge across the river, behind a pair of shaggy, long-tailed animals with jingling bells on wooden arches over their shoulders.

It was early in the Baltic season, and night was setting down rather chilly. We watched the shipping and barges on one side as the drosky rattled along, and the houses on the other side, wondering what kind of place we were being taken to, how we should come out of the affair, and what strange happenings we should experience before returning to the *Volante*. Ivor jokingly said that we had better

stop and have a glass of vodka each, because when once in a Russian prison we should never again have a chance of tasting the national spirit. At this grim jest Olaf smiled, and I instinctively felt for the revolver I had dropped into my pocket when leaving the *Volante*.

Presently the drosky pulled up with a jerk. The sound of an imperative voice drew our attention sharply to a uniformed man asking questions of the driver. This sent all sorts of wild ideas flashing through our minds. But in a minute we were off again, over the bridge. The man, a police-officer, had been merely taking the drosky's and driver's numbers, and noted down where he had

picked up his passengers and whither he was going. This information is always exacted of every drosky driver who crosses the bridge after nightfall.

Now we were in the city proper, the part left behind being but a suburb. Soon the long, straight Nevska Prospect stretched, seemingly endless, before us. Half an hour's safety was making us think more lightly of the undertaking. The rest lay with the man on the box, and we began to think of the fifteen pounds as sure and ourselves happily back aboard the *Volante*.

Never were surmises more premature or erroneous. Onward we were carried, and still onward, till it seemed to us, who had never before been more than a quarter of a mile down the street, that the principal thoroughfare of the Russian capital must stretch across the whole kingdom. Probably this was owing to a returning anxiety to be rid of the seditious matter about us.

Presently, however, our Jehu slackened the pace of his animals, half turned on the box, and said something in Russian. Verbal and panto mimic attempts to understand each other followed. Then said he, "You go ship?"

This baffled us more than ever. Considering the whole circumstances under which we came to be in his vehicle, we could make neither head nor tail of his meaning. At last, putting the question down to be something quite beyond our reasoning powers, we waved him onward, at the same time trying to make him understand that we wished to "get there quickly." At that he whipped up his horses again, but the look on his face as he turned back to them left us wondering.

Five minutes later we three sat bolt upright as one man—a triangle of staring faces on which was written a silent query, weighty enough to fill us with consternation: *Had we got the wrong man?*

Generally law-abiding fellows as we were, this idea was enough to turn our hair into bristles on the instant. Our three heads came together, and a hurried consultation ensued. We compared thoughts and opinions, and then Ivor suddenly vented his favourite exclamation, "Tunder!" meaning thunder.

"What's up?" I asked.

"Time," said he. "We was to make der sign at seven o'clock. We made it at soon after six!"

It was true—only too true! In the hurry and excitement of secreting the prints about us and getting away with them, we had forgotten that important item of time.

The drosky man was pulled up sharply, we alighted, and he came down tous. Further efforts were made to understand each other, during which we almost forgot the nature of what we were trying to find out. There in

the main street of St. Petersburg we were asking the man if he was with us in a plot against the Government of the country! Then Olaf spoke to him in Finnish, which he understood, and for some minutes they talked in that language. Meantime, Ivor and I stood by on tenterhooks, lest our comrade should, in getting the information we needed, give the man an inkling of that which we must keep secret at all hazards.

At length Olaf turned to us with the assurance of his having divulged nothing of our purpose. Then he explained how the man had accidentally made something like the sign we had been instructed to look for. As for the "Drosky, Sjhonny—Nevska?" that was a common remark of his kind to foreign seamen. Right enough, and, alas! wrong enough, it was obvious that we had made a serious mistake! To bewail or further discuss this was useless. The busy part of the city was left far behind us. Where we had halted the Nevsk Prospekt was quiet as a village street. After a short discussion between ourselves we agreed that our best plan was to get rid of the drosky, then endeavour to find our destination on foot, as we were apparently in its neighbourhood.

With this end in view Olaf turned to ask the driver his fare; but that fare



"WE WERE AT ONCE HERDED INTO THE DROSKY'S SIDE."

was never paid. As Olaf turned there was a patter of quick footsteps close by us, and we were at once hemmed into the drosky's side by half-a-dozen long-coated, big-booted police. "Now we are in for the worst," was the thought that flashed through our minds. Instinctively we pressed back to the vehicle, and would most likely have gone leaping over it in an endeavour to escape had not the officer in charge spoken to the driver in a way that curiously relieved our fears. Yet the lessening in our anxiety was only momentary. Not more than three remarks passed between them; then the officer's sharp eyes swept us up and down. We so guiltily remembered our padding of seditious literature that a better light would probably have betrayed us. Me he passed over as unworthy of prolonged notice, but the Slavonic cast of my shipmates' faces cost them some unpleasant attention on his part. From them he turned to the driver with another question. Then we three were roughly pushed aside—for the Russian police never waste any gentleness—and the driver was marched off, his drosky also being taken. Us they left standing there like three rural simpletons, gaping after them in amazement and unable to believe our senses, until the party and the vehicle were lost to sight countrywards.

Then we turned to gaze at each other, which action was quickly interrupted by a sharp mutual turn in the direction of the city, and off we went at the fastest swinging pace our padding would permit. Even then it was hardly in our thoughts that we had been inside the Imperial eagle's cruel claws, to use a metaphor, and escaped untouched. What the driver had been arrested for was of no concern to us, our own affairs being too prominent and pressing to allow of any worry or even conjecture about another person.

But presently we regained some of our lost self-possession, and began to cast about quietly for the street containing the house at which we were to deliver those prints. So far this was the most delicate part of the whole venture. The name of the street had been told us, also the number of the house; but of the latter our strange employer had given us such a minute and telling description that we could not forget it. He had likewise conveyed to us some idea as to how far down the Nevská that special street was. With these particulars to guide us we commenced the search.

In the matter of lighting, especially in side thoroughfares, St. Petersburg was then far from being a model city. To us the half-Asiatic, half-European buildings, the dress of the few people we met, and general *tout ensemble* of

the place were anything but assistant factors. Ask a question as to locality of even the most disreputable creature in our way we dare not, lest he should prove to be a Government spy and cause our arrest. Thus we sought for that wretched house—strangers in a strange land, hampered by semi-darkness, and the damping expectation of rough hands and a rougher prison. Added to these drawbacks was the awkwardness of our padding and the fact that we were novices at the work. Facing death at the masthead in a gale was child's play compared to this horrible prison-risking affair in the ill-lit side streets of the Muscovite capital. Nor did success, by the way, inspire hope of better things, nor that confidence in action needful for the final gaining of our goal. To enumerate the incidental accidents would make this account a long story.

After several minor mistakes that might easily have led to serious complications, we, believing ourselves at last in the right street, stood before the door of what we took to be the assigned depository of those seditious leaflets—which we would ere this have dropped in the thoroughfares behind us had we dared to, and if we could have decided to forego all chances of gaining the promised reward. The house—an exact description or location of which it would be unwise and unkind to give here, seeing what would happen to it if the Russian police were to get hold of this article—stood slightly back between two others, and three doors from a corner that was left without even the usual glimmering apology for a street lamp.

We were in the middle of a whispered debate as to our plan of procedure, and which amongst us should be the unfortunate one to knock at the door, when round that unlighted corner came a small party of natives, whose soft-leather high boots made so little noise on the earthen side-walk that they were in collision with us almost before we knew of their presence. To the best of my knowledge there were five of them, for we never learnt the exact number, so quickly did the affair take place.

The first indication of their coming was a hurried, mingled, souging thud of feet. Then we were partially knocked aside; gruff voices used apparently strong words, accompanied by violent and impatient actions. Naturally, we thought the new-comers a posse of more than usually rough police come to arrest us. I felt the grazing of what at closer quarters would have been a heavy elbow-blow on my ribs, and half turned to pay it back when between me and the strikers came Ivor, sent sideways by the lumbering shoulder-lurch of a bearded Russian. The next instant this one of the brawlers—for

such they evidently were—was sent reeling our way by Olaf, who had received some lessons in English fisticuffs and had strength enough to make a bullock reel. Round spun Ivor, calling to me in English to get out of the way, which injunction I, recollecting some of his former exploits at such times, quickly obeyed. Scarcely had I done so, by a ducking movement, when over my head whirled the lower part of that lurching Muscovite's anatomy. By bending sideways a little, putting his left arm to the fellow's right side,



"IVOR HAD TAKEN THE RUSSIAN IN HIS ARMS AND WAS USING HIM AS A KIND OF BATTERING-RAM."

his right arm to the left side, Ivor had, owing to his enormous strength, taken the Russian in his arms, and was using him as a kind of battering-ram against his own companions. How those top-boots did swing about the other Russians' heads, whilst the wearer of them gurgled out exclamations which Ivor understood as little as he heeded! How the assaulted ones jumped, stumbled, and rolled out of the strong man's way, venting cries of pain and fear as their compatriot's boots struck them! It was as though a fury with a giant's strength had suddenly been let loose in their midst, and within the space of a few minutes all our assailants, save the captive, were fleeing like rats from a terrier.

Meantime another change was taking place

in the scene. The door of the house behind us was opened, and someone came out and began to pluck gently at my sleeve (I being nearest the house), saying, "Come, come." In the partial darkness I could see that this last-comer was dressed in native clothes; but the English word, and our being at the place we had looked for, reassured me. I drew Olaf's attention from his brother to this new departure. We looked at the man, at the dark open door—

way, answered "All right," and went to Ivor. At our news he put his battered victim on his feet, gave him a shove, said "Go" — and the other went.

Now, quietly laughing at the affair and at what seemed to be a happy

end to our dangerous venture, we entered the house behind the man, who quickly closed and secured the door. We were led along a semi-dark passage, shown into a dimly-lighted room, motioned to sit down, and left there. For some minutes we talked of the affair outside; then, ever inquisitive in new surroundings, I began to turn my attention to the room and its contents. It was a large apartment with a deep recess at the farther end. I had made the tour of its walls from about the middle of the opposite side, and was slowly penetrating this almost totally dark

recess, when a voice at my side abruptly said, with a foreign accent, "Always learn what you can, but never forget the necessity of secrecy."

I started back, and past me brushed a tall man in a skull-cap and a dressing-gown that reached to his heels. Without saying more or giving me a glance, he advanced, with a shambling gait, to where Ivor and Olaf were sitting. I followed him.

The stranger paused, looking at my companions in silence and at such undue length that we three began to feel decidedly ill at ease. His manner and appearance impressed us in a strange way. By some occult means we felt that we were in the presence of an uncommon kind of man. At last he grunted rather than said :—

"Humph! you are from England"; then turning to myself he added, "Come you with me," and resumed his shuffling walk towards the door by which we had entered the room.

"But cannot we finish this business here?" I asked, not liking to be separated from my companions. He made no answer nor looked back, and somehow, willy-nilly, I moved after him.

When half way to the door I turned to Olaf and Ivor and put two fingers to my lips, indicating that I would whistle should I need them. They nodded their comprehension of my meaning, and I followed my guide out of the room and along a continuation of the passage. When about to enter another apartment I saw Olaf's head protruding from the doorway we had left. He was watching where we went, and nodded again as I disappeared.

This second room was well lighted. A low log fire burnt in the huge grate, before which the strange man halted, facing me, his back to the fire. I noted that his long face was peculiarly cadaverous. Altogether he reminded me of the alchemists and astrologers of whom I had read in old romances.

"You are an adventurous trio," he remarked. "Sit down." I did so as best I could, my padding considered. He added, "They have

the strength, you the wits. How long have you been in partnership?"

"About a year," said I.

"Humph! and how often in that time have you played fools together?"

"Probably more times than we have sovereigns," I replied, carelessly, now feeling more at my ease in his presence.

"Humph! and that is why you undertook to bring me an explosive into a country where the possession of it means years in a vile prison?"

"We have brought no explosive into Russia," was my quiet answer.

"What?"



"YOU ARE AN ADVENTUROUS TRIO," HE REMARKED.

"I say we have brought no explosive into Russia."

He looked steadily at me for some seconds, then drew forth a paper from which he appeared to read: "Three sailors, two powerful Scandinavians and a British subject with the brains of the party, will arrive on Friday, April 27th, and come to you on the following Sunday evening at about 8.30." The time was then a quarter to nine by a clock on the mantelpiece behind him. "Now," he concluded, again looking at me from under his shaggy brows, "will you deny that you three answer this information to the letter?"

"No, I will not," I rejoined.

"Then why do you not hand over the parcel, instead of wasting time?"

"I tell you once more that we have not brought any explosive substance or liquid into this country now or at any time," I again reiterated, this time with some force.

"Do you know," he asked, sternly, "that your presence here, especially after my servant rescuing you from that fracas at my door, greatly endangers both your safety and mine?"

I replied, "My wits are not asleep, and I know what country we are in. Let us get back to the subject—our errand."

"Give up the explosive," he angrily interrupted, "or I will—". He was moving towards a bell pull about six feet away when I stopped both words and action by bringing my revolver quickly into sight and saying:—

"Touch that bell-rope and I'll blow your brains out."

"What?" he cried.

I was about to repeat my threat when there came three heavy knocks on the street door, followed by a loud, stern command in Russian. Instantly that strange man stood rigidly upright, fear making his unpleasant face appear truly repellent.

Scarcely had the echoes of those knocks ceased to resound through the house, when in rushed the person who had come to us in the street. "The police!" said he in English, horror in his tones. He was visibly shaking.

Without a moment's further thought my fingers went to my mouth. I gently whistled the signal well known to Olaf and Ivor, who were in the room with us almost before I had finished. Altogether disregarding the cadaverous individual and his servants, I rattled off explanations. More imperative knocks fell on the front door, and we three made hastily for the back of the house. We found ourselves in an enclosure surrounded by a high wall. Back we scurried, got a chair and a stool, secured the door forming our exit, and returned to the wall. With the stool on the chair, Olaf on the top of them, and Ivor steadying the whole, I—being considerably smaller than they were—climbed up Olaf's back and gained the summit of the wall. Beyond the barrier was darkness—pitch darkness, uncertainty, but possible escape. I whispered this to them.

"Get up," was the sole reply.

A minute later we were all perched side by side on the wall—three unlucky black crows gazing doubtfully into a dark abyss. The improvised ladder had been kicked away to avoid a clue. Olaf and Ivor lay across the wall-top—no easy feat in their seditious padding—with their heads on the side we wished to go. They each took one of my hands and lowered me

gently down till I felt solid earth. An instant's survey of a couple of yards around where I stood, a reassuring "Come along!" and they were by my side. Awhile we listened anxiously after the thud occasioned by their drop from the wall. But for the rattling of some distant cart or drosky all was still as the grave.

We now began the delicate business of ascertaining into what kind of place mischance had made us venture. One great help in this came by our eyes becoming accustomed to the darkness. Foot by foot, yard by yard, we progressed in our reconnaissance, yet making all possible haste. At last we made sure of being in some sort of private grounds, divided from a street by another wall. Behind us we could see the house we had left, now with lights in all its formerly dark windows.

In the shadow of the second wall a halt was made, owing to Ivor whispering his intention to rid himself there and then of the incriminating prints. That idea was seized on at once by Olaf and myself. Quick as thought almost off came our outer clothes, the rope-yarns were cut, the prints dropped away from us, and again we stood dressed ready for action. We decided to find the most ill-lighted portion of the street without and then scale the wall and be off. At that moment Olaf announced his intention of having some satisfaction out of the affair by scattering the leaflets, so far as he could with safety, on our way back to the *Volante*. In this madcap freak we joined him. Our pockets were stuffed with the thin sheets of paper, the street was safely gained, and we hurried from the place, without too much show of haste. In every dark corner we passed a few leaflets were surreptitiously dropped, until there was not one left on us. About twenty minutes after scaling the second wall we were suddenly confronted at a crossing by the name of the street for which we had sought so diligently. Then came the dawning of truth—we had been in the wrong house!

It was too late to bemoan the mistake—the second of that eventful night. We arrived aboard safely at eleven o'clock, and had the pleasure of hearing on the following day that the city was in a *furor* owing to the discovery of seditious prints strewn in the streets of a certain quarter. That was our sole reward for risking the horrors of a Russian prison. We did not dare again set foot ashore during that stay in St. Petersburg. Nor did we ever see or hear again of the strange man in Shields.

A West African Mutiny.

BY FRANCIS W. H. DURRANT.

An account, by an eye-witness, of an exciting episode of which very little was heard in this country—the mutiny of the West African Regiment at Cape Coast Castle in March, 1901. Mr. Durrant describes the stirring events of the week, during which the mutineers were masters of the situation, and the final coup by which the regiment was disarmed and all danger averted.



CAPE COAST CASTLE, where I was staying at the time the following events happened, is the largest town in the Gold Coast Colony, although it is not now the Governor's head-

quarters. It takes its name from the large, rambling Dutch fort which is built at the end of a rocky promontory on the sea front, originally intended as a defence from attacks both by land and by sea, but now only used as Government offices, court-house, prison, barracks, etc., although at the time in question it had to be put into a state of defence to meet a land attack. The town has an estimated black population of between sixty and seventy thousand, chiefly Fantis, a very fine race physically, but arrant cowards, while at the time of the mutiny there were only about a hundred Europeans, chiefly Englishmen, in the place. The town is almost entirely built of mud, and nearly all the houses have flat roofs made of the same material.

On Monday, March 25th, 1901, I was being shown over the fort, which is a most interesting old building, by the officer in command of the garrison, which, by the way, was then practically non-existent, there being only about seventy soldiers left, the remainder having gone to join an expedition in the Gambia Territory. The officer who

showed me around told me there were rumours in the air that a strong body of Hausa troops were daily expected to arrive in Cape Coast from Kumasi, bringing prisoners of war from the late Ashanti campaign, but that it was also said there had been recent disturbances in Kumasi. No definite information could be obtained, however, as the telegraph line to Kumasi was, as usual, broken down.

No war prisoners arrived that day, but it was noticed in the town that the natives were in a very excited state, and that they had evidently got hold of some information which they had not imparted to the Europeans.

On the following morning (Tuesday, March 26th) about two hundred soldiers came into the town. Everyone thought they were Hausas at first, but there were no prisoners with them, and it was soon discovered there were no white officers, and that they were not Hausas, but men of the West African Regiment.

During the day still more of them came in, and by nightfall there were over five hundred of them in the town. It then became apparent that the regiment was in

open mutiny, although for the present they were very quiet, probably owing to fatigue, as they had marched down from Kumasi, a hundred and forty miles away, in a remark-



THE AUTHOR, MR. FRANCIS W. H. DURRANT.

From a Photo.

ably short time. It also transpired that before leaving Kumasi the men had looted the magazine there, so that besides their arms, consisting of carbine and bayonet, each man had about a hundred rounds of ball cartridge at his command.

That night the mutineers took possession of the Government schools, the best buildings in the town, where they quartered themselves. This regiment is recruited from the Colony of Sierra Leone, chiefly from two tribes known as the Mendis and Timinis, both of which are in a very savage state, and have the reputation of being amongst the bravest, and at the same time the most treacherous and cruel, of the nigger race.

On the following day a few more stragglers came in, and the whole of them spent the day in parading the town, and as the day wore on became very rowdy and insolent to the white people, firing off their carbines all over the town.

I and two friends happened to have an engagement to dine that evening with the fellows at the bank, which is situated on the opposite side of the road to the Government schools. On our way there we were considerably interfered with and molested by the mutineers, and when we arrived at the house we found the two Fanti policemen, who are sent every night to guard the bank, in a state of absolute terror. Their carbines were empty and they had no ammunition or bayonets. Their teeth were chattering in a way that only negroes' teeth can chatter.

We, of course, inquired the cause of this fright, and they told us that the mutineers had given them ten minutes to clear out or they would be shot. As the mutineers were working themselves up into a most excited state and still firing off their carbines there seemed to be a reasonable probability of the threat being carried out. Thinking that discretion was the better part of valour, therefore, the policemen threw down their useless arms and bolted along the road towards Elmina.

On going into the bank we found the three Englishmen considerably worried about the state of affairs, as it seemed that all through the day the mutineers had been firing off carbines outside the bank and working themselves up. The officials advised us not to stop, but to get back to our quarters before dark, as we should be obliged to pass the mutineers on our way home, there being only one road leading to the part of the town we were staying in.

On leaving the bank we were immediately surrounded by about two hundred armed mutineers, who refused to let us pass, saying they would allow no white man to go down the road. The

situation, having regard to the extremely excited state the men were in, was, to say the least of it, decidedly unpleasant, and we then realized for the first time that we had all three left our revolvers at home. Not that they would have been much use against such numbers, but every Englishman likes to sell his life dearly—as dearly as he can.

For some time—ten minutes, I suppose—it was very trying, and it was only by treating the rowdy crew with disdain and showing them we had no fear—which was somewhat difficult, as we certainly had—that we were at last allowed to proceed, the mutineers contenting themselves by hurling lumps of wood, pieces of iron, bricks, etc., obtained from a tumbledown house just opposite. We were all hit several times and more or less bruised and cut; but, as we had sun-helmets on, our heads were fairly well protected.

On this trying journey home we had to pass the fort, and went in to inform the officer in charge what had occurred. We then found that, as a measure of precaution, all the Europeans had been invited to come into the fort, as the Governor and some officers of the mutinous regiment, who had just arrived from Kumasi, took a very serious view of the matter. As we were staying in the native quarter of the town, about half a mile from any other Europeans, we thought it best to go into the fort and stop there.

On the following morning (Thursday) all business in the town was suspended, and, under the superintendence of Major Charrier, the second in command of the mutinous regiment, who had been temporarily appointed to command the fort, everyone worked hard in barricading the place and preparing for its defence. There were then in the fort about twenty white men, including about ten officers, and between sixty and seventy loyal black troops, consisting partly of Hausas and partly of some men of the Central African Regiment—all of them splendid fellows. Arms and ammunition were that morning served out to everyone, as it had been arranged that the Governor should palaver with the mutineers outside the fort and endeavour to get them to surrender, and if not possible by peaceable means to do so by force; but on reckoning up it was found that there were only about eighty white men in the town, so with the black troops there were not more than about a hundred and forty of us against nearly six hundred well-armed and courageous men, and, of course, the native population of the town, numbering upwards of sixty thousand, who had by this time sided with the mutineers, as they saw they



"WE REALIZED FOR THE FIRST TIME THAT WE HAD, ALL THREE, LEFT OUR REVOLVERS AT HOME."

were temporarily masters of the situation. The idea of coercion had, therefore, to be abandoned, and definite instructions were then issued by the Governor that we were to act entirely on the defensive and endeavour to overcome the mutineers by peaceable means. With this object in view he addressed the men and endeavoured to point out to them their foolishness, but without avail. It was at this palaver that we discovered who was the chief ring-leader—a man named Mandingo, who had been a sergeant, but for misconduct had been reduced to the ranks. This palaver was absolutely abortive, and various other suggestions for disarming were made, but all put aside as useless.

A request had by this time been made by telegraph for a gunboat, but it was known that it could not possibly reach us for some days. During the day three ships belonging to the

Elder, Dempster line arrived in the roads and began discharging cargo, etc.; but during the afternoon the mutineers, apparently thinking we should get help from them—as we no doubt could have done—collected all the surf-boat paddles and oars in the town, and as the boats came in laden with goods capsized the boats and let them drift away, taking the paddles up to the Government schools, where they piled them in a heap ready to set on fire if we attempted to regain possession of them. So there we were with, I suppose, two hundred Englishmen willing to help us within a mile of the town, but absolutely unable to come ashore, there being only the ships' own boats, which were quite useless without someone to steer them through the surf.

There was only one other exciting incident during the remainder of that day. I managed to slip out of the fort unnoticed, and was taking

a walk along the road in the direction of the bank when I came upon an excited group of mutineers, and on coming close to them discovered that they had just killed one of their own men with their bayonets—for what reason I don't know, except that perhaps he may have disagreed with their views. I then concluded it was not safe for me to be out and returned to the fort, and from that time until the affair was over no one, with the exception of one or two

forthcoming. Mandingo (the ringleader) went up to the Governor, shook his fist in his face, swore at him, and then, drawing a sword, he flourished it in the Governor's face. While this was going on all the men in the fort were in position along the battlements, with their carbines loaded in case any shots were fired by the mutineers.

This palaver produced no good result, and a further one was held in the afternoon, when the



"DRAWING HIS SWORD, HE FLOURISHED IT IN THE GOVERNOR'S FACE."

officers belonging to the mutinous regiment, was allowed to leave or enter the fort.

On the next day (Friday, March 29th) the Governor came down to the fort from the hospital, where he was staying, and another palaver took place early in the morning with the mutineers, or rather, I should say, with their ringleader. Those who were in and around the fort then saw what is probably one of the greatest insults ever offered to the Governor of a British Colony without immediate punishment being

same scenes took place, the mutineers being there in force with loaded carbines, and they practically dictated their own terms, which the Governor, to end the matter as he thought, accepted, viz., to pay every man five pounds in cash, in exchange for which they were to lay down their arms. As a matter of fact, however, there was not sufficient money in the place to pay them at this rate. It was arranged that the men were to parade in two hours' time to receive this money, and it was hoped that the

anxious time we had all experienced was at an end, and we were rather congratulating ourselves on having come out of the business so well.

We were soon disabused of that idea, however. Instead of allowing us to come out of the fort, the mutineers kept a stronger guard than before outside the gate, and we were still prisoners. Very soon a message came down to the Governor to the effect that they were not going to accept the terms they had previously agreed to, but that they wanted more money and meant to kill all the white men in the town and capture the fort, where, they said, they knew there was plenty of gold.

we all expected that the time to fight had arrived. On arriving at the fort the mutineers halted outside the main gate for some time, and then split up into small groups and surrounded us, and so remained all night. Why they did not attack cannot be explained, and it is only surmised that they were under the impression that we had more defenders than was really the case. Had they attacked we could not possibly have kept them out; in fact, the whole night long we expected them in every minute, and only those who have gone through a similar experience can imagine the strain and anxiety of such a vigil, especially in an enervating



THE FORT, CAPE COAST CASTLE, IN WHICH THE AUTHOR AND MOST OF THE WHITE INHABITANTS TOOK REFUGE DURING THE MUTINY. (Photo.)

Things were now, therefore, more serious than before, and we soon after got word that at nine o'clock in the morning the bank had been attacked and captured by the mutineers. The three white men comprising the staff were held as prisoners.

Extra precautions were now taken for the safety of the fort, as a night attack was expected. Endeavours were made to get at the remainder of the white population who were still outside the fort and practically at the mercy of the mutineers, but without success. By this time we had succeeded in fixing up in a favourable position a Maxim gun, and every man stood to arms ready for any emergency.

It was a very dark night, although clear, and about midnight we could discern the mutineers creeping softly down the road towards us, and

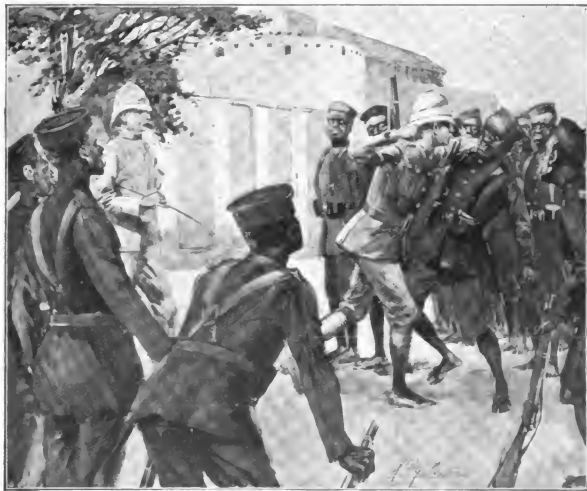
climate like the West Coast of Africa, where the white man is always more or less half dead.

During the night it was decided, in the event of no attack being made by the mutineers, that the affair must be ended in the morning one way or the other, as we were prisoners with nothing to eat and the rest of the white men in the town were at the mercy of these men. Of course, had a massacre taken place in Cape Coast Castle it would probably have spread all over the Colony. There are very few people in this country who know or realize by what slender threads Britain holds some of her African possessions, and this remark is particularly applicable to the Gold Coast Colony, where the proportion of black to white is something like a thousand to one. It is only by always keeping up the white man's prestige that

the Britisher is able to maintain his hold on these savage races.

Having arrived at a definite plan of action, arrangements were made at daybreak for carrying it out. The plan of campaign was that all the officers of the mutinous regiment (with the exception of Major Charrier) and also Colonel Henstock, the Base Commandant, who lived in a bungalow outside the fort, should have a final palaver with the mutineers. A sortie party comprising nearly all the native troops, under the command of Major Charrier and two white staff-

immediately in front of the fort in some sort of order and Colonel Henstock commenced to address them, but without any effect. As it happened the ringleader, Mandingo, was standing immediately opposite the colonel, and it was soon apparent that so long as Mandingo was free there was no chance of getting the men to surrender, for if a man laid down his carbine or showed signs of wavering his leader either made him take it up again or fall to the rear, so Colonel Henstock resolved on a bold move. Turning to his staff officer, Lieutenant Watson,



"WATSON RUSHED IN AMONG THE MUTINEERS AND SECURED HIS MAN."

sergeants, was paraded just inside the principal gate ready for any emergency, the Maxim gun was loaded and placed in position ready for firing, and the remainder of the garrison lined the ramparts facing the square where the men were assembled.

Soon after daybreak the mutineers were observed to be cleaning and loading their carbines, and about 7 a.m. the officers left the fort as arranged. For the purpose of showing the mutineers we had no fear of them they went entirely unarmed, merely carrying canes.

The mutineers had formed themselves up

an old Lifeguardsman, he pointed towards Mandingo and said, "Arrest that man." Without the slightest hesitation Watson rushed in amongst the mutineers and secured his man, quieting his struggles with a heavy blow on the jaw.

Then came the critical moment. The men demanded their ringleader back and some fixed their bayonets, while others had their carbines at their shoulders ready to fire. It was simply a trial of moral force—white *versus* black—for about ten minutes, when Watson, seizing a favourable opportunity, rushed Mandingo into

the fort, at which a howl of rage and disappointment rose from the mutineers.

During all this time we in the fort were ready to act on any emergency, and it was probably the effect of seeing the muzzles of the rifles, the Maxim gun, and some thirty or forty carbines levelled at them that kept the mutineers

about three days after the trouble was all over.

A court-martial was held the same day and Mandingo was sentenced to be shot, this being duly carried out in the presence of the loyal troops and the mutineers and the white residents. It was decided to have a public



"THUS ENDED THE MUTINY OF THE WEST AFRICAN REGIMENT."

from falling on the little group of unarmed officers.

The rushing of Mandingo into the fort was the turning-point of the struggle, for the men then began to surrender, and with the exception of some hundred and fifty, who immediately marched straight away out of the town, we had secured the whole lot in about half an hour. The men who marched away were captured about a hundred miles along the coast—after having done a considerable amount of damage—by a party of bluejackets landed from the gun-boat we had telegraphed for, and which arrived

execution, as by so doing it was hoped that the white man would regain some of the prestige he had lost during this lamentable affair.

Thus ended the mutiny of the West African Regiment of March, 1901, of which very little was heard in this country at the time. Although not in itself responsible for much bloodshed, it might have developed—had not the handful of white men concerned displayed the splendid courage and forbearance which they did—into a general massacre of the white inhabitants of Cape Coast Castle, and ended most disastrously for the whole Colony.

Paris to New York Overland.

THE NARRATIVE OF A REMARKABLE EXPEDITION.

By HARRY DE WINDT, F.R.G.S.

VI.—FROM CAPE PRINCE OF WALES TO NEW YORK.

We have much pleasure in announcing that we have secured the sole and exclusive right to publish the only illustrated account of Mr. de Windt's great feat which will appear in this country, the reproductions of the Kodak photographs taken during the expedition adding greatly to the vividness of the narrative. As a glance at a map of the world will show, the explorer's journey necessitated traversing some of the wildest and most inhospitable regions of the earth, where even the elements fought against the intrepid party. Mr. de Windt essayed the journey once before, but on that occasion the expedition came to grief on the ice-bound shores of Behring Sea, and the author barely escaped with his life from the hands of the savage natives. This time complete success has crowned the venture; but the adventures met with, and the unheard-of privations endured by the party form a unique record of human endurance and dogged pluck.



CAPE PRINCE OF WALES is a rocky, precipitous promontory which stands fully exposed to the furious gales so prevalent at all times on this connecting link between Behring Sea and the Arctic Ocean. The Eskimo settlement

Mr. Winkle in "Pickwick") "quietly and comfortably out of the frying-pan into the fire." For we were welcomed by a howling gale and showers of driving sleet, against which we could hardly make headway from the spot where a landing was effected to the



THE ESKIMO SETTLEMENT AT CAPE PRINCE OF WALES, THE MOST NORTH-WESTERLY POINT OF AMERICA.
From a Photo.

which nestles at the base of the cliff is low, drearier, and more desolate than the filthy Tchukchi village which had been our home for so many weary weeks. At first it seemed to me as though we had stepped (like the immortal

miserable village, a distance of perhaps a mile, which it took us an hour to accomplish. It was barely six o'clock and no one was stirring in the settlement, which was only visible a short distance away, for the Eskimos, unlike the

Tchuktchis, build their dwellings underground. But the sight of a wooden house with glass windows considerably enlivened the dismal grey and storm-swept landscape, and we made our way to this solitary haven, which proved to be the residence of Mr. Lopp, an American missionary. His home, though snug enough, was too small to contain more inmates, being already occupied by its owner's wife and family, but an empty shed adjoining it was placed at our disposal, and our hospitable friend bustled about to make it as cosy as possible for our reception. The place was cold, pitch dark, and draughty, being only used as a store-house; but by midday our tent

and restraining hand of Mr. Lopp to keep them in order. A fairly wide and varied experience of savage races has seldom shown me a more arrogant, insolent, and generally offensive race than the Alaskan Eskimo, at any rate of this portion of the country. The Tchuktchis were infinitely superior in every respect but, perhaps, cleanliness, which, after all, matters little in these wilds. With all their faults our Whalen friends were just and generous in their dealings, though occasionally disquieting during their periods of festivity. The Eskimos we found boorish and surly at all times, and the treachery of these people is shown by the fact that they had brutally murdered Mr. Lopp's predecessor



From a

A STREET IN NOME CITY IN WINTER.

[Photo.

was pitched inside the building and a fire was burning merrily in a small stove cleverly fixed up by the missionary, whose kindly assistance was very welcome on this bleak and barren shore. Food is scarce enough here, and had it not been for our good friends in need we should have fared badly, having landed on this coast with but few provisions. But, although they could ill afford it, the missionary and his school teacher, Mrs. Bernardi, gave freely from their scanty store, thereby rendering us a service which I can never adequately repay.

We were lucky to find a white man at Cape Prince of Wales, for the natives would certainly have afforded us no assistance and might, indeed, have been actually unfriendly without the firm

(without apparent cause) by shooting him with a whale-gun. Although many of the Prince of Wales natives were fairly well educated, thanks to missionary enterprise, the Tchuktchis could certainly have taught them manners, for the Tchuktchi is a gentleman by nature, the Eskimo a vulgar and obtrusive cad.

Nome City was now our objective point, but how to reach it by land was a puzzler, the hundred odd miles of country being flooded by the melting snows. The natives also reported a wide and unfordable river, which at this season of the year is swollen and impassable. There was nothing for it, therefore, but to wait patiently for some passing craft to take us down — a gloomy outlook, for the whalers were now



From a

THE MAIN STREET OF NOME CITY IN SUMMER.

[Photo.

all bound northward. Our good luck, however, which never abandoned us throughout this long land journey, again stood us in good stead, and on the tenth day a small vessel was sighted approaching the Cape. She proved to be the steamer *Sadie*, of the Alaska Commercial Company, which had put in for water and was proceeding direct to Nome City. In less than twenty-four hours we were once more in civilization, for during midsummer there is now unbroken steam communication between this

remote (although up-to-date) mining settlement and our final destination, New York.

Our journey on from here to the American capital was comparatively uneventful, for Alaska is becoming so civilized that I fancy she will soon be invaded by the army of Mr. Cook. Cape Nome, only four years ago an Arctic desert, is now a fine city. In winter the place is approachable only by dog-sled, but in summer you can now travel there in large liners from San Francisco. It seemed



From a Photo. by] THE YUKON RIVER STEAMER "WHITE HORSE" EN ROUTE TO DAWSON CITY.

[H. C. Bailey



A STEAMER NEGOTIATING THE "FIVE FINGER" RAPIDS ON THE YUKON RIVER.
From a Photo. by Goetzman, Dawson.

like a dream to land suddenly in this modern town, within a day's journey of Whalen with its savagery and squalor, and it was rather trying to walk up the main street in our filthy, ragged state, but we soon got rigged up at a well-stocked clothing establishment. And that evening, dining in a luxurious hotel, with people in evening dress, around us even palms, and a string band, I could scarcely realize that almost yesterday I was living from hand to mouth in a filthy Siberian village. Handsome buildings, churches, banks, theatres, newspapers, and elec-



THE STEAMERS ARE ASSISTED THROUGH THE RAPIDS BY A TOW-ROPE.
From a Photo.

tric light are not usually connected with the icebound Arctic. But they are all to be found at Nome City.

This place impressed me as a kind of dirty Monte Carlo. There is the same unrest, the same feverish quest for gold, and the same extravagance of life. Five years ago nuggets were picked up here on the beach; now it takes machinery to find them in the interior. For Alaska is no place for a poor man. All the country round Nome is owned by capitalists, and the same can be said of Dawson City. The best property about Nome is Anvil Creek, from which about three

million dollars have been taken in two years, and the man who took them came here five years ago as a labourer at a pound a week! Much indignation was caused in those days by the amount of ground seized upon by the Protestant missionaries. An Alaskan poet thus describes the situation :—

At last we were sure we had struck it,
But alas for our hopes of reward ;
The landscape from sea-beach to sky-line
Was staked in the name of the Lord !

From Nome City a few hours brings us to St. Michael's, near the mouth of the Yukon River.

the British boundary and hailed the Union Jack at Forty Mile City as an old and long-lost friend.

Dawson City has been so repeatedly described that I won't go over old ground. But here, again, it seemed as though a good fairy had, with one touch of her hand, converted the collection of half-a-dozen filthy Indian wigwams, which I remember in 1896, into a bustling, modern metropolis. Barely six years ago we landed here and vainly endeavoured to procure some hot water for our kettle from the unsavoury natives. The place was then known



A GENERAL VIEW OF DAWSON CITY—AT THE TIME MR. DE WINDT'S PARTY ARRIVED THERE IT WAS SUFFERING FROM A PLAGUE OF RATS. [Gretzman.]

Five years ago I travelled down the Yukon in a grimy little steamer, where we slept on planks and ate bacon and beans in our shirt-sleeves. This time I went on a Mississippi flier with every luxury on board, from spring mattresses to a dinner of five courses. The journey of about a fortnight from the sea to Dawson City is intolerably monotonous, the Catholic mission of Holy Cross being the one interesting spot throughout the sixteen hundred miles. A few miles below Dawson we crossed

as "Thronduik," or the "Fish River," a name now converted into "Klondike" by the jargon of many nationalities. Bacon and beans (or "Alaskan strawberries," as the latter are here called) formed our modest meal on that occasion, and it seemed more than strange on the first sultry, sunny afternoon of my recent stay to be invited by a party of smartly-dressed ladies to partake of ices in a palatial *café* on the very same spot! The latter was, on the occasion of my former visit, about

the worst place on the river for that curse of Alaska—mosquitoes. "Old-timers" used to aver that at "Thronduik" these pests were as "big as rabbits and bit at both ends," but, although still numerous on its outskirts, they have now entirely disappeared from the town. The latter, however, has lately suffered from a visitation of rats which is rapidly assuming serious proportions. Originally brought to St. Michael's during the gold rush by an old, patched-up barque from San Francisco, the enterprising rodents

boarded a river steamer and landed in Dawson City, where conditions appear especially favourable to their reproduction. When we were there last July scarcely a house in the place was free from this vermin, and at night, or through its twilight hours, the streets swarmed with the disgusting brutes, who seemed to regard human beings with supreme indifference. A fortune awaits a good London rat-catcher in Dawson City.

From what I could glean the days of fabulous finds are over



From a Photo. by

AN ALASKAN INDIAN GOD.

[H. C. Barley.]



From a Photo. by

AN INDIAN "POT-LATCH" DANCE.

[H. C. Barley.]



From a Photo. by

THE OLD WAY OF ENTERING ALASKA—BY DOG SLED OVER THE CHILKOOT PASS.

[Goetzman.]

here. Klondike has generally been boomed or slumped to extremes; but I fancy the real truth is that in these days a man with ten thousand pounds capital can make money here, and "no others with less need apply." I know Alaska too well to advise anyone to go there, but if any man is bent on doing so let him try the Copper River country, which at present is practically unknown. I have seen a nugget from there, picked up last year, worth



THE NEW WAY—VIA THE WHITE PASS RAILWAY.

From a Photo. by H. C. Barley.

two hundred dollars. A friend of mine is there now prospecting, and in his last letter had struck indications of very rich ground. Many have been scared away from the Copper River by reports of dangerous natives, but there is now nothing to fear on that score. There are very few prospectors there as yet, but it is a poor man's country with great possibilities, and it is open all the year round.

The new route out from Dawson City is by



THE WHITE PASS RAILWAY IS A MARVEL OF ENGINEERING SKILL—HERE WE SEE MEN PREPARING THE WAY
From a Photo. by *(H. C. Barley)*

the White Pass Railway, which is distinctly interesting. In 1896 I crossed the Chilkoot Pass, and suffered severely from cold and exposure.

This time I left Alaska over a mountain nearly as precipitous as the Chilkoot in a comfortable railway car. The White Pass Railway is a wonder of the world, but I should recommend nervous travellers to avoid it. For it is rightly called a "hair-raising line"! At one point the train passes over a light trestle bridge clamped to the rock by means of iron girders, and here you may stand up in the car and look down a sheer thousand feet into space. The whole flimsy structure shook so under the heavy weight of metal that I felt some relief when our wheels were once more gliding over *terra firma*. "Something will happen here some day!" remarked a fellow-passenger, and I fancy he was not far wrong. The train

runs daily either way throughout the year, and in winter horse and dog sleds are used instead of steamers to reach Dawson. Comfortable

post-houses at intervals of about twenty miles now render this a comparatively easy trip even in midwinter for the most inexperienced traveller.

Skagway, the southern terminus of this line, is a pretty, well-laid-out town. It was once the residence of a noted "crook" and confidence man, whose deeds of violence are still spoken of with bated breath. This impudent scoundrel was clever enough to become mayor of the town (about three years ago), and was thus enabled to commit robberies on a much larger scale. Many a poor miner leaving the country with a hardly-earned pile has been completely fleeced and sometimes murdered by the iniquitous and ubiquitous "Soapy," who is said to have slain (indirectly



A KLONDIKE MINER AND HIS SEED DOG.
From a Photo.

or directly) over twenty men. Finally, however, a mass meeting was held and "Soapy" was shot dead, not, however, before he had also taken the life of his slayer. Our illustration shows the ruffian in the saloon in which most of his deeds of darkness were committed.

Many who have read this account of our long land journey will no doubt ask, "What was the object of this stupendous voyage, or the reward to be gained by enduring all these hardships and privations?" I would reply that my primary purpose was to ascertain the feasibility of constructing a railway between France and America, a question in which the European

the newspapers, but a project promoted by persons who (I am credibly informed) have never been nearer Siberia than the Gare du Nord is scarcely worthy of consideration. When fitting out our expedition I was much amused by a letter from a worthy French gentleman, which appeared in the Paris edition of the *New York Herald*. This irate Gaul apparently resented my embarking on the long land journey as he claimed the "paternity of the scheme," which, presumably, was fathered on the Boulevards, where it has apparently remained. However, it is an incontestable fact that my expedition has been the first to accomplish this



THE MAN WITH THE BEARD IS "SOAPY SMITH," A NOTORIOUS KLONDIKE DESPERADO WHO WAS LYNCHED IN 1899.
From a Photo. by Laris and Duclos.

Press was then largely interested. Another reason is one with which every Englishman will readily sympathize. The feat had never before been accomplished, and my first attempt in 1896 had failed half-way on the Siberian shores of Behring Straits.

One word in conclusion as to the proposed line from Europe to the United States. That a railway will some day connect Paris and New York I have little doubt. Where riches are a railway must surely follow, and there is no question whatever about the boundless mineral resources of Siberia and Alaska. But I am quite certain that the line won't be laid in this generation, and I very much doubt whether the next will travel by it. Some time ago a wild-cat French scheme was vaguely mentioned in

land journey from end to end, and, although no engineer, I can well realize the almost insurmountable obstacles in the way of a railway. I need only mention two—Behring Straits and the three thousand miles of "tundras," or swamps, which separate them from Yakutsk. Behring Straits are forty miles wide at the narrowest part, or nearly twice the breadth of the Straits of Dover. The "bridge theory" is therefore absurd, although my Parisian friends discussed it with amusing gravity. They might as well talk of a line to the planet Mars, for the mightiest bridge ever built would not stand the break-up of the ice here for a week. A tunnel could no doubt be constructed, but what would it cost and where is the money coming from to repay its construc-

tion? The three thousand miles of swamp is another stumbling-block almost as hard to get over. No doubt this could be railed on the same system as that employed to negotiate Chat Moss in Lancashire. But the line across Chat Moss is only four miles long, and cost twenty-eight thousand pounds. At this rate the "swamp section" of the Behring Straits Railway would alone cost over twenty millions sterling, and this must be expended before a tunnel under the

would eventually, but a practical mineral survey of Arctic Siberia must take at least fifteen or twenty years. If reports are then very favourable Russia may, perhaps, begin to consider the question of a Russo-American Railway. Personally I should at present be sorry to invest money in any venture connected with the scheme, for all the prominent Russian officials whom I have met almost ridicule the idea of this visionary, so-called "All-World Railway."



From a]

NEW YORK—THE END OF THE GREAT JOURNEY.

[Photo.

straits is even thought of! When I arrived home in September last I was asked by newspaper reporters whether I considered a railway possible. Most certainly is it possible, but the question is, would it pay? Surely not unless the countries traversed would (within a measurable time) refund a gigantic outlay. Probably they

On the 5th of August San Francisco was reached. On the 18th of August we arrived safely in New York, comparatively little the worse for our tough experiences, after a journey of eighteen thousand four hundred and twenty-eight miles from Paris, which took two hundred and forty-eight days to accomplish.

THE END.

Odds and Ends.

Caught in a Prairie "Muskeg"—A Mexican Carrier—The Artist's House-boat—A Terrific Conflagration—An Easter Ceremony at Jerusalem, etc.



THE first photograph represents an unpleasant and rather exciting experience which occasionally falls to the lot of the Western settler. The correspondent who sends us the photograph writes as follows: "We were driving out to a ranch and had diverged from the trail in order to see a fine collection of brood mares, when we unluckily fell into a swamp. This proved to be a prairie 'muskeg' of the worst description. Both our horses got hopelessly bogged up, like flies in a treacle-pot. When they had been cut loose and the buggy removed, one, by mighty efforts, fought its way to safety, while the other, after a few desperate attempts to escape from the mud and slime, apparently gave up all hope of extricating itself. For three hours we hauled at it, cutting down branches of trees and doing everything else we could think of to give the poor beast a foothold. While this struggle was proceeding it occurred to me to

take a photograph. The camera was stood on a tussock of grass, the tripod sunk in the mud, and as we all slowly subsided together the exposure was made. I am pleased to add that we were eventually able to recover the poor animal alive. A team of strong horses was fetched from a neighbouring ranch, a long rope carried from the bank out to the unfortunate horse, and before it could realize that relief had come it was hauled out to dry land on its back, shivering and groaning, but safe."

The *carreador*, or carrier, of Mexico is a most remarkable individual. He is a carrier's cart of England, the express waggon of the States, and a strong man all in one. Nothing seems too bulky, nothing too heavy for him to carry, and it is quite wonderful how he manages not only to lift, but to balance his cumbersome loads. It is nothing for a man to carry a load weighing four hundred pounds, this being borne either on the top of the head or on the shoulders.



CAUGHT IN A PRAIRIE "MUSKEG"—IT TOOK THREE HOURS TO EXTRACT THE POOR BEAST FROM THE MUD AND SLIME WHICH THREATENED TO SWALLOW IT.
From a Photo. by V. P. Gairdner.



THE MEXICAN CARRIER IS A REMARKABLE INDIVIDUAL AND DOES THE WORK OF A HORSE AND CART. *(Photo.)*

and kept in place by a flat braid passing across the forehead. Men take the place of vehicles in Mexico, all furniture being moved from house to house either on men's heads or shoulders or on small wooden stretchers. The man seen in the photograph is carrying two large tables, four boxes, and a chest of drawers, a feat worthy of a professional strong man, yet quite a common sight in Mexico.

The horse seen in the accompanying snap-



THIS HORSE WEARS A SUN-HAT, TROUSERS, AND AN OVERCOAT. *From a Photo.*

shot is apparently a believer in solid comfort, and also a bit of a dandy. His sun-hat is of the latest summer pattern, and he wears trousers of blue jean to keep the flies from biting his legs. A large piece of canvas over his back shelters him from rain as well as insects. Appreciating the photographer's attempt to make a good picture of him, he apparently tried to smile, but opened his mouth too wide, the result being a kind of horse-laugh. This extraordinarily equipped quadruped was photographed at Toledo, U.S.A., in the summer of last year, while engaged in hauling a waggon laden with furniture. His owner must be both considerate and bold.

We have next to consider a remarkable little mediæval church which was discovered through a dream. A young woman living in a village near Pirot, in Serbia, dreamed one night of a buried church. She spoke of it to the prefect and the local clergy, but they only laughed at



A CHAPEL BUILT FROM THE RUINS OF A MEDIÆVAL CHURCH WHICH WAS DISCOVERED THROUGH A DREAM.

From a Photo.

her. She persisted in her statements, however, and ultimately induced the people to dig at a spot she indicated. Here, to the intense surprise of everyone but the dreamer, the ruins of a mediæval church were found. These were rebuilt as a tiny chapel, and since then hundreds of people have made pilgrimages to the place. The chapel is simply crowded with tablets,

sacred icons, and other tributes of the faithful. The woman whose dream led to its discovery is the presiding genius of the place, and receives so many gifts from the worshippers that she is already quite rich. Our photograph shows the dream-church and its discoverer, with her children.

In a garden belonging to a native at Madras there is a small grove of whip trees. Here all the flying-foxes in the neighbourhood roost during the daytime, hanging with their heads down, like bats. As will be seen from the photograph the trees afford a most remarkable spectacle, as they appear to be covered with a curious kind of fruit. People residing near the spot look on the flying-foxes with disfavour, for when not asleep they spend most of their time in quarrelling, chattering, and screaming incessantly until they become sleepy again. In the evening these curious creatures all fly off to their feeding-grounds, where they remain during the night, returning to their home in the trees at dawn.

There are several well-known artists in this country who make their homes for painting purposes on house-boats and other craft, but it is safe to say that we have no painter who not only lives and works in a floating home, but who also uses it as an exhibition hall for his pictures and as a means of getting from place to place. The accompanying photograph shows the house-boat which is the home of Mr. Nieuwenkamp, a well-known Dutch artist. This little vessel is



A CURIOUS SPECTACLE AT MADRAS—TREES COVERED WITH SLEEPING FLYING-FOXES. [Photo.]

appropriately named the *Roamer*, and in it Mr. Nieuwenkamp travels from place to place painting pictures. Periodically he moors his vessel to the quay at some town or other, and holds

an exhibition and sale of his works, a small entrance fee being charged. When a place has been thoroughly "done," the *Roamer* sails away either to another town or to one or other of the artist's painting-grounds. The boat is beautifully fitted up, the carving and decoration being Mr. Nieuwenkamp's own work.

The impressive photograph we next reproduce shows an oil "gusher" and a tank containing thirty-seven thousand barrels of oil on fire at the "Spindle Top" oil-field in Texas. Just three weeks after the great fire at Jennings,



THIS HOUSE-BOAT IS THE HOME, STUDIO, AND EXHIBITION GALLERY ALL IN ONE OF A WELL-KNOWN DUTCH ARTIST. [Photo.]

described in our January number,* the tank seen on the left of the photograph was mysteriously ignited. Everything hereabouts, even the very derricks themselves, is saturated with oil, and when the great tank burst into flame the fire spread with lightning rapidity.

of the well's gushing propensities. Why one well among so many, all doubtless tapping the same subterranean reservoir, should suddenly commence spouting is inexplicable. No words of description are needed to attest the terrific grandeur of the scene depicted in the



A TERRIFIC OIL-FIRE AT THE "SPINDLETOP" FIELDS, TEXAS—ON THE RIGHT WILL BE SEEN A BLAZING "GUSHER" AND ON THE LEFT A TANK CONTAINING 27,000 BARRELS OF OIL. [By F. J. Frost.]

Everything on the surface was threatened, but there was no danger of the fire sapping out all the valued stores of Mother Earth, as from too much tapping the "gushers" had long since stopped spouting. The fire had not been burning an hour, however, when suddenly, with a roar like a cannon, a great ball of flame shot up from a well beside the burning tank, expanding into a huge sphere as it cleft the suffocating black smoke arising from the burning oil. It poised for a moment—balanced, as it were, on the point of the stream that followed it a hundred and fifty feet into the air—and then burst like a bomb, each of the smaller balls into which it broke flaming as they fell. More mysterious even than the origin of the fire was this revival

photograph, and the striking contrast between the slender fountain of fire and the great billows of jet-black smoke. One's imagination reels at the thought of what might have happened if the conflagration had occurred when all the wells in this region were spouting. After a time the tank fire was starved out by the drawing off of the oil from underneath it. The burning "gusher" presented a more difficult problem, but as luck would have it the stream of oil clogged in some way and the few flames left were soon extinguished, so that when a special train arrived from Houston, bringing a thousand excursionists all eager to see the great fire, there was nothing but the smoking wreckage to be seen, and an army of labourers already hard at work clearing the way for new derricks.

* "Fighting a Fire for a Fortune," by Frederick Moore. — *FIN.*



THE "SHEEPEATERS' MONUMENT" NEAR THUNDER MOUNTAIN,
IDAHO. [Photo.]

The striking photograph reproduced above shows a curious work of Nature near Thunder Mountain, Idaho, U.S.A. This gigantic monolith is eighty feet high, and about ten or twelve feet square at the base, tapering towards the top to about seven feet or less. The great rock poised on the top is estimated to weigh fully ten tons. The obelisk is known as the "Sheep eaters' Monument," and the Indians have a curious legend to account for it. Many years ago, they say, before the white men came, the Sheep eaters were attacked in the valley below the shaft

by a war party of Bannocks from the south. The conflict raged fiercely, but the Sheep eaters, fighting for their homes and hunting-grounds, ultimately defeated their foes. The Great Spirit was told of the battle by the Indians who had been killed in the fight, and gone to the happy hunting-ground. They told the Great Spirit of the valorous deeds of their tribe in defending their homes, and he said that he would build a monument on the battle-ground that should stand for all ages as evidence of the Sheep eaters' prowess. Next spring there came a great snow-slide, and when the grass grew again there stood the monument, about ten feet high, and on the top the balanced rock. The monolith, they say, has grown larger each year, as the Great Spirit has been more pleased with the Sheep eaters. The enemies of the tribe, the Indians declare, were placed underneath the top rock, and there has been no trouble since. As a matter of fact, the monument—which is of a granite like hardness—has been formed by the gradual wearing away of the softer rock formation surrounding it. A more striking natural monument it would be difficult to find anywhere in the world.

At first glance the photo. next reproduced appears to show an elephant sitting down



A CURIOUS ELEPHANT CUT OUT OF THE SOLID ROCK IN A
SWISS RIVULET. [Photo.]

in a running stream, amusing himself by squirting water from his trunk. In reality, however, the gigantic beast is cut out of the solid rock



From a] AN EASTER CEREMONY AT JERUSALEM—WAITING FOR THE "HOLY FIRE." [Photo.

in the middle of a rivulet in the forest of Zürichberg, near Zürich, Switzerland. This curious piece of sculpture was erected by a society in Zürich which occupies its time embellishing the beautiful walks, etc., round about that favourite tourist resort.

The photograph reproduced above was taken in Jerusalem on the eve of the Greek Easter, and shows the courtyard of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at the moment when the great crowd of Russian and other pilgrims who annually visit the place are waiting in suspense for the "holy fire"—which they believe to come direct from Heaven—to be lighted inside. The great bells of the church have just tolled out, and the figure seen running is that of the first person to come out with the sacred flame. This is contained

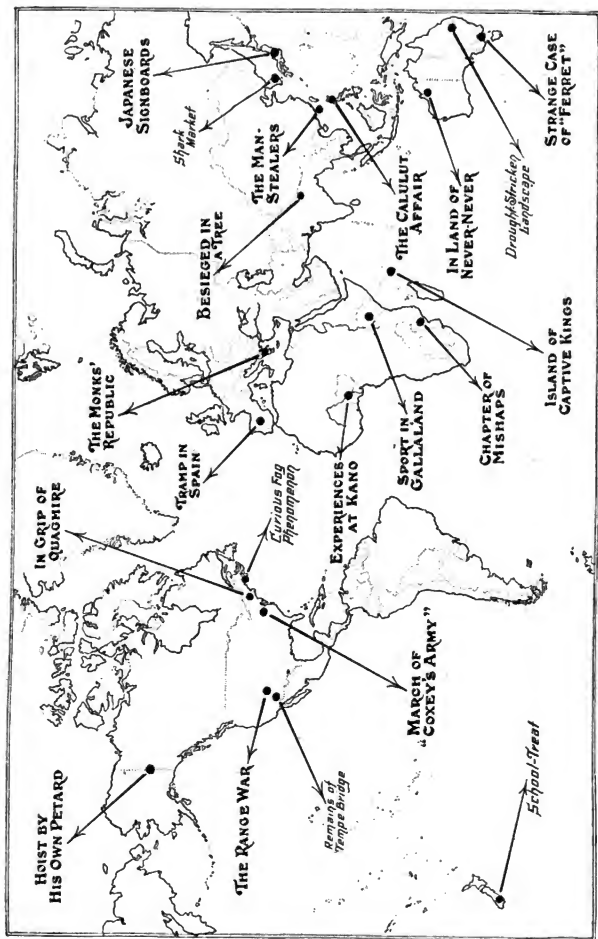
in a lantern, and the man will run with it the whole way to Bethlehem, where the priests are waiting at the altar for it.

The difficulties of travel in the Andes are strikingly shown in our last photograph, which depicts a mule train traversing the snow and ice of one of the high passes. In addition to the fearful cold of these altitudes, the rarefied air causes the blood to ooze from the nose and ears of the unfortunate traveller, while the perils of precipice, avalanche, and tempest menace him on every hand. Yet this terrible range must perforce be crossed by anyone wish-

ing to go from Chili to the Argentine Republic. In winter even this uninviting route is impracticable, no other way being open except the long and perilous sea journey round stormy Cape Horn



From a Photo. by] A MULE TRAIN CROSSING A GLACIER IN THE ANDES. [N. P. Edwards.



THE NOVEL MAP-CONTENTS OF "THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE," WHICH SHOWS AT A GLANCE THE LOCALITY OF EACH ARTICLE AND NARRATIVE OF ADVENTURE IN THIS NUMBER.



"THE MAN ALMOST SPUN IN THE AIR AS HE HURTTLED BACKWARDS INTO THE RIVER."

(SEE PAGE 168.)

THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE.

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No. 62.

A Chapter of Mishaps.

BY LOVAT FRASER.

An account of a disastrous canoe trip up the Zambesi. The native boatmen mutinied and plotted to kill the author; malarial fever laid hold of him; and the wreck of the canoe and a forest fire put an abrupt end to the ill-starred expedition.



I all happened during my recent expedition to Central Africa, when, unaccompanied by any other white man, I set out from Chinde, at the mouth of the Zambesi, with the object of making my way up the river as far as its junction with its tributary, the Shiré, and thence up the latter stream to Chiromo.

There are several river steamers which will convey the traveller with moderate comfort as far up stream as the latter village; but in my own case, having plenty of time on my hands, I decided to essay the journey in an ordinary native canoe, accompanied only by natives.

My craft was one of the most uncomfortable that I have ever been in. It leaked prodigiously, and at the slightest movement of its occupants threatened to overturn the lot of us amongst the hungry-looking crocodiles which abound in the Zambesi and Shiré rivers.

My crew were very little better than the vessel. A more sulky, ill-tempered, lazy, and insolent set it has not often been my misfortune to come across—even among the coast negroes of Equatorial Africa. Before we started upon our long river trip they appeared willing and energetic enough; but once we had left Chinde behind us, and had passed on our right the flourishing sugar plantations at Vicenti, they threw off the mask.

Besides myself and my black servant, our canoe had eight occupants; and the task of looking after these scoundrels, making them work during the day and seeing that they did not run away with any of my property during the night, became after the first week a terrible strain upon my nerves.

The canoe was a very large and heavy one, and as the tree-trunk from which it was formed had been chosen rather for its size than for its straightness, the thing was shaped somewhat like a bow.

To steer this crazy concern, keep an eye on the baling arrangements, and at the same time

incite my lazy crew to the maximum of endeavour took me all my time; and I very soon became altogether too jaded and nerve-harassed to take advantage of the splendid opportunities which offered themselves of bagging some of the innumerable hippopotami and crocodiles which surrounded the boat, to say nothing of the various kinds of game which, as we proceeded farther up stream, abounded upon the banks at night time.

Our progress was necessarily extremely slow, and after about ten days of it I made up my mind to stop at the very first village we should come to after entering the Shiré River, and there await the arrival of the next river steamer which might chance to come along. I had always hitherto disliked these little boats, and had looked upon their small and stuffy sleeping accommodation as something not to be tolerated whilst it was in my power to breathe the free and invigorating—though malaria-impregnated—air of the river-bank. But now, tired out as I was with my long-sustained efforts to keep my crew at work, and low-spirited and despondent from want of food and sleep, I looked forward with longing to once more enjoying a sound night's rest, untroubled by fears as to the safety of my guns and other property, and to getting outside a good square meal in the company of fellow white men, instead of having to content myself with some handfuls of wet native mealie flour, my stock of European provisions having barely sufficed me three days. Moreover, the additions I had anticipated in the shape of guinea-fowl and water-buck I had been unable to go in quest of, for the moment I turned my back I knew my rascally crew would undoubtedly make off with whatever they could lay their hands on.

My practice was to moor the canoe to a convenient tree every evening as soon as it grew dusk. I then had a small tent pitched, in which I collected all my belongings. Outside this I kept a large fire burning, and at intervals

during the night I would reluctantly leave my warm rugs within the tent and take a look round, in order to see that my precious followers had not gone off with the canoe, or in any other way taken advantage of my presumed somnolence.

That these precautions were by no means unnecessary I proved upon several occasions.

I once interrupted a very pretty scheme, having for its object the seizure of my rifle whilst I slept and the "accidental" discharge of its contents into my unconscious head!

This little plot had followed upon a day of more than ordinary trials. We had managed to get the canoe stranded upon a sand-bank, and my crew had resolutely refused to do anything to get her once more adrift. They endeavoured to persuade me to permit them to carry my goods ashore, saying that they knew of an easy path through the forest which would soon bring us to a large village where I would shortly be able to get "estema" (a European boat). They had already gathered that I had had enough of them and their canoe.

I had no difficulty, however, in seeing through this piece of rascality.

Confined within the limited space of the canoe, and immediately under my eyes, it was impossible for them to get safely away with any of my guns or baggage. But once in the thick undergrowth of the forest it would be perfectly easy for them to disappear with my belongings, either singly or all together, and then to meet again on the banks of the river, return to their canoe, and pursue their journey quietly and comfortably in the full enjoyment of my possessions.

It may be well to mention here that these scoundrels were not Chinde negroes, but had come down the Zambesi from the Portuguese settlement at Tete; they were, consequently, very much more independent and insolent than any natives accustomed to British authority would venture to be.

In the present case I pointed out to them that I was perfectly certain that the stranding of our canoe had not been accidental; and I added that I was quite determined that they should by their unaided efforts get her once more adrift.

Neither my native servant (a boy of fifteen) nor myself would in any way assist them.

I was inwardly boiling with rage, for a long series of similar mishaps and annoyances had completely ruined my usually equable temper, but outwardly I was calm and collected, and I remember that it was in almost a mild tone that I remarked quite casually that, unless they immediately set to work, I should proceed forthwith to shoot them one after the other, commencing with the headman, taking one man for each minute that the canoe remained upon the sand-bank.

They looked at me with incredulous, though uneasy, expressions as I slowly drew my loaded revolver from its holster with my left hand. The headman in particular, being the first on my list, seemed especially disquieted. But,

essaying a little bravado, he pointed jeeringly at my pistol, saying, in the tone of a man who is not to be frightened by such child's play, "It's no good; no loaded; no fire. Me no fear, like slave boy here." And he gave a scornful kick to my native servant, who was sitting at my feet in the canoe. He, being acquainted with the ways of Englishmen, had always rendered me such unquestioning obedience as to earn for himself the title of "slave boy" from his fellow-blacks in the boat.

This piece of insolence, offered me thus openly in the presence of all these natives, so angered me that, forgetting the loaded revolver in my left hand, I

let drive with my right fist fairly between the man's eyes; and though for the sake of one's knuckles it is, as a rule, an unwise thing to strike a negro in the face, yet such force did I put into my blow that the man almost spun in the air as he hurtled backwards into the river. To add to the efficacy of my anger, the revolver which I held in my left hand, the trigger compressed in my furious grip, discharged its .450 bullet point-blank into the man's heart as he struck the water!

The discharge of the pistol had been entirely accidental, but my cowardly crew took it as the first step in carrying out my threat to treat the lot of them in a similar manner, and with one accord they snatched up their paddles and



THE AUTHOR, MR. LOVAT FRASER.
From a Photo. by G. T. Jones & Co., Surbiton.

thrust frantically on all sides in a desperate effort to get the canoe once more afloat.

Under the strain thus suddenly put upon it the heavy boat slid instantly from the sand-bank, and its impetus carried it a considerable distance out into the stream. Not one of the headman's companions made the slightest attempt to rescue the corpse; and before I could stay the way on the boat there was an ominous swirl in the water behind us, which told that the crocodiles had scented their prey.

The whole tragedy had happened like a flash, but the impression made upon my men was most salutary. Instead of the laughter and noise with which they usually accompanied their paddling operations, my crew now exchanged sullen looks and whispers; but their energy increased amazingly, and by nightfall we had put a considerable distance between ourselves and the fateful sand-bank.

It was during the night which followed that I overheard the scheme I have previously referred to, and interrupted the men in the very act of discussing the feasibility of murdering me whilst I slept and decamping with my goods.

I decided immediately that my best course was to show a bold front—and, indeed, I can honestly say that I felt no alarm whatever, but merely contempt and loathing for the cowardly scoundrels who, though seven to one, were yet unable to bring themselves to attack me except when asleep and unprepared for their onslaught.

Full of disgust I strode out of my tent and into the centre of the whispering group around the fire. Silence fell upon the party directly I appeared.

A forward drive from the toe of my heavy shooting-boot shifted Juma—one of the most insolent of their number—from his position upon a large log in front of the blaze. Seating myself upon it, I made them all stand up whilst I harangued them.

I had long perceived that I must abandon all idea of the pleasant shooting trip which I had planned out for myself when I first resolved to essay the passage of the river in a native canoe; and my chief object now was to get myself and my belongings as quickly as I possibly could to the habitation of some white settler near the banks of the stream, where I might await at my leisure the passing of the next river steamer. I had conclusively proved the utter futility of kindness or forbearance towards my rascally crew, and I was now fully determined to work them hard, in order to reach some white settlement within the next few days.

This I proceeded to explain very forcibly.

I pointed out that, as I was obliged to keep awake all night owing to their dishonesty and

treachery, I was certainly not going to allow them to enjoy the night's rest which their plotting and scheming prevented me from obtaining; and since I preferred to keep moving rather than spend the night doing nothing in my tent, I meant in future to keep them at work all day and all night until we arrived at the nearest white man's dwelling.

My words were received with many guttural interjections; when I had finished there was a burst of protesting exclamations, mingled with cries of "Koofa! koofa! mfumu" ("We shall die! we shall die! O chief"); "Msungu mtumbi kutali" ("The white man's dwelling is far away"). But my patience was completely exhausted, and by a free use of my shooting-boots I soon had my tent struck and my baggage collected in the boat. In a few minutes we were once more pursuing our tedious journey up stream.

It was about two o'clock in the morning; and though there was a full moon, yet the river was shrouded in a thin, cold mist, which seemed to penetrate to the marrow of my bones, and must have caused no little discomfort to the scantily-clad blacks.

Our progress was naturally extremely slow. We had to keep close in to the bank, and were constantly coming into collision with submerged tree-trunks and little hillocks of mud and sand which just rose above the surface of the water.

From the dark forest alongside arose strange cries and mysterious noises, as the canoe toiled on its way, disturbing in their nightly prowls great numbers of hyenas and jackals, whilst an occasional deep-toned growl and the crashing of some heavy body through the undergrowth showed that some larger beast had been interrupted in its nocturnal drinking.

All around us from the silvery surface of the water, glittering dimly through the mist in the moonlight, there came a constant succession of curious hollow grunts, resembling nothing so much as the protests of a big hog, as the hippopotami—which abound in this part of the Zambesi—raised their massive heads in mid-stream to have a look at us.

There was little to fear from these great beasts unless we should chance to run into one, in which case our canoe would inevitably be upset and we should go to feed the crocodiles.

I felt, however, quite indifferent to this contingency. The trouble and worry which I had undergone during the last few days had brought on an attack of my old enemy, malarial fever; and although my temperature had not, so far, risen much above the normal, yet I felt savage and irritable to a degree which would have been impossible had I been in my usual health.

When morning dawned we could scarcely have advanced more than two miles from our last stopping-place, and my crew were hungry, tired, and shivering, but I kept them hard at work paddling and pushing, lugging the canoe over shallows and baling continually, as the water flowed steadily in through the leak in her keel.

The heat became intense as the sun rose high in the heavens, but I felt no desire either for shade or for food, though my crew kept furtively cramming into their mouths great handfuls of moist mealie flour as they worked at the paddles. I must have become to some extent delirious, for I imagined myself lying on the lounge in the smoking-room of the *Kaiser*, of the German East African Steamship Company (which had brought me from Delagoa Bay to Chinde), whilst someone at my elbow kept pouring out and drinking off glass after glass of iced soda-water.

The sudden cessation of this gastronomical feat brought me abruptly to my senses; and I found that the monotonous lapping of the water against our gunwale had stopped. A glance showed me we were once more firmly wedged upon a sand-bank, almost in mid-stream.

A hasty glance at her keel soon disclosed the reason.

A sharp-pointed bit of timber lying just below the surface (in Africa many species of wood sink in water) had gone clean through her bottom; and as we had no means whatever of patching up the hole it was evident that once we succeeded in shifting the canoe from the sand-bank she would certainly fill and sink immediately.

Here, then, was the finish of my river trip. I could have gnashed my teeth with rage, as I compelled the jabbering rascals, whose carelessness had brought about this misfortune, to gather up my belongings from the bottom of the boat and convey them to a place of safety upon the bank.

The Zambesi, though very broad, is in most places quite shallow, and the water scarcely rose above my waist as, rifle in hand, I waded towards the shore.

The great danger, of course, was from the crocodiles, but I made the men keep close together and shout at the top of their voices, and making as much noise as possible we reached the bank in safety.



MY CREW WERE HARD AT WORK ENDEAVOURING TO DISLodge OUR CRAFT.

My crew, who had evidently been quite unaware of my temporary unconsciousness—for I had been reclining in a sitting posture—were hard at work endeavouring to dislodge our craft; but with all their efforts, which I saw were genuine enough, the boat refused to budge a single inch.

The sun was already setting, and in another quarter of an hour it would be quite dark; so, as it was impossible to continue our journey on foot through the forest at night time, I set my crew to work to clear a space amongst the brushwood and set up my tent.

I had at first suspected that this affair might have been deliberately planned, but the be-

haviour of the men soon convinced me of the contrary. They exhibited every sign of the most intense nervousness, and after a whispered discussion approached me with Juma at their head. I was in no mood, however, for a palaver, and Juma's opening words merely served to increase the irritability from which I was suffering. "Funa tieni, mfumu," he commenced, apprehensively, "iei kalipansi kuno" ("We wish to go on, O chief; not to sit down here").

"You wish to go on, do you? Then go on with your work, you scoundrel," I shouted; "you shall do what I wish now!"

"Iei, nsungu" ("No, white man"), chimed in the others; "no good here; many devils come; we all die!"

This direct contradiction, in my irritable condition, enraged me beyond measure, and I fetched Juma a slap on the side of his head with my open hand. "Die, by all means," I retorted, furiously, "but you shall put up my tent first in spite of the devils."

The fever in my blood had rendered me by this time scarcely responsible for my actions; and there was that in my face which completely cowed and subdued the insubordinate men before me.

They lost no further time in putting up my tent; my baggage was soon safely stored inside, and a big supply of dry brushwood piled near the entrance.

Tired out, my head aching horribly, and too feverish to desire any food, I made fast the flap at the doorway, and then threw myself down on my rugs with my loaded rifle by my side and my revolver under my pillow.

Of the night which followed I cannot even now — many thousands of miles from that accursed spot — recall the events without a shudder. I had not lain many minutes before the swarms of mosquitoes which commenced to throng into the tent caused me perfectly intolerable suffering. I felt at the moment that I could have welcomed death.

I scarcely like to say what might have occurred in my delirium, when suddenly something thin, and stiff, and hooked touched my burning face.

It felt like a piece of wire, but hairy, and with sharp claws attached; and even in my delirious condition I knew at once to what it belonged. As I sprang to my feet I caught a glimpse of the horrible thing — a huge

and bloated tarantula — the largest and most ferocious of the venomous spiders.

A bite from this monster might easily, in my feverish state, have caused death, and I put all my remaining energy into the blows which I aimed at the loathsome thing with the butt-end of my rifle as it sped about the tent. Twice I succeeded in breaking one of the creature's legs, but its activity was incredible, and, so far from avoiding me, it all but managed to fasten its powerful mandibles in my hand by suddenly darting up the stock of the rifle as I struck the ground beside it. I dropped my weapon on the instant, and, in falling, it knocked over the little candle-lamp which I had kept burning in the tent, and immediately I was plunged in darkness. My feelings during that moment were not enviable — expecting each moment to feel the creature's deadly fangs fastened into me. But I somehow managed to undo the flap of my tent, and was soon panting outside in the firelight.

My men were all broad awake and sitting as



"I DROPPED MY WEAPON ON THE INSTANT."

close to my tent as possible; but, contrary to the habit of the African negroes, they uttered no exclamation of surprise at my sudden hasty appearance.

They must have distinctly heard the scuffling which had taken place inside, but they asked no questions, whilst in obedience to my request they removed every article from the tent and thoroughly shook out my pillow and blankets. There was no sign of my late enemy, and but for the two hairy legs which still adhered to the stock of my rifle I might have supposed him to be a figment of my fevered imagination.

There was nothing to be gained by staying out in the open air, except a probably fatal termination to my attack of malaria, so having had my baggage stowed inside again I went back to my rugs and my insect assailants.

I turned over in my mind the inexplicable conduct of my men, whose appearance and behaviour indicated a condition of nerves which could only be the result of some extraordinary and utterly overmastering terror. Junia's countenance in particular had altered from its customary blackish brown to an unearthly kind of grey, and the remainder of my crew were in very similar plight.

I was just recalling to my memory the curious eagerness which they had evinced that evening to proceed on our journey — an eagerness the more remarkable as they were undoubtedly considerably fatigued after their long day's labour and the loss of the preceding night's rest — when my reflections were suddenly put an end to by a hollow, deep-toned growl, which seemed to come from somewhere just outside the tent. The commotion which immediately resulted amongst my men showed me that they also heard and understood the significance of the sound. Snatching up my loaded rifle I hurried out.

The night was pitch-dark, the moon being obscured by thick banks of cloud,

but the fire was burning up brightly, and by its light I was able to see a few yards into the thick forest which surrounded us. It would have been madness to quit for an instant that circle of light, and with the men huddled together behind me I stood for some time peering into the dense gloom. Far away in the forest I could hear the sharp barking of a jackal and then the horrible, blood-curdling cry of a hyena. But the soul-stirring growl which had disturbed me was not repeated; and presently some distance away on my right a deep-throated, booming roar seemed to indicate that the enemy had taken himself off in search of a meal less on the alert than myself.

Once more I re-entered my tent; but my nerves were now raw and quivering, and the sight of a colony of white ants streaming under the tent cover seemed to be the last straw. These pests appear to nourish themselves solely upon travellers' baggage—what they eat when there are no travellers about I cannot imagine.

I sat down disconsolately upon one of my boxes, and with my elbows on my knees supported my aching head between my hands.

I had been in this position about five minutes when a sudden gust blew open the flap of my tent and sent a swirl of dust and dead leaves inside. The wind was rising rapidly, and



"THE WIND BLEW A PERFECT HURRICANE."

in a short time the air became so thick with dust that I could hardly breathe.

In these latitudes a tempest will frequently arise apparently from nowhere, and after raging in ever-increasing fury for an hour or so will disappear as suddenly as it came.

In the present case the wind blew a perfect hurricane. Half choked with dust, I clutched wildly at my rugs and pillow, but the latter was torn out of my hand and, with the flap of the tent, vanished for ever in the river behind me.

Nearly blinded, I got outside just as the tent itself gave way; but I managed to grip the guy ropes, and stirring up my crew—who were all lying flat upon their faces—we held on for all we were worth to the mass of fluttering canvas.

It seemed to me that the cyclone would never cease.

Scarcely able to breathe, my eyes tightly closed, and my fever-racked head feeling as though about to burst, I was just able to say to myself, "Now I have touched bed rock; my troubles can't possibly get any worse than this," when suddenly my unspoken thoughts were proved to be premature. A groan from the man beside me made me open my eyes, and I saw that he lay crushed to the earth beneath a huge bough torn by the fury of the blast from a neighbouring tree.

It may give some idea of the horrible crashing and rending going on in the forest around us when I say that I had been quite unaware of the fall of this great mass close beside me.

The man's back was broken, but it was unfortunately out of my power to render him any assistance, and in a few minutes he was dead.

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It had become impossible any longer to hold on to the tent, which in another moment would have dragged the whole lot of us into the river, and the next gust tore it from our hands.

But now the greatest danger of all was about to threaten. Two hundred yards ahead of me, as I crouched on the ground with my back to the river, I became aware of a strange, ruddy light dancing amongst the trees. It grew and grew in the strong wind with frightful rapidity, and with absolute despair in my heart I saw that the forest was on fire and that the flames, driven by the tempest, were licking up the trees with appalling speed. The origin of such a monstrous blaze so far from any human habitation was to me utterly inexplicable and its rapid development simply amazing.



"THE FLAMES WERE LICKING UP THE TREES WITH APPALLING SPEED."

Behind us lay the black and cruel river, teeming with crocodiles, effectually preventing any chance of escape in that direction. On either side spread the thick jungle and twisted undergrowth, rendering progress even in broad daylight a slow and arduous business, and by

night practically impossible. My prospects looked poor indeed; but with the fever in my brain, and my fatigued and aching body, I felt that I did not greatly care. I lay there in a kind of stupor and watched the fast approaching flames devouring in their terrible greed the tallest trees like so many fagots.

The air was full of hurtling branches and whirling leaves, and volumes of thick black smoke rushed by on the wings of the wind.

The night had now become as bright as day; and the crimson glare of the flames was reflected from the dense clouds which shrouded the sky overhead. To my fevered fancy the noise and din of the tempest, the falling branches and swirling leaves, the hurrying columns of smoke and steam glowing red in the light of the fierce-blazing trees, the crouching black forms around me, and the distorted face of the dead man, all seemed to form part of some awful and terrifying nightmare.

I think that for a single instant I must have lost consciousness, for I have a vague idea of some hideous and indescribable thing or things rushing hither and thither around and over me.

But as I slowly came to myself one great and incredible fact quickly impressed itself upon me. The wind had ceased as suddenly as it had begun, and in its stead the rain was falling in perfect torrents. The force and energy of tropical rain are very generally known, but the deluge which followed exceeded in copiousness any rain I have ever experienced.

To say that it descended in bucketfuls would be very much understating the case. It came down in a regular Niagara, and beneath this immense avalanche of water the flames quickly diminished and shrank away, the clouds of smoke were replaced by volumes of white steam, and in a short time, save for the swish

of the rain amongst the trees, quiet was once more restored where but lately there had been pandemonium. But all this had been too much for my fever-weakened brain.

I fainted dead away, and did not return to consciousness until the sun was already high in the heavens and the air had become thick with steam from the fast drying earth.

I found that the body of the dead man still lay at my side. In front of me, seated on their haunches, with my belongings neatly arranged beside them, were three of my seven followers.

Of the other four, one lay dead beneath the tree-trunk, but three of my boatmen and my native servant had completely disappeared.

It was in vain that I questioned the remaining men: they either could or would say nothing. So I ordered them to march in front of me with my baggage, and we set out without further



THE HUT AT WHICH THE AUTHOR ARRIVED WITH HIS THREE REMAINING BOATMEN
From a [Photo.] AFTER HIS TERRIBLE JOURNEY.

delay in search of a white settlement.

I need not describe the ensuing two days, but on the evening of the second day we came across the hut of an ex-employé of the African Lakes Corporation. From him I learned that we had long passed the mouth of the Shire River where it flows into the Zambesi, and had proceeded some considerable distance beyond it alongside the banks of the latter stream. My boatmen must have overshot our mark during my period of unconsciousness in the canoe the day we got wrecked on the sand-bank; and my host was of opinion that had it not been for that accident my crew had intended to run me ashore near some village of their own, and there to rob and murder me whilst I slept.

This view seemed the more probable as my three remaining followers vanished during the first night I spent at my new friend's house, and I never saw or heard of any of them again. And so ended my pleasant little shooting trip and its chapter of mishaps.

MY EXPERIENCES AT KANO,

And What I Saw on the Way.

BY THE REV. A. E. RICHARDSON.

Until the British troops under Colonel Morland planted the Union Jack on the walls of Kano in February, only three living Englishmen had visited this mysterious Mohammedan city during recent years. Three years ago Mr. Richardson accompanied Bishop Tugwell's mission to the "Manchester of the Soudan," and he here recounts his experiences during that memorable visit. The excellent photos. illustrating the article were taken by the Rev. J. C. Dudley Ryder.



HE question has often been asked, "What is there to be found in the interior of the Dark Continent? What should we discover if we penetrated the great forest and journeyed far from its surf-beat shore?"

If you are fortunate enough to possess one of those ancient "globes" from which our forefathers learnt "geography" (when not engaged in the exciting pastime of spinning it round upon its axis) hasten to look at the Niger district. What is now so familiar as Upper Nigeria is there labelled with precision "Desert—occupied chiefly by wild elephants." What a vast mistake! The great city of Kano has existed at least a thousand years—hidden away in the heart of Africa, unheard of and unknown.

Very few white people had ever set foot inside the place until our black troops, under Colonel Morland, captured it on February 3rd of this year. And what is found there? Are the Hausas cannibals? Do they revel in human sacrifices? And does their morning dress consist merely of bows and arrows? Far from it.

The country lying northward beyond the great Niger River in West Africa is not endless forest peopled by pagan or pigmy hiding in mountain cave or forest den, or living in miserable mud hovels. It is occupied by the mighty Hausa nation—the most powerful and the most interesting of any race in the continent of Africa. At least fifteen million people inhabit the Hausa States—dwelling in vast walled cities, and possessing a civilization which is at once the astonishment and the bewilderment of the world.

But, amazed at its existence and perplexed at its origin as we well may be, yet this marvellous civilization exists, raising the Hausa head and shoulders above all the other six hundred tribes

in Africa. For the power of this people does not lie in its mighty walls, nor in strength of arm alone. The Hausa has an intellect not a whit inferior to that of the European. He is bright and witty, cultured and courteous. Police patrol the streets of his cities; schools are dotted here and there, wherein the rising generation is taught to read and write and sew, and herein is the greatest wonder—the Hausas possess a literature and are able to read and write. What other native race throughout the length and breadth of the country can make a like boast?

But this marvellous land is not a paradise. It has for centuries been darkened by the shadow of that worst of all evils—the slave trade. There are some ten million slaves in that fertile country. The imagination can perhaps fill in the background to this statement. Tyranny, oppression, and crime are prominent. The white man, however, can never know a tithe of the horrors that are involved in that one word—slavery. My memory reverts to stories of heartless cruelty and abuse learnt from the lips of the emancipated victims themselves.

It is not my object, however, to picture the people, but rather to tell of a journey made three years ago right up to the great city of Kano. It was my privilege with three other men to accompany that best of all leaders, the Right Rev. Bishop Tugwell, in his quest to extend the spiritual "sphere of influence" of this vast diocese on the West Coast.

We purposed to reach Kano city, establish a mission there in the interests of the Church Missionary Society, and to strive to dispel the darkness of Mohammedanism by the admission of the light of Christianity. So we set out from Lagos on our journey of six hundred miles. Our only weapons were a rifle and a double-



From a A TYPICAL YORUBA VILLAGE, SHOWING THE PAROCHIAL GRANARIES. *[Photo.]*

barrelled gun, wherewith we added to the attractions of our larder. Our goods were packed in boxes not exceeding seventy pounds in weight, to be carried upon the heads of men hired for the purpose. We made a start, with our cheerful carriers as full of fun as a pack of school-boys. The coloured man—like his washed-white brother—has his faults, but he is a delightful companion.

Our road lay first through the Ijebu-odi country—the land of those splendid fellows who so bravely withstood the onslaught of the Fulah conquerors and limited their progress. Then into Yorubaland we came. The smaller towns have no walls, and the first photo. shows one of the many Yoruba villages through which we passed. It was not scrupulously clean. The parochial granaries, standing on billiard-table legs of mud and surmounted by thatched nightcaps, stood in the centre of the hamlet. A smoky fire cooked a well-smoked meal, whilst a score of vultures, with confidence inspired by their repulsiveness and unpalatability, kept vigil close at hand, ready to seize any opportunity of securing food by means fair or foul.

Yet why does not the Yoruba devour the vulture? He eats most

things. One of our men, to whom we graciously gave an emaciated fowl—which must have died of starvation had its life been spared but an hour—roasted it and ate it, bones and all.

I have seen these men scaling city walls to collect a basketful of snails, and have passed their huts at sundown only to find them cooking and eating this luxury, whilst surrounded by an odour better imagined than described. Moreover, when our agent told us the sad news of the death of one of our horses, he hastened to add that its carcass had been sold for thirty-five shillings to provide a great feast!

On one occasion a messenger of ours was robbed of his horse by brigands. The Bishop sent down to demand restitution. With their accustomed courtesy the robbers returned the horse's tail, with regrets that they could not



A YORUBA WHO CAME TO INSPECT THE CAMP—HE LITTLE THOUGHT THAT HE WAS BEING PHOTOGRAPHED! *[Photo.]*

refund the remainder—they had already devoured it. Did they suppose that the white man also considered horse-tail soap a luxury?

Needless to say, we were a constant source of amusement and astonishment to the natives. They came at all hours of the day to see us—and laugh!

The solemn individual in the second photograph chose the heat of the day to inspect our quarters. And it is hot at noontide. Not a breath of air—not a vestige of living creature. All is hushed. No song or cry of bird or noise of insect breaks the death-like silence. All sleeps. You can almost hear the birds breathing! No doubt our visitor concluded that we too were slumbering, and little thought his “face would be taken away” by that mystery of mysteries—the camera.

At last the lordly Niger is reached—that great artery of the West Coast which at Lokoja (three hundred and fifty miles above the sea) is five miles across during the wet season.

We struck the river at Jebba—seen in the third



[From a]

THE CAMP OF THE PARTY AT JEBBA.

[Photo.]

snap-shot—a place five hundred and fifty miles above its mouth, the head-quarters of the Government until last year.

The arrival of the mails was always a time of great excitement. The stern-wheeled *Empire*

made a pretty picture as she steamed quickly up stream, whilst hundreds of the idle and curious rushed down to see her moored. The river is a stupendous sight to the slave from the interior. When brought down country to its banks it was no uncommon thing for a man to faint at the sight of so much water.

And the steam-boats! What rumours were circulated along the Niger's shores! The dwellers on the river's banks were firmly



[From a]

VIEW OF JEBBA, SHOWING THE RIVER MAIL-STEAMER.

[Photo.]



THE MYSTERIOUS JU-JU ROCK—THE NATIVES DECLARED THAT IT WAS UNCLIMBABLE.
From a [Photo.] UNTIL TWO BRITISH OFFICERS SCALED IT.

persuaded that the funnels were cannons on end and lighted ready to fire! The white man, they declared, had only to lower the funnel and great iron balls would belch forth therefrom!

Before the removal of the head-quarters of the Government to Zunguru, the military camp was situated on the island at Jebba. A few white houses can be seen to the right of our fourth picture, whilst an eminence known as the Ju-ju Rock stands out in the distance. A better view of this noble crag is given in the above photograph, which was taken from the north bank of the river, which here flows from west to east.

The Ju-ju Rock is sacred in the eyes of the people. No man can set foot on it—still less reach the summit, they say. Two English officers determined to disabuse the natives' minds of this illusion, and gaily set forth to scale the height. They speedily returned—very much to the delight of the black troops—with a little more than they bargained for.

No spirits barred their way, however. Far worse than that—a swarm of bees made havoc of their feelings! Not to be beaten, they returned to the charge and climbed by another path. The

summit reached, a gun was fired and the Union Jack planted. Thus was a ridiculous belief finally exploded and common sense vindicated.

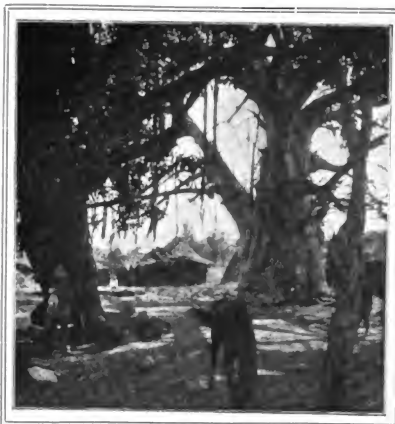
The river here—as elsewhere—abounds in crocodiles. Whilst we were at Jebba several disasters occurred. One brute was known to have eaten twelve men. He helped himself to an arm to remind us that he was still eating.

We were not sorry to leave unhealthy Jebba and to get well away into the interior. We passed Zunguru, the present head-quarters of the Government, but then mere virgin bush.

The Nupé people, through whose territory we passed, are great huntsmen, and are very proud of their prowess in the chase. Hence the establishment of most unique open-air museums such as the one depicted in the next illustration. The warriors pile upon a raised stand horns and tusks and even mammoth bones—the trophies of the hunt. Thus the spirit of emulation is kept alive in the young



AN OPEN-AIR MUSEUM OF HUNTING TROPHIES IN A SUPÉ VILLAGE.
From a Photo.



From a]

A SCENE IN THE FOREST.

[Photo.

men, the exhibition standing as a permanent record of the prowess of the inhabitants of the village.

The forest itself, however—a glimpse of it is

here shown—is very disappointing. A few giant trees stand up above their fellows, the cotton trees being especially fine; but as a rule the country is only thinly wooded. Shade is very much sought after, and nearly every town can boast of magnificent trees in its near vicinity, whilst the foliage within the walls presents a very pleasing effect.

Once you reach the Hausa country you notice that every town and village possesses its wall, as shown in the last photograph. Some of the walls are rather tumble-down and quaint, and nearly all aspire after turrets. The city gates are closed at sunset, not only to exclude wild animals, but also to guard against a sudden raid. For no one is safe from the malice of the slave-trader.

The women work hard. Polygamy is defended on the plea that one wife cannot prepare enough food for her lord and master! Moreover, when I explained that in England a man was allowed only one wife, I was told that it was flying in the face of Providence.

“Only look at your hand,” they cried. “God made it. There are four fingers to one thumb, and thus God teaches us that one man may have four wives!”



EVERY TOWN AND VILLAGE IN HAUSALAND POSSESSES ITS WALL, THE GATES BEING CLOSED AT
 From a] SUNSET—THIS IS DONE TO GUARD AGAINST RAIDS BY SLAVE-TRADERS. [Photo.

(To be continued.)

BESIEGED IN A TREE.

AN OFFICER'S ADVENTURE WITH A "ROGUE" ELEPHANT.

By C. E. GOULDSBURY, DISTRICT SUPERINTENDENT OF THE BENGAL POLICE.

The author writes: "This story is an account of a terrible adventure which happened to a friend of mine—Lieutenant (now Captain) R. McLeod Porteous, of the Indian Staff Corps. His regiment was quartered in the district to which I was attached at the time, and as he related his experiences to me a few days after the occurrence all the facts were still fresh in his mind and made a lasting impression on mine."



HE wing of the regiment to which my friend Porteous belonged, the 9th Bengal Infantry, was quartered on a hill some two thousand feet above the plains, which were covered by vast and almost impenetrable jungles, intersected by swift-rushing mountain streams and infested with herds of wild elephant. Rhinoceroses, tigers, and leopards were also abundant, and pig and deer of all kinds were so plentiful and such comparatively easy prey that the tigers and leopards had ample for their sustenance without being constrained, as is usually their wont, to kill the cattle belonging to the few villages scattered here and there along the military road passing through the forest. Hence the usual methods of hunting these animals, by watching over the carcass of any cow or bullock killed by them and reported by the owner, or beating the particular patch of jungle into which such carcass had been dragged, could not be adopted; therefore, the only plan likely to be successful was to tie up an old bullock or cow occasionally at nights in some run or path known to be frequented by tigers. If a "kill" took place a platform was hastily constructed in the branches of a tree nearest to the spot, and here the sportsman took up his position at sundown on the chance of the tiger returning to finish what was left of his previous night's dinner. This plan was almost invariably adopted, and most frequently by my young friend, who, being a keen and fearless sportsman, thought little of the risks from fevers or the discomfort, not to say danger, necessarily attendant on these night-long vigils.

He had pursued these tactics for some weeks, but so far had not been fortunate—either his "baits" broke away and wandered home or were killed during the dark phases of the moon. He watched over some of these "kills" and fired a shot or two in the direction in which the tiger could be heard at his meal, but whether he hit or missed he could not tell; at any rate, the morning light never revealed anything dead, except the remains of the unfortunate "kill."

However, perseverance at last was apparently about to be rewarded, for one bright afternoon, at a time when the moon was at her best, the shikari, who had been to visit the "baits," reported that a bullock, tied in the bed of a dry river in the heart of the forest, had been killed, apparently by a large tiger, as the body had been dragged a considerable distance into a comparatively open patch of jungle, close to which was a suitable tree for a platform, the upper branches commanding a full view of the carcass. The shikari added that he had already constructed the "machan," or platform, and suggested that as evening was approaching the sahib had better start at once. Porteous, as may be supposed, was not likely to make any unnecessary delay, but as the distance was about five miles, and it was likely to be late before he could reach the spot, he obtained permission from his commanding officer to take one of the regimental elephants, a steady old female, on which, with his "577 Express and a couple of rugs, with the shikari behind him, he was soon *en route*.

When he arrived at the "kill" it was getting dark, but still there was sufficient light to clamber into the tree, which he did off the elephant's back and with the assistance of the shikari. He noticed as he got up that the tree was rather a slender one. However, as he found his platform steady enough and sufficiently high to be safe from any attack the tiger could make, he felt quite secure; and so, dismissing the shikari and elephant with instructions to stay the night in a village about two miles off and to come for him in the morning, he made himself as comfortable as he could on his lofty perch and waited longingly for the moon to rise, as he feared, in spite of the disturbance caused by his arrival, that the tiger might come while it was yet dark. But apparently "Stripes" had no such intention, for two or three long hours passed without any signs of him.

The moon was now shining brightly and all around was as light as day. Porteous noticed that, though there was very heavy jungle for

miles around, immediately to the right of where he sat the cover was comparatively light, thinning down to low scrub in the direction of the river-bed, which was plainly visible about a hundred yards off. He had completed his reconnaissance and was beginning to find the time going rather slowly when he fancied he heard the soft, muffled tread and low, purring sound, so familiar to the sportsman, with which a tiger approaches when suspecting danger. Soon these sounds became so distinct and drew nearer so steadily that Porteous felt the tiger might show at any moment. He had brought his rifle to the ready when he heard at some little distance off, but rapidly approaching, a noise as of several heavy bodies crashing quickly through the jungle fringing the opposite bank of the river-bed, and loud squeals and trumpeting, as if all the elephants in the country had assembled. Soon a gigantic male elephant, with huge tusks,



"A GIGANTIC MALE ELEPHANT RUSHED OUT INTO THE RIVER-BED."

rushed out into the river-bed, and going down it as fast as he could disappeared from view. He was followed almost immediately by a large herd of some twenty elephants, evidently in pursuit of him, and apparently in a furious rage, for they were squealing and trumpeting as they went, and going at a tremendous pace, as though determined to catch the fugitive.

All chance of the tiger was now of course at

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an end, for, though tigers are not as a rule shy of wild elephants, a disturbance of the kind I have described was enough to scare any wild animal.

Porteous was naturally much interested in the very rare scene he had just witnessed, for it is not every sportsman who has the luck to see an unruly "tusker" being driven out of a herd; at the same time, he could not but feel that "the show" had not only lost him his tiger, but had condemned him to a long and useless solitary vigil for the rest of the night. He little thought of the exciting experience which was in store for him.

The troop of pursuing elephants had now passed out of sight, but could still be heard faintly in the distance, and Porteous made preparations for passing as comfortable a night as was possible under the circumstances. Accordingly, securing his rifle as best he could to the platform, he lay down, inclined to sleep, but kept awake by a faint hope that the tiger might yet return. He was, however, just dozing off when he was aroused by the noise of the herd returning, and soon saw them, in Indian file, passing quietly up the river-bed on their way back to the jungle from which they had originally come. They were quickly out of sight and hearing. From their present quiet and peaceful demeanour it was evident that the "rogue" had been effectively driven off—at least, this

was the conclusion arrived at by the young sportsman, who, now that this little excitement was over, lit his pipe for a final smoke before returning to

his rugs. He had hardly begun, however, when he heard what sounded like another elephant moving through the jungle into which the "rogue" had been driven, and suddenly a large tusker appeared walking slowly up the river-bed. As he came in a line with Porteous's tree he halted, and raising his trunk in the air appeared to be scenting something. Then, turning to his right, he came

slowly on, scenting as he walked; this movement brought him to within some twenty-five yards abreast of the tree. To Porteous, who was watching him with considerable interest, he appeared as though about to pass on into the jungle, when, without the slightest warning, the great brute, suddenly turning at right angles to his course, charged straight at the tree! Fortunately for Porteous he was standing up at the time, with his hand on a bough, and had just time to throw his arms round it. Otherwise, so completely had he been taken by surprise that the terrific crash which followed would most certainly have hurled him off the platform and left him at the mercy of the furious beast below.

As it was, he had the greatest difficulty in maintaining his position, for, not satisfied with the one attempt, the elephant returned again and again to the charge, the tree bending to each blow, having, as already mentioned, a somewhat slender trunk and being a comparatively young and elastic tree. Had it not been so it must assuredly have snapped under the heavy blows so frequently repeated.

In the meanwhile the young officer's position was indeed a most perilous one, and his feelings may be better imagined than described. He could not tell how long the elephant would persist in his attacks nor how much longer the tree would withstand them. Casting a hurried look down he found that another misfortune had befallen him — his rifle had slipped from its place on the platform and had stuck in some branches a little lower down, where he could not reach it without relinquishing his hold of the bough. This he dared not do, as the elephant, when not actually butting at the tree, watched him intently, the slightest move-

ment on his part being immediately followed by an impetuous charge.

This extraordinary one-sided duel had been going on for about ten minutes when the elephant, apparently tired of his futile attempts to dislodge the sportsman, or to gain time to concoct a fresh plan of attack, began to march slowly off. Seizing this opportunity Porteous let go his hold and, leaning over the platform, seized his rifle, but the very slight noise he made in recovering it was sufficient for the wily brute below, who turned in a second and charged more furiously than ever. Luckily Porteous had regained his position before the shock came, and was able, though with diffi-



"THE GREAT BRUTE SEIZED HOLD OF IT WITH HIS TRUNK."

culty, as he was now hampered by the gun, to hold on.

The elephant charged once more and then suddenly changed its tactics. Putting up its trunk in search of something to lay hold of, it saw the end of the thin rope with which the platform had been secured to the branch. This had slipped off in the struggle and was now dangling down. The great brute promptly seized hold of it with his trunk, and Porteous, to his intense horror and consternation, found himself being gradually drawn towards the ground, as the bough bent under the strain! The branch creaked and must soon have parted, when providentially the rope snapped and the bough, rebounding with considerable force, nearly accomplished what the elephant had been so long attempting to do. Fortunately, however, Porteous was prepared, and, though much bruised and shaken, still held on.

Now came his opportunity. The elephant, for the moment taken by surprise, stood still, gazing upwards, and Porteous, placing the muzzle of his rifle between his left arm and the bough, fired it at the brute's head, hitting him, apparently, but too high up for the shot to be fatal. Maddened with rage and pain, the now doubly infuriated animal dashed at the tree again, but, missing it in his headlong charge, passed on, giving Porteous time to fire the second barrel, which he did, apparently with considerable effect, for the elephant on receiving the shot seemed to quicken its pace and dashed into the jungle. By this time Porteous had put in fresh cartridges, and he now fired both barrels in quick succession at what he could see of the retreating animal through the trees. These shots evidently settled any doubt the elephant might have had as to returning to the attack, for he continued his flight, as could be guessed from the sounds of his heavy tread and the crashing of the jungle, which became fainter and fainter, till finally lost altogether in the distance.

Porteous had now leisure to consider his position, and could but feel thankful for his marvellous escape. Not that he was by any means out of the wood yet, in more senses than one. Consulting his watch, he found it was but little past one o'clock, and he could look for no succour for another four or five hours to come. In the meanwhile the elephant might return at any moment—he knew full well the vindictive disposition of these animals, particularly the solitary “rogues”—and if this one did return, further infuriated as it was by the wounds it had received, it would not be likely to retire again without making every effort to obtain its revenge.

It was, therefore, necessary to be fully prepared for such a contingency. But what could be done to make his position more secure? He looked about him in the hope of finding a tree better suited to withstand the severe shocks he had experienced, but could not see one that he had any means of climbing. Then the idea of getting down and making his way through the forest occurred to him, but only to be dismissed as hopelessly impracticable; for, in the first place, he was not at all sure that he could find his way to the village where his own elephant was, and there was no other refuge for him. Secondly, for all he knew, the “rogue” might have worked his way round to the very jungle through which his path lay. No; there was nothing to be done but to stay where he was and to go through the long, anxious hours with all the fortitude he could summon. So hauling in what remained of the dangling rope, which had so nearly proved fatal to him, he sat down on the platform and commenced his long and anxious vigil. Sleep was of course out of the question, for even had he felt drowsy he dared not yield to the feeling, for if the elephant returned obviously his only chance was to be fully prepared for him, and if possible to give him a fatal shot or cripple him before he had time to charge. But, as a matter of fact, sleep was the last thing he thought of; the events of the night had been far too exciting, and the recollection of the horrors he had so recently undergone were more than sufficient to dispel any feelings of somnolence.

Hour after hour dragged slowly on, each one seeming longer than the last, but happily they brought no sign of the “rogue's” return. At last the dawn appeared, and shortly afterwards a distant rustling told of something approaching, and soon the heavy tread and crashing of branches left little doubt as to what it was. Porteous, seizing his rifle, started up. “The ‘rogue’ again!” was naturally his first thought, but now the sound of human voices reached his ears, and a minute or two later, instead of the truculent “tusker” he had expected, there appeared in the river-bed the benign countenance of the good-tempered, old lady off whose back he had scrambled the night before into his uncomfortable and perilous position in the tree.

Never was sight of elephant more welcome, for Porteous had not expected his deliverance so early. He was soon on her back joggling merrily homewards, and congratulating himself on being still alive to tell the tale of his midnight adventure with a wild elephant!

The Man - Stealers.

BY CAPTAIN WILTON FORSTER, LATE OF THE IMPERIAL CHINESE NAVY.

An incident of the horrible Chinese coolie slave trade. The author held a roving commission to hunt for pirates, but by mistake pursued a slaver, the result being a stiff fight, the destruction of the kidnappers at the hands of the people whose homes they had rendered desolate, and the release of the unfortunates aboard the slaver.



URING the latter days of the coolie slave trade* I was an officer in the Chinese Imperial Navy, with a rank equivalent to that of commander in our own. I had been for some time engaged in hunting down the Hing Ti pirates, the terrible "Brotherhood of the Seven Pirate Captains." By means of successful ruses and surprises I had already been fortunate enough to kill or capture three of these captains and most of their crews. One of the vessels I had taken was a sort of cross between a fore-and-aft schooner and the fastest kind of Chinese junk—a very smart little craft of some ninety tons burden. This vessel had been known far and wide as the *Red Pirate*, because its late owners, in staining her light canvas sails so as to resemble the thin, flexible mat ones of the junks, had contrived accidentally to tinge them a reddish hue.

I had persuaded the authorities to allow me to have this craft fitted up as a Government vessel and to put my fifty foreign drilled seamen and Marines on board her. A Chinese military mandarin of the rank of major was associated with me—as was customary—in order to facilitate any arrangements I might need to make with officials on shore. The ship's armament consisted of a long brass twelve-pounder and four long "sixes" in the bow and stern ports. With this fast and useful vessel and my smart crew I hoped to do great execution among the pirates.

When well out at sea the ex-*Red Pirate* was restored to her old appearance sufficiently, at least, to be able to defy any but the very closest scrutiny. Uniforms, arms, armament, and

European officer all vanished, and an apparently unarmed vessel of doubtful appearance, with but a few men in her, remained.

We sailed quietly along till we reached the port of Pinghoi, entering the harbour just as day was breaking.

I had been asleep some three hours or so when the rays of the rising sun, entering the stern ports and falling on my face, aroused me. Ever a light sleeper, I sat up and was looking at my watch when a rush of men on deck, with the creaking and groaning of the gun-ropes, caused me to spring out of my berth in double-quick time. Hastily donning helmet, tunic, and sword-belt, I sprang up the companion-ladder in time to witness a most extraordinary scene.

The vessel had just entered the harbour. The peaceful traders and numerous small craft therein seemed in a state of mad panic. Their crews were frantically rushing about, some beating gongs and others firing crackers. Great cargo vessels were hastily hoisting their sails and cutting their cables in order to escape out to sea, while the whole of the female population of the place were apparently screaming together in shrill chorus! But in contrast to all this abject terror were some dozen or so of fishing craft anchored by themselves, the "tankars," or fishermen, on which were busy loading antiquated iron guns of small calibre and handing up matchlocks and gingsals from below with an evident intention of using them!

Then the meaning of it all began to dawn on me. Looking towards the foremast head, where—it being after sunrise—the Imperial Dragon ought to have been flying, I discovered that my impudent blackguards had seen fit to hoist the dreaded three-cornered blood-red flag of the pirate brotherhood in its place, while the beams of the morning sun, falling on the sails, showed up the peculiar tint of the *Red Pirate's* canvas to perfection! That nothing might be wanting to complete the effect of their practical joke some two score of the rascals, stripped to the waist, were "making believe" to handle the guns or flourishing boarding-pikes in the most ferocious fashion, meanwhile exchanging broad grins to indicate their delight at the success of their trick.

* The Chinese coolie trade, which originally purposed to supply labourers for the mines in Peru and Cuba and the guano pits of the Chincha Islands, had by the last quarter of the nineteenth century become simply a form of the slave trade and a disgrace to civilization. Young men of the upper and middle as well as of the lower classes were frequently kidnapped by force or fraud by these "coolie traders," and their sufferings on the voyage to South America equalled the horrors of the famous "Middle Passage." The survivors on arrival were forced to work in gangs under overseers armed with cowhide whips. In 1850, out of four thousand coolies who had been sent to the Chincha Islands guano pits during a space of about seven years, not one survived! Some had poisoned themselves; others deliberately jumped over the cliffs and drowned themselves in the sea. The coolies were imbrued in the Portuguese barracks at Macao till put on board the South American or Portuguese vessels, many hundreds at a time. Official representations concerning this horrible traffic eventually caused the British Government to take action, and with the support of the British fleet China was enabled to suppress it.—AUTHOR.

The unholy joy of the Hakkas at their trick's success was quickly changed to apprehension as I stepped on to the deck, but all fear of my displeasure quickly faded before the imminent peril we stood in of getting blown out of the water as a consequence of their daring "lark." For from the lee side of a small island there suddenly appeared the huge new junk of the Chinese admiral, and

double discomfiture of the inhabitants and my European-drilled men—neither being exactly beloved of the mandarin order—and said no more about the matter. On learning that I was going ashore he offered to go with me to expedite my getting a supply of fresh provisions, and to smooth over any difficulties caused by my men's misconduct. Admiral Wang then seated himself beside me, preferring my whale-



"THERE SUDDENLY APPEARED THE HUGE JUNK OF THE CHINESE ADMIRAL."

above its bright teakwood sides and yellow metal sheathing, flashing in the sun, protruded the grinning muzzles of a battery of nine long eighteen-pounders, while with thoughtful consideration a huge thirty-two-pounder amidships was being specially trained on to the *Red Pirate*. The tide was running swiftly, and, combined with the exertions of some one hundred and fifty men at the long oars or sweeps, was rapidly bringing the mandarin's vessel broadside within half musket-shot when I sprang into the bows and by dint of shouting and waving my helmet succeeded in averting the admiral's fire. A boat was then quickly dragged from under a pile of deck lumber concealing it, and the men, having resumed their uniforms, manned it and pulled me over to the Chinese admiral's vessel, in order to explain matters to that puzzled Celestial. He, being a good-natured mandarin, only indulged in broad grins at the

boat to his own huge, unwieldy, shoe-shaped punt. The interpreter and the major quickly followed, and we went ashore to visit the tepo, or head magistrate of the place.

After we had gone through the formalities of greeting a very animated discussion arose regarding the recent doings of the "man-stealers" on that part of the coast. It appeared that one of their craft had actually had the audacity to enter the harbour at sunset while the admiral's vessel lay there, and young men and youths had been kidnapped or beguiled on board from the neighbourhood under the great man's very nose!

While we were sipping the inevitable tea a tremendous hubbub arose in the street outside. The soldiers and "runners" who were in waiting outside the closed doors in vain attempted to quell the disturbance, until at last, as a riot seemed likely to occur, the mandarin listened to

the advice of his host, the tepo, and gave orders that the crowd who were clamouring to see him should be admitted.

The instant the doors were thrown open the angry folk quickly filled the outer apartment. Then, somewhat abashed in the great man's presence—supported as he was by a European officer and half-a-dozen European-drilled Marines—the ringleaders duly kow-towed and then presented a petition. The burden of their complaints was the same in every case, and the redress begged for identical. Son, grandson, nephew, or cousin had been taken away from his home by force or fraud by the scoundrelly "man-stealers." "Get them restored to us," each petition invariably concluded. All ranks were represented here—schoolmasters, merchants, shopkeepers, farmers, agricultural labourers, all carefully attired in their best clothes, and all now perfectly orderly and decorously behaved. Yet the unhappy men, it was easy to see, were terribly in earnest, and both mandarin and tepo were much moved. Some of the missing youths were personally known to both of them. Moreover,

Personally, I felt much sympathy with the bereaved parents and relatives of these unlucky young men and lads; for I well knew that in all human probability they would never be heard of again.

While the mandarin and his host were discussing in whispers what they should say to pacify the people, a stir arose at the door and all the other petitioners stood on one side to allow of the entrance of a venerable dame in costly satins and silks, who was carried in on the back of her maid, as her small feet prevented her walking even so far as from her chair to the inner apartment without assistance. Her age and social position as the widow of a landed proprietor made the step she had taken of coming personally to obtain redress a most unusual one, and her high rank caused the mandarin to promptly order a seat to be provided for her while she presented a statement of her case in writing, according to custom.

It was a very simple story that she set forth. Her grandson, the only male left of her once numerous family, had been asked by some



"IT WAS A VERY SIMPLE STORY THAT SHE SET FORTH."

however bad a sailor the admiral might be (he scarcely ever put to sea), he was undoubtedly a very good mandarin, one who tried to do justice and did not "squeeze." The tepo, too, was an upright and energetic local official.

strangers to point out to them the road to the sea, and being a good-natured and fearless youth he had done so—and had never been seen since!

At the sight of the poor old lady's tears my Chinese major and interpreter could restrain

themselves no longer, and appealed to me to intervene and tell the lady we would do all we could for her. Unfortunately, the old lady spoke Hakka and understood what passed. Thereupon, with piteous tears and lamentations, she seconded their appeal, until at last, quite unable to stand the painful scene any longer, I promised that if we could overhaul the slaver I would take the lad out of her by force, should his surrender be refused. I added that, in the event of resistance being made, it was for my Chinese major to decide what should be done with the rest of the kidnapped young men on board.

This decision seemed to give immense relief to all present, though, as the chances were, even in my own opinion, ten to one against my ever falling in with the slaver at all, the admiral's and tepo's compliments seemed to be equally out of place with the delight of the venerable dame and the townspeople. I did not, however, know my Chinese friends quite so well in those days as I came to do afterwards.

The tepo having begged me to leave the supply of fresh provisions to him, and the mandarin pressing me to return to his own ship for the morning meal, the official party broke up.

While enjoying an excellent breakfast on board the admiral's ship, he informed me that his vessel was too heavy and drew too much water to attempt the pursuit of the fast craft that the man-stealers employed with any chance of success.

"But, Admiral Wang," I said, "you must know that my instructions were to cruise after the Hing Ti pirates. I have no orders to meddle with the coolie slavers, and unless these man-stealers actually knock up against me I don't think there's any chance of my interfering to any purpose."

Thereupon it seemed to me that the admiral, major, and interpreter exchanged very knowing glances.

"I suppose they think that this is only 'save face' talk," I thought; then added, aloud, "By the way, admiral, where does report say these Hing Ti vessels usually are to be found just now?"

"Somewhere near Samun, captain, I have heard," replied the admiral—and again the look seemed to pass between the three—"but I fancy nightfall is the only time they enter the harbour there, when they are intending mischief."

"I wonder, admiral," I continued, "that you don't rout them out of it yourself. This is a fine new vessel; I suppose you have about three hundred and fifty men in her?"

But the admiral adroitly parried my inquiry.

"Samun is just outside my jurisdiction, captain," he said; "it is for the Koulung mandarin to act. I have no small steam craft at my service either, and the harbour entrance would be dangerous for this vessel unless she were towed."

I looked at the large, lofty, and handsomely decorated and furnished cabin, and as I noted the expensive black wood and marble furniture, the beautiful carving, the clock, pictures, cushions, fans, and altar, all of the costliest kind, and the many dishes served, I realized that this *bon vivant* and lover of his ease was hardly the man, however just and fair-dealing according to Chinese standards, to curb the pirates and man-stealers of that notorious locality.

After an enormous number of dishes had been disposed of, the admiral and his Chinese guests indulged in "just one pipe" (of opium) while I returned on board my ship to see that all was ready for sailing for Samun when the tide turned, so that we should arrive outside that harbour about sunset. I found that not only had a most lavish amount of fresh supplies been placed on board, but that, to my astonishment, payment had been refused by the tepo's express order!

"Truly, these are hospitable folk indeed, interpreter!" I remarked, but the Hakka did not appear at all astonished either at the abundance or the refusal of payment, or, stranger still, at the enthusiastic "send-off" accorded to the *ex-Red Pirate* when she sailed. It never struck Mr. Interpreter as singular, either, that so much gong beating, cracker firing, demon-candle and joss stick burning should proceed from the folks on shore!

Samun was reached just before dark, and from a couple of fishing vessels anchored outside we extracted the information that a suspicious-looking craft, evidently full of men, had been seen hovering off the other side of the island, doubtless intending to slip into the harbour some time after darkness had set in.

The pilots then took us in very cleverly. After anchoring just inside by a single light anchor and grass cable, I set the watch and picked two of my best men as look-outs to give warning of any stranger's arrival. About an hour or so before eight bells they reported that a large and apparently fast native vessel was bringing to under the land, and that from the way she was handled she was evidently strongly manned. The distance that the stranger anchored at and the precautions taken on board her to escape notice caused me to have little doubt that she was a piratical craft, bent on mischief, and most probably

one of the very Hing Ti pirates that I was in search of. If so, I was indeed in luck's way.

Though I had taken every precaution to avoid attracting notice, yet it was apparent that the stranger was suspicious of us and prepared to run out to sea at the first alarm, and therefore had anchored well to windward of what he apparently considered to be a possible enemy.

At midnight all was quiet on board the stranger, not even a single light being visible on the low hull, then merely a shapeless object of a blackness more solid than the shadow projected by the high rock which stood out in bold relief against the starlit sky behind her. I saw that our halyards and ropes were clear, that axes lay in the bow beside the grass cable, and the covers merely laid over the guns, which had previously been carefully loaded. Gun-lanterns, too, were trimmed and ready, while beside the masthead light on deck was the Dragon flag, ready bent on to the halyards for hoisting. Then I lay down on the mat my servants had placed on deck for me, rolled myself in my boat-cloak, and slept the sleep of tired youth, till a hand lightly laid on my arm and a whisper, "The stranger is hauling in her cable, sir," from the interpreter, roused me in a trice. I gave the order, "Cut the cable, look-outs! Watch, hoist the main-sail!" just as our former neighbour, who was already heeling over to a steady breeze, slipped outside the entrance of the harbour. Then, as the blows of the axes fell on the thick "grass" rope, the severed part of the cable rushed through the hawse-hole overboard, the huge sails, rapidly hoisted, as quickly filled, and the light craft forged ahead in hot pursuit. Few vessels could escape the noted *Red Pirate*, as I knew, and in less than half an hour a cable's length only divided us from the chase.

Then the Imperial Dragon flag was run up under the mast-head light, and through my speaking trumpet I ordered the stranger to bring to and show his papers. I received the not altogether unexpected reply that the contents of a hundred foreign rifles and the shot from her deck-guns were the only papers any official who tried to board their vessel would see, and that all mandarins, and their master, the Emperor, as well, might do something not fit for ears polite, for aught that the speaker cared.

I waited for nothing more, but ordered the crew of the midships gun to try and knock one of this insolent stranger's spars out of him. But before it could be trained there came the roar of our opponent's broadside, and the spattering fire of her riflemen knocked sundry holes in sails, cut ropes, and splintered deck fittings, besides dropping two of the men at the sheets, and this unfortunately allowed the chase to increase her lead very appreciably. The advantage was but a temporary one, however. My disciplined Chinese speedily warmed to their work, and convinced that I had now "spotted my quarry"—an expression that quite "floored" the interpreter, by the way—I ordered a charge of canister to be sent home after each round shot, and then turned the twelve-pounder and two long "sixes" with some score of Snider breech-loading rifles on to our big antagonist.

The fire then grew very hot indeed for a time, as the enemy had four or five muzzle-loaders for every single breech-loader we possessed. Chinese mixed shot—iron balls, varying from



"THE SUPERIOR TRAINING AND PETER WEAPONS OF MY MEN BEGAN TO TELL."

the size of a small orange to that of a large walnut—was pitted against the British "canister."

Both vessels were now running along the coast of the mainland and pretty close to the shore, while the mist coming off it had obscured the waning light of the stars, so that the flashes of her big guns and musketry fire were the only means by which we could ascertain our opponent's position. But, as the chill grey light of early dawn began to appear, and grew stronger and clearer momentarily, the superior training and discipline and better weapons of my men began to tell the inevitable tale. True, our antagonist was more than double our size and had more than twice as many men, but his low "side-boards," instead of the higher bulwarks that had been fitted on the *ex-Red Pirate*, proved a fatal drawback when the day dawned fully, and guns could be accurately laid and rifles sighted correctly. Then her men literally fell in heaps round her guns, the guns themselves were dismounted, and finally, when her mainmast fell with a crash across her deck, all conceit of fight was knocked

out of her, and the helmsman was seen to run his vessel deliberately on a huge rock, while the survivors of the crew lowered their least-injured boats and made frantically for the land. The vessel herself remained fast on a reef of rock some thousand or eight hundred yards only from the low, sandy shores of a small bay.

Our two whale-boats were quickly launched and following in hot pursuit, a heavy fire being turned on the men escaping in the "sampans." Meanwhile, the sound of the firing had drawn numbers of people from the villages near. Many of the clansmen appeared armed with matchlocks, gingals, spears, or bamboos,

being apparently apprehensive that their villages were the object of an attack.

Seeing that it was impossible to overtake the two "sampans," Major Wong and I raced our boats for the stranded vessel. As we clambered up her side her deck presented a fearful sight, dead and dying men lying in all directions.

But what was this terrible noise? It seemed as if a perfect pandemonium were contained under the hatches of the ship! Shrieks, screams, groans, and cries of despair ascended continually from below our feet.



"THEY APPEARED TO BECOME ALMOST FRANTIC WITH TERROR."

Then, in a single instant, the real character of the vessel dawned upon me, and I understood fully the meaning of the generous behaviour of the natives of Pinghoi towards me. This was not a Hing Ti pirate, but a coolie slaver. Next moment, however, humanity asserted itself. Seizing an axe, while the major, the interpreter, and the men caught up choppers, iron bars, or the broad, chopper-like swords of the dead man-stealers, I set to work, and crashing blows were soon falling on hatch covers and the wooden bars securing them. Not a moment was to be lost, either, if the

wretched creatures confined below in the hold were to be saved, for the captured coolie slaver was now taking water fast, and the rapidly rising flood would soon place all in her hold beyond human aid.

As the daylight began to penetrate to them the wretched captives underneath redoubled their cries and prayers for help. At last, when the hatches were fairly battered to pieces, they appeared to become almost frantic with terror at the rising water. But presently the men were springing down into that awful inferno, and cutting the ropes by which its unfortunate occupants were lashed to iron rings.

Over six score poor creatures, many of them mere lads, and all exhausted by hunger and suffering horribly from thirst, were got up on deck. One unfortunate victim of the coolie slavers' brutality had already succumbed.

When some of the rescued prisoners were able to speak, they stated that more than two hundred of their companions had been taken to the barracoons at Macao, but that they, not having been accustomed to manual labour, were not considered of sufficiently robust physique, or were too young to be fit for coolie labour in the mines, and they had therefore been rejected.

instant that the captain of the slaver, with some dozen or fourteen of his men, set foot on land they were assailed by hundreds of furious men, and even women, who had recognised their vessel. Their weapons were beaten from their hands, and they were literally torn to pieces by way of revenge for the countless homes they had made desolate. The treasure-chest which they had taken on shore with them was appropriated for the benefit of the mothers or wives of those who had lost their sole support through these wretches having kidnapped their sons or husbands.



"THEY WERE ASSAILED BY HUNDREDS OF FURIOUS MEN."

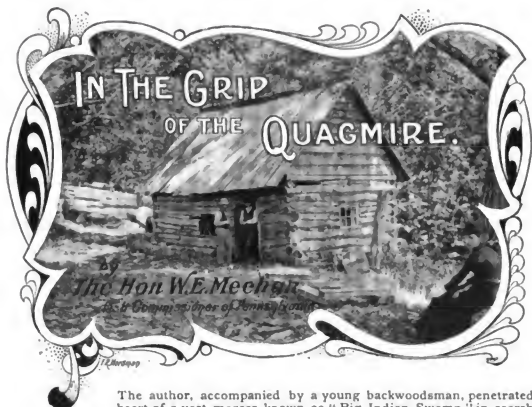
So the man-stealers had risked bringing them back to see if a ransom could be extorted from their friends before they were all thrown overboard to make room for a fresh cargo!

Despite my grievous disappointment in missing the pirates, I bore no malice against the Pinghoi folks who had put me on the slaver's track so successfully. I was very glad to find that the grandson of the white-haired old dame who had come so far to plead her cause was amongst those rescued, as indeed were the relatives of most of the people who had presented their petitions to the mandarin the day previously.

My attention was now drawn to a remarkable tragedy that was being enacted ashore. The

Curiously enough, the Chinese admiral and my major gained great "kudos" by the capture of this notorious man stealer; while—save an expression of mild disappointment and dissatisfaction from the authorities at my failure to capture the pirates, and some sarcastic chaff from my cronies anent "shooting at the hawk and hitting the carrion crow"—I got nothing. Nevertheless, I was not ill-pleased at my mistake.

Moreover, the laugh was eventually on my side, for it was discovered that the captain of the man-stealer was none other than a notorious Hing Ti leader who for a year past had been, in his fashion, "lying low" since the capture of three of his confederates! So that I scored after all!



The author, accompanied by a young backwoodsman, penetrated into the heart of a vast morass known as "Big Indian Swamp," in search of trout. The pair got separated in this great wilderness of mud and vegetation, and death in two horrible forms menaced the author ere he was able to rejoin his companion.



PIKE COUNTY, in Pennsylvania, is only one hundred miles from New York and Philadelphia, with their millions of souls, yet the greater part of it is

practically a virgin wilderness. A single railroad touches its soil, and that only just within the borders. With the exception of a few hundred persons, its less than ten thousand of population is massed along a narrow strip of land bordering the Delaware and Lackawaxen rivers. Its one town, in which the county court assembles, contains fewer than a thousand persons.

The Blue Ridge Mountains occupy the entire county, and, save for a few clearings, the rugged hills are covered by a thick growth of forest trees and tangled underbrush. Within the miles of thickets and woods are bears, panthers,

catamounts, deer, rattlesnakes, and other wild animals and reptiles.

The county is plentifully studded with small mountain lakes and streams, abounding in char, or speckled trout. It is a paradise for sportsmen.

But there is a dark side to the picture. In the valleys there are multitudes of huge swamps, densely overgrown with willows, alders, swamp-maples, and rhododendrons, often nearly impassable for man. There grim death waits for the unwary. Beneath the network of undergrowth are treacherous quagmires filled with coze so fine and liquid that, when scooped up in the hand, it will run almost as freely as water. These quagmires are the death-traps of Pike County. They are charnel-houses for cattle and wild animals. It is a



THE HON. W. E. MEEHAN, FIRST COMMISSIONER OF PENNSYLVANIA, TO WHOM THE ADVENTURE HAPPENED.
From a Photo. by Berger.

frequent occurrence for a herd of cows to return in the evening from the woods with one or more of its number missing. The backwoods owner knows, without seeking, that the absentees have been caught and smothered in one of the deadly "quags," as the mires are locally named. It is useless to search for the bodies. The mud closes over the doomed creatures more swiftly than quicksand, and the surface smooths immediately and leaves no more of a sign than water.

Some years ago I was in Pike County on a fishing trip. My abiding-place was a small backwoods resort for men who were willing to undergo hardships and enjoy simple fare for the sake of the glorious sport and health-giving, pine-scented air. The house stood on the shore of a picturesque lake teeming with pickerel and other fish. It was kept by an aged man, familiarly called "William R.," and a nephew, "Billy J." Billy was a stalwart backwoodsman, who revered a tireless, enthusiastic fisherman and a nominated anyone whose fishing ardour was confined

As a rule, the victim, on returning to the house so worn out that he could scarcely drag one foot after the other, would pack his valise and flee that part of the country as soon as he could secure a conveyance. Billy J. invariably watched the departure with satisfaction, and remarked to some chosen spirit:—

"There! I guess that dude won't come back here in a hurry."

Once in a while Billy J. would fail to "kill" his victim—perhaps would be "killed" in turn. But such a misadventure afforded him only satisfaction. He would calmly confess to the victim what he had attempted to do and instal



HUNTER'S RANGE, PIKE COUNTY, WHERE THE AUTHOR STAYED.

From a Photo.

to words or a track-beaten stream flowing through cultivated lands.

Billy J. exhibited an unworldly disposition to go fishing with a tireless angler, and to "kill" or drive from the region all "kid-glove" followers of Izaak Walton. When he found a fisherman after his own heart he would incontinently forsake the primitive sawmill where he worked, no matter how many railroad ties there were to cut on urgent orders, and go a-trouting, without the slightest expectation or desire of being paid for his services as guide.

His method of "killing" an undesirable visitor was both simple and effective. He would either wait to be engaged at so much for the day, or invite the luckless stranger to go trouting and lead him, through dense tangles of underbrush and fallen trees, to the roughest fishing-grounds, and keep him on the move all day.

him on the pinnacle of his favour.

Billy J. subjected me to his merciless treatment the second day after my arrival; but, as I was no stranger to that part of the country, I came

out with flying colours. Billy was happy in gaining another companion. With his acknowledgment of equality he declared that as long as I was in the woods "it wouldn't cost me a cent for a guide, and he meant to be the guide."

After that he was my constant companion on the trout stream, and many an adventure we had together.

Billy J. had, either through the inspiration of his uncle or his own conscience, devoted two days faithfully to the sawmill and commenced bravely on a third; but I concluded it was time to interrupt him. I had a daring project in my mind, to which he formed a very necessary adjunct.

I found him among flying sawdust and whirling machinery. Seating myself on a convenient pile of boards, I watched him silently for a while and then remarked, casually:—

"Billy J., I hear Big Indian Swamp has a fine still-water full of trout."

The backwoodsman, labouring at an uncongenial task, stopped the whirling circular saw in record time, turned as though he had been shot, and stared at me with blank amazement.

"Big Indian! What do you mean by that? What foolishness have you in your head now? Do you mean to have a try for the place? Don't you know"—excitedly—"it can't be done? Don't you know that no man has dared to push through the swamp to that there still-water?"

"Yes, I know what they say. I also understand that no man has thus far dared to try;

"if you don't care to make the attempt with me at some other part of the swamp I dare say I can get Abe Heater to go along. He suggested it, anyway."

That was a master stroke. Abe was a rival. Billy flashed out, hotly:—

"Abe Heater! He can't do it. Why, you 'killed' him down on Saw Swamp last week, and he won't dare to try Big Indian; it's ten times worse. I guess, if you have made up your mind to go, I'm the man that goes along. Only," he added, "you'd better fix your will first, because plenty of cattle have gone in there and never come out."

"But," I objected, out of pure devilry, "how about that load of ties William R. wants cut in a hurry?"



THE PIKE COUNTY WILDERNESS—IT WAS IN THIS KIND OF COUNTRY THAT THE GUIDE BILLY "KILLED" SYBARITIC SPORTSMEN.

From a Photo.

but a woman did last winter, and succeeded," I replied, scathingly.

Billy's face flushed.

"You mean Sally Hobday? Yes, I know she did; but then Sally went in with a boat when there was water enough above to let her drift over the shallows. You can't do it now."

"Why can't we wade down the shallows?"

"Soft mud bottom, deeper'n you are," answered Billy, in a tone that was meant to settle the question.

"Oh, well," I said, with apparent indifference,

"William R. can wait! We'll do Big Indian to-morrow. What's more, I'll lay off work now and dig a lot of worms for the trip."

Later William R., to his pained surprise, found his nephew diligently grubbing with a pick in the potato patch behind the house, filling old tomato cans with wriggling worms, instead of sweating in the now silent sawmill.

We started next morning, long before daylight, and reached the edge of the great swamp as the sun was rising above the surrounding ridges. Big Indian was not an inviting-looking tract. Rank vegetation grew to its very edges, with tightly interlaced branches. A heavy, unhealthy mist overhung the tree-tops for its whole length and breadth. Strange and uncanny

sounds came from its mysterious depths. They could not be described, nor were they actually terrifying; but they were at least depressing to us who were about to penetrate to the heart of the tangled morass and its hidden dangers.

I think Billy J. would have been glad if at that time I had suggested the abandonment of the trip. I know I would not have been sorry if he had made a similar suggestion. But we were both silent, probably because each was afraid of ridicule from the other. So, after a short rest and a smoke, we sought a place where we might begin the attack with the least expenditure of labour.

We skirted the edge of the swamp for possibly a quarter of a mile without success, when Billy J. gave a whoop and pointed to a very slight indentation in the wall of green bushes and a few broken twigs.

"Here we are!" he exclaimed, excitedly. "I believe we are going to do it easy after all, for here's a bear's path that leads right in."

Parting the bushes, he pointed out a narrow, deep path among the moss, fern, and rhododendron tangle.

It was a find indeed, for it meant a reduction of the difficulties by at least 75 per cent. I did not ask for the whereabouts of the bear. During that time of the year little black Bruin is inclined to be a coward, and, if not come upon unawares, he makes himself scarce. It was, therefore, without any premonition of trouble or danger that we plunged into the thicket and followed the trail made by the clumsy feet of the black bear of Pennsylvania.

It soon became evident that, if we had not found the bear-path, we never could have penetrated the swamp. As it was, the difficulties we encountered were frequently disheartening. Fallen, rotting logs, rhododendrons, and deadly "quags" impeded our progress. More than once we experienced ugly falls. An unwary step sent Billy waist deep in a foul-

smelling mire, from which I extricated him with much exertion. We were more than two hours in traversing a quarter of a mile, and we were very tired when at length we caught a glimpse of shining water among the leaves ahead. Our spirits revived. In a few minutes we were peering through the thickets at the prettiest trout pool I had ever seen. It was like a long, narrow lake. In places it was more than a hundred feet wide, and the water held a delicate tinge of brown. It was studded with the ripples made by "breaking" trout.

Billy J. and I looked at each other with satisfaction.

"I'm glad we came," said Billy. "It was worth the trouble, for we'll get lashin's of trout out of this here hole; see if we don't. Only we'll have to yank 'em when we have played 'em out. We can never use a landin' net with the bushes and the long cane angles."

We had not brought jointed rods with us. They would have been out of place in such a swamp. Instead, we had chosen cane angle poles, about sixteen feet long, with guides fastened every foot or so.

We tied our reels hastily to the butts, ran the lines through the guides, baited the hooks with good, honest, fat worms, and dropped them in the beer-brown water. Instantly I felt a vicious tug, and a twelve-inch trout was thrashing around at a lively rate. Billy J. found himself struggling with a fish equally large. We hauled the prizes over the bushes about the same time. For two hours we had great sport. The trout bit hungrily and fought savagely. Our baskets became heavy with spoil. At length the fish grew wary and took hold only at long intervals.

Billy J. met the changed condition philosophically.

"They'll come to us again after a while," he



THE "STILL-WATER" IN BIG INDIAN SWAMP,
SHOWING RINGS MADE BY "BREAKING"
[Photo.] [Photo.]

remarked ; "so I'll just fix up a cut bait, set my pole, and take a snooze."

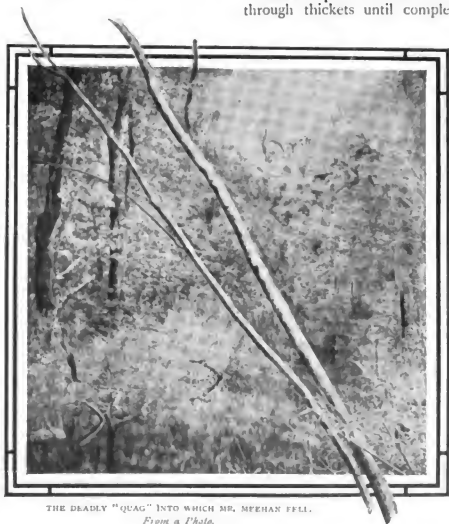
He acted on the inspiration. In a few minutes he was fast asleep. But I was much younger than he, and, to my shame be it said, the lust of killing was strong upon me. Perhaps if the trout would not bite at that point they might elsewhere. With this thought I unrigged the line and pushed my way up the swamp through the thick masses of bushes and ferns.

The stream was lost sight of, but that gave me small concern, for I believed it would soon be met again. In about fifteen minutes I found a running brook, but there were no still-waters—only a broad, shallow creek with a hard, rocky bottom. Evidently I had passed above the still-waters. I had heard that there were two of

and hung low. I had proceeded in this manner for perhaps half a mile, when certain signs convinced me I was not wading the main creek, but a tributary.

The discovery gave me such a shock that I lost my head. Instead of turning around and retracing my footsteps, I endeavoured to strike the main creek by cutting across the swamp. In less than the time it takes to tell it I was completely lost, with not the faintest idea of the direction in which to go. The trees arched themselves closely overhead and prevented me from seeing either the sky or sun. The trunks and stems did not permit me to look far ahead. Still I pushed on, trying to guide myself by trees and hoping every minute to come again to the edge of either the still-water or the swamp.

For a couple of hours I floundered aimlessly through thickets until completely bewildered.



THE DEADLY "QUAG" INTO WHICH MR. MEEHAN FELL.
From a Photo.

these bodies in the Big Indian, and the shallows, I naturally concluded, formed the neck separating them. I went on confidently, anticipating more exciting sport with the trout.

Presently the stream divided into half-a-dozen arms. I followed the widest, travelling in a stooping position, for the bushes were matted

Then I saw light ahead and made towards it. To my disgust I was confronted with a field of willows growing among a group of the worst "quags" I had ever encountered. Beyond, I fancied I caught a glimpse of the still-water, and determined to brave the perils of the ooze-pits to reach it. I found a partly rotten branch as

thick as my arm, laid it across the first hole, and, catching a handful of willow branches to steady me, made my way cautiously over.

I passed several treacherous mires in this manner when, through an opening, I perceived that which made my heart leap with pleasure. It was not the looked for still-water, but the top of a huge yellow pine, a tree that grows only on high ground. It was a place of safety. I was on the edge of the swamp; in a few moments my troubles would be over. There was only one drawback to my satisfaction. It was a "quag" fully ten feet across and, beyond, a second nearly as wide. My portable bridge was not long enough to extend over either. I looked about me for another and found one I thought might serve, although it was farther gone in decay than the stick I had been using. I laid it over the mud and, as before, caught several swaying branches of an overhanging willow and began the uncertain passage.

Half way over the bridge suddenly broke, and I was in the grasp of the deadly quagmire.

Before I could utter a cry—almost before I realized my deadly peril—the slimy mud closed over my head. The ooze entered my ears and nostrils and stopped my breathing. Beneath my feet there was apparently no bottom. I could feel the ooze creeping up my arm beyond the elbow and towards the wrist. Despair, deep and dreadful, nearly stilled my heart beats. I was still sinking. Nevertheless, I clung convulsively to the branches of the willow. They were frail and brittle, and might break at any moment.

Then I had another dreadful shock. Something struck against the back of my head. With my left hand I reached up and found it was my creel. It had caught on a submerged piece of wood and held while I sank. Perhaps it was my salvation, for almost instantly I ceased to sink, although there was still no bottom for my feet.

The willow branches were bearing the strain. I began to pull. To my inexpressible joy I felt myself rising. My head emerged from the mud into the blessed light and air.

With my left hand I cleared away some of the ooze from my face and nostrils, and drew a long, deep breath of life-sustaining air. It was none too soon, for I was nearly suffocated.

By the aid of the friendly branches I raised myself higher, and with my left hand seized what appeared to be a stronger limb. It scarcely felt my weight when it broke. Once more I sank beneath the foul "quag."

Again the slimy, semi-liquid ooze surrounded me, sucking me down, filling my ears and nose, smothering me in its soft, fatal embrace. My head seemed as though it would burst; my

lungs gave me exquisite pain. I gave myself up to death. Fortunately I had not relinquished hold of the other branches. As before, they sustained me in my time of dire extremity. Once more by their friendly aid I was enabled to draw my head above the surface.

I tried another branch and, this holding, pulled myself slowly towards the base of the willow, where the roots would give a secure footing. There was little resistance and no more suction.

Slowly, inch by inch, I drew myself forward for a foot or more, and was beginning to hope for life, when something curled up on the roots before me made me cease my labour. It was a huge rattlesnake, coiled, watching, and ready for a spring as soon as I should be near enough! One foot more and my face would be within reach of its deadly fangs.

The ugly flat, triangular head was bent far back in readiness to strike the fatal blow. Its beady black eyes glinted cold, baleful glances. Its rattles sang ominously.

I was in a desperate predicament, from which there seemed no escape. Death was my companion, visible in two horrible forms. Beneath and around me was the awful "quag", before me the swift, fatal venom of a rattlesnake. No man in mid-ocean, floating on a raft, alone and without food, could have felt his situation more desperate than I, arm-pit-deep in fathomless slime, gazing into the glittering, pitiless eyes of that reptile, a few feet away. How long I hung there gazing at the serpent I do not know. Perhaps it was ten minutes. Without ceasing, the metallic, vibrant notes of the rattles fell upon my ears. Occasionally the forked tongue of the snake darted from its mouth like flashes of red lightning. Momentarily I expected to see the wicked spring. One thought alone gave me a grain of comfort: the snake was too far away to reach me on the first strike, and, if it were made, the ooze-pit might hold the reptile in its embrace.

I determined that, if I had to make a choice, I would meet death in the mud, for suffocation was to be preferred to the venom of a rattlesnake. I have seen one person die from snake-bite, and the sight was shocking in the extreme.

Suddenly my eyes caught sight of the fishing-pole, lying, half-buried, within easy reach. Hope once more came to me. If only I dared free my right hand! I must. It was my only chance. The rattlesnake exhibited no disposition to depart. It was its death or mine, with the odds greatly in favour of the reptile. Slowly I brought my two arms together; the serpent watched closely every move. Inch by inch I brought my arms together until they

touched, and I could grasp the life-saving branches in my left hand. To my joy I accomplished this without disaster.

Watching every movement of the reptile as intently as it did mine, I reached cautiously for the pole and grasped it.

Lifting myself with a supreme effort I raised the weapon and struck as vigorously as I could. The serpent saw the descending pole and gave a vicious leap. The spring made its undoing certain. The thin, flexible bamboo caught it fairly in mid-air across the neck, breaking the vertebrae.

But my peril was still great, for, lying at full length, the head of the reptile was not more than a foot away from my face. Its death-struggles carried it still nearer. Again I brought the cane into play, with the desperation of despair. Reversing the rod, I pushed the butt beneath the writhing body and succeeded in hurling it to a safe distance.

The effort and narrow escape from poison left me faint for some moments. It was with the greatest difficulty that I clung to the willow branches. In time I felt better, and resumed my dangerous passage of the quagmire.

Presently, to my inexpressible joy, my feet touched some buried roots, and I was safe beneath the willow bush. My first act was to take the cane rod and push it carefully into the depths of the mire. I thrust it down for the entire sixteen feet without touching bottom. I knew death had been near to me; but the fruitless effort to sound the depths of the "quag" made me realize clearly how close indeed had been the danger.

When I had fully recovered from the awful shock I drew the now dead snake towards me

and, with my knife, cut away the rattles for a trophy. There were fourteen of them.

There was yet another quagmire to pass before I could hope to reach safety. But with the caution born of bitter experience I did not venture until I had made a perfectly safe bridge by cutting down half the willows on the island. Half an hour later I stood safe on the high ground bordering the swamp.

Then I yelled. But cry after cry only brought in response the echoes from the hills. Where was Billy J.? And where was I? I did not know. The woods were strange. I was lost; but I was content in the possession of life.

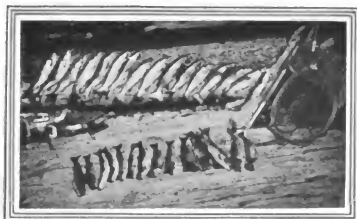
I walked slowly along the edge of the swamp, shouting every few minutes at the full strength of my lungs. After a time, out of the depths there came a faint answering voice from Billy J. My companion was located once more, but I was on the wrong side of the morass, and an exhausting five-mile tramp through villainous underbrush was my lot before I could reach the spot where, in the morning, the two of us had entered Big Indian.

We bore our burden of splendid trout homeward and had some of them for the evening meal. At the table there was a new arrival, of the type Billy detested. But the guide was magnanimous. He offered the neophyte one of the delicious trout. A mouthful, and the comment came:—

"So this is trout! Well, I believe I like catfish better!"

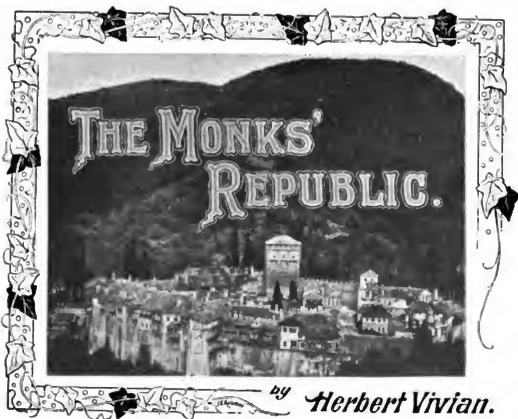
Billy J. looked at me solemnly for a space, in grave realization of the enormity of the offence. Then he spoke:—

"And death scraped you twice before this mud-digger could taste trout!"



THE "STILL-WATER" TROUT FOR WHICH THE AUTHOR RISKED HIS LIFE.

From a Photo.



An extraordinary community of monks who live in mediæval fortresses perched on the side of an inaccessible mountain. They make their own laws, and no female is allowed to enter their territory, guards being stationed at the frontier to turn them back. This curious regulation is rigidly enforced even in the case of female animals!

THE idea of an independent republic in the heart of the Turkish Empire sounds unreal, and the fact that it consists entirely of Christian monks will dissipate many prejudices against the intolerance of Moslems. Mount Athos, the Holy Mountain (as it is commonly called by Greeks and Slavs), consists of twenty monasteries, eleven villages, two hundred and fifty cells, and a hundred and fifty hermitages, with a population of some three thousand monks and as many lay brothers, who are known as *kosmiki*, or worldlings. No Moslem save the Sultan's representative, no woman, or female animal may enter the sacred territory, and an army of fifty Albanian guards is stationed at Karyas, the capital, to keep them out. The favourite jest of ribald visitors is levelled at the admission of female fleas, but the monks retort that their hospitality prevents them from instituting the necessary search.

Few travellers visit Mount Athos, for it is by

no means easy of access, but it amply repays an effort as well by its natural wonders as by its unique character and its romantic traditions. It is the sole remaining theocracy in the world; it contrives to combine independence and authority, faith and charity, austerity and happiness in a manner unrivalled at any other time or place. To reach it you must repair to Salonica, the Mohammedan town, whose population is five-sixths Jew, and take a local steamer to the Chersonese of our school-days. If you are wise you will select a Russian boat, not merely because good food will be a certainty on board, but also because your fellow-pilgrims are sure to repay perusal. There on the deck are strange beings in brown robes and mustard mantles, with sandals on their feet and yellow caps like glorified sponge-cakes upon their heads. These are the monks of the mountain, rugged-looking fellows as a rule, but kindly and talkative. Like all the clergy of the Orthodox Church, they are forbidden to cut their hair. Some compromise by



From a]

THE MONASTERY OF IVERON—IT IS LIKE A HUGE VILLAGE.

[Photo.

rolling it up into a chignon inside their caps, but the majority cultivate a porcupine appearance, with long manes down their backs and bristling beards of enormous length.

Soon the solemn peak of Athos comes into view, bright and white as it rises sheer from the sea at the end of the peninsula, dark and mysterious with its cloak of dense forest. The monks will tell you that, from the little Chapel of the Annunciation at the summit, you may descry the sun three hours before it rises, but it is difficult to make them explain precisely what they mean by that. Rounding the cape you land in the small harbour of Daphne, where a choice of two indifferent Greek inns awaits you for the night. If the day is not too far advanced you will do well to push on to

Karyas, the capital of the republic. It is a picturesque village, hidden among gardens and olive-yards on the eastern slope of the Holy Mountain. The overhanging rocks are studded with limpet hermitages and pock-marked with cavern cells. There is only one street,



From a]

STAVRONIKITA HAS A DISTINCTLY MILITARY APPEARANCE.

[Photo.

lined by low wooden cottages and a bazaar or honeycomb of open shops, where monks drive a modest trade in rosaries, pictures, images, and various household articles made by the hermits. At the end of the street stands the council chamber, an unpretentious building not conspicuously larger than the others. Besides this there is little to see except the church, which I suppose we must call a cathedral. It is the oldest edifice in the peninsula, and contains some Byzantine frescoes of the eleventh century.

Each of the twenty monasteries sends one

authority, for he can do nothing without the delegates of the four "imperial" monasteries, who act as his privy council. No act is valid without their seal. This is a silver instrument and is cut up into four parts, one part being held by each of the privy councillors, so that it can never be joined together unless all four are agreed. And the president holds an ingenious key, without which the four parts cannot be joined, so that he, too, enjoys a very practical veto. The seal bears an image of the Blessed Virgin, who is the patron of the mountain, and the following legend in Greek and



[From a]

THE GREAT CASTELLATED MONASTERY OF ST. PAUL.

[Photo.]

delegate to the synod. He resides during his year of office at Karyas, with a number of novices who attend school there. Four more delegates are taken from the four "imperial" monasteries, and this parliament of twenty-four elects every four years a president, known as "the First of Athos," who rules the State. His "foreign affairs" are practically limited to settling with the Turkish commissioner, who receives the annual tribute of fifteen hundred to four thousand five hundred pounds. But the president exercises a very limited

Turkish: "Seal of the Epistates of the Community of the Holy Mountain."

On arriving at Karyas your first duty is to visit the kaimakam. This is a Turkish title usually given to district prefects, but here allotted to a Christian who is in command of the Albanian guard. The only article of contraband in the republic is the eternal feminine, so there is no need to search your luggage at the Custom-house. But the utmost vigilance is exercised to exclude the dangerous sex. Beardless youths are especially

suspect, and the soldiers can tell strange tales of inquisitive women who have tried to penetrate in disguise. As cows and female goats are excluded, you are surprised to find an abundance of milk at many of the monasteries; but you learn that this is brought daily in large quantities from the mainland. The prohibition of females, you learn, was originally due not so much to the fear of temptation or scandal as to a desire on the part of the original monks to

bristling array of bastions, towers, turrets, redans, and parapets, all stained, riddled, and crenellated by the action of time and tempest. As far as the eye can see there is no opening anywhere along the whole expanse of walls. Wooden galleries project beneath the roof, but they are of comparatively recent construction, having only been added since the pirates ceased to harry the Holy Mountain. They are painted a defiant blood-red. The



HILENDAR HAS BEEN INHABITED BY SERVANS FOR COUNTLESS GENERATIONS AND POSSESSES MANY TREASURES.
From a Photo. by Iovanovitch, Belgrade.

keep the mountain to themselves. Their rule proved an effectual obstacle to the invasion of shepherds, who desired to colonize this fertile region. It is said that a Byzantine Empress insisted on visiting Athos, but she lived to regret it.

The chief industry at Karyas is that of silkworms, from which you may argue that the prohibition of females is not carried to an illogical extent. If you desire to spend a night at the capital you may find a bedroom, but it will probably have to be cleared of silkworms first, and you will be lucky if you do not find that other insects remain to torment you. However, it is likely that you will prefer to push on to Russicon, the Russian monastery, which is only four hours' mule-ride away. As you approach you are impressed and bewildered by that strange fortress-sanctuary, with its

whole mass of masonry clings acrobat-like to a rock, which is covered with luxuriant verdure.

You draw up at a venerable double door, covered with bolts and bars like a prison, and admire an image of the Holy Virgin in golden vestments which glisten through a grating over the gateway. Doffing your cap in deference to orthodox custom, you enter a vast courtyard, in the centre of which is the catholicon, a noble cathedral with five cupolas ornamented with fantastic tracery. All round the square are monks' cells with a double row of arcades.

You are received by the hegumen, who answers to an abbot. The etiquette is to hand him immediately a sum of money amounting to six or seven francs a head per diem for your estimated stay. Then, after compliments, he will lead you straight into the church. This is the rule of St. Basil, under which all the

monasteries are, that guests shall go first to the shrine. After that you will see your room and receive hospitable entertainment.

Many profitable and happy days may be spent in wandering from monastery to monastery all over this strange peninsula, home of those who are weary of the world. Iveron is like a huge village, and astounds you by the confusion of its architecture. To the right is a venerable château, which recalls that of St. Germain and the Escorial at the same time. Then comes a Roman villa. There are glimpses of Cagliari, of Rhemish castles, of rural pleasaunces, of Oriental kiosques, of Irish towers, of the remotest lands and the wildest dreams. The whole nestles in a demure valley by the sea. And with the solemn romance comes a feeling of sadness, an impression of damp porches, cold courts, and dreary corridors. The pictures here are mostly morbid.

An image of the Blessed Virgin, which occupies a niche behind a heavy grating over the doorway, is highly venerated. The legend runs that Theophilus, Patriarch of Alexandria, the enemy of St. John Chrysostom, had burned several monasteries and dispersed their images. This one he cast into the sea, and

it travelled miraculously to Mount Athos. Another is to be seen in a small chapel dedicated to the Twelve Apostles. It is related that in the year 650 pirates broke into the monastery. Their leader, an Ethiopian, entered the chapel and stabbed the image with a knife, whereupon a stream of blood gushed forth. Touched by this miracle, he and his followers were converted and joined the monastery, where they set an example of great piety. The image still bears upon its face an ugly scar and traces of blood, and the monastery commemorates the incident by the figure of a negro, who supports a huge wooden clock.

Little more than a mile away is Stavronikitas, close by the sea, nestling amid myrtles and rose trees. It has a distinctly military appearance, with a square keep and various towers and battlements. At the gate you notice a little funeral chapel, called *kimisis*, where the bodies of dead monks are exposed before burial. There is also a serious-looking dungeon, where monks work out their hardest penance; but about this they do not much care to talk. The gardens are chiefly tended by lay brothers, who go about this work in the summer-time clad only in loose cotton knickerbockers and broad-brimmed straw



From a]

VATOPEDI, THE OLDEST OF THE MONASTERIES.

[Photo.

*From a*

KOUTLOUMOUNIS DOES A THRIVING TRADE IN NUTS.

[Photo.]

their inmates. I give a picture of the great castellated monastery of St. Paul, which for centuries remained one of the greatest glories of the mountain. With its hundreds of friendly windows peering out above a sheer precipitous wall in one of the most romantic glens, it must have amazed every beholder. Unfortunately, on the 22nd of January, 1902, a great fire broke out there. The heguman, or abbot, and nine monks perished, but the church and chapel were saved.

hats. The monks help them in the very necessary work of irrigation, for which water is brought from the rock-springs by means of hollow trees—chestnuts and oaks for the most part.

Let us, however, explore the more important monasteries before describing the daily life of

Hilandar is also interesting, not only by its fairy-tale appearance, but also on account of recent events. It has been inhabited by Servians for countless generations, and possesses many treasures which date back to the days of the old Servian Empire. But the

*From a*

ZOGRAFON IS CONSIDERED VERY BEAUTIFUL, WITH ITS MARBLE WALLS AND GLISTENING CUPOLAS.

[Photo.]

Bulgarians, who are sparing no effort to oust the Servians from their Macedonian inheritance, have carried their propaganda even on to the Holy Mountain. They made a recent effort to seize Hilendar and annex it for their own monks. This aroused extreme indignation at Belgrade, and is affording lively litigation before the council of the monks at Karyas. The fact is that Mount Athos has a political as well as a religious importance. Many of the old risings against the Turks were fomented there, and it is likely that coming events in Macedonia are

Vatopedi is thought to be the oldest of the monasteries, and it almost amounts to a little fortified town, with its own harbour and landing-stage and impregnable masonry. It is also one of the most prosperous, for it does a thriving trade in timber, which brings in at least five thousand pounds a year. It is one of the largest owners of the vast properties (known as *melox*) which the monasteries hold in Wallachia, the Island of Thasos, and the coast of European Turkey. Koutloumousis depends largely on its nut-harvest, which often amounts



DIONYSIOS IS PERCHED ON A PRECIPITOUS CRAG JUST BESIDE THE SEA.
From a Photo.

eagerly watched by the monks and their powerful patrons. Russia has always utilized the monasteries of the Balkans for insurrectionary preparations, and other States continue to connive at such proceedings. In old days all the monasteries of Mount Athos were armed, some of them with cannon, and this was originally necessary as a protection against pirates. But after the Greek War of Independence Turkey forbade them to possess munitions of war. At Hilendar and elsewhere you may still discern the loopholes in the walls to enable cannon to be fired against besiegers.

in weight to six or seven hundred thousand pounds a year.

Zografon is considered among the most beautiful, with its marble walls and glistening cupolas and fantastic towers, but Dionysios and Simopetra (Simon Peter) are the most mysterious.

Ten of the monasteries are known as cenobite (living in common), the others as idiorhythmic (living separately). The first, or communist, class is by far the stricter. The monks receive all their necessities from the monastery, take their meals together in the



From a]

THE MYSTERIOUS MONASTERY OF SIMON PETER.

[Photo.

slumbers between the hours of prayer. They are by no means learned men, but they have contrived to keep up a strange medieval school of painting, which admits of fancy about as much as copper-plate. Their libraries are chaotic, most of the books being huddled away in cupboards for worm and damp to corrupt. They have, moreover, been ransacked by experts, so that little, if anything, remains for the codex-hunter.

refectory, and are restricted to the same diet—namely, one daily meal, consisting of bread, vegetables, and water. For the first three days of the great forty-day fasts they eat nothing at all if their health permits. They must devote six hours out of the twenty-four to religious exercises, and twelve on festivals. Many of their services take place in the night, and you may see them from your guest-chamber flitting about the courts like ghosts, bearing faint flickering lanterns in their hands.

The second, or individualist, class of monks live together in their monasteries, but each of them feeds and clothes himself as he pleases. The monastery provides bread and wine, but everything else must be found by the monks themselves. For this each receives a fixed sum of money according to his rank and office. They elect two or three monks as administrators for one year, but are practically free to order their lives as they please. The cenobites, on the other hand, owe entire obedience to a hegumen, or abbot, who is elected by them for life.

The monks' cells are, perhaps, the dreariest of human habitations. The walls are covered with dingy whitewash, and the furniture consists of wooden divans, where they snatch short

The hermits of Mount Athos are entirely distinct from the monks. They live in huts or caves quite alone, almost like wild animals, and are held in reverence as very saintly persons. But they do not like the monks. This seems to be a traditional feeling, for the hermits were first on the mountain and have always regarded everyone else as an intruder. When Athanasius of Athos originally applied to Constantine for permission to build a monastery, the hermits sent a deputation to Byzantium to protest, but their prayer was not heard. No one knows exactly how they subsist. They will sometimes remain for months in the mountains and then come down half starved to barter rosaries or carved crosses for a few vegetables. And they take as little thought for their raiment as for their food. You may sometimes see one of them squatting on the rocks clad only in a very long beard.

The Monks' Republic deserves careful study, for it is one of the completest and most perfect relics of the Middle Ages that remain in the modern world. It is picturesque, romantic, and full of surprises. The climate is abominable and fevers abound, but more than that may be risked for so supreme a sensation as a visit to the Holy Mount.

THE STRANGE CASE OF THE "FERRET"



By
JOHN KENNEDY.

The remarkable adventures of a Glasgow steamer. She was stolen from her owners, the Highland Railway Company, by a clever gang of criminals, who subsequently made it appear that the vessel had foundered in the Straits of Gibraltar. Thereafter the "Ferret" changed her name not once, but several times, and her captors embarked upon an extraordinary career of fraud and crime, until their nefarious operations were brought to an abrupt conclusion at Melbourne.



NE of the most remarkable and dramatic incidents ever recorded in the annals of steam navigation was the theft of the steamer *Ferret* and the piratical seizure and sale of her cargo.

The *Ferret* was a screw steamer with a speed of twelve knots per hour. She was built on the Clyde in 1871 by the well-known firm of J. and G. Thomson, for Messrs. G. and J. Burns, of Glasgow, from whom the Highland Railway Company purchased her for their mail and passenger service, and she held a Board of Trade certificate to carry two hundred passengers.

The conspirators who succeeded in stealing this vessel laid their plans with great care and attention to details, and carried them out with marvellous audacity. One of them took an office in Gracechurch Street, London, and obtained a supply of printed stationery describing himself as "Henderson and Co., Ship Brokers, etc." He also opened an account with a well-known bank in the name of "Smith," taking care, until his plans were perfected, to keep a respectable balance to his credit.

Early in October, 1880, the plot had ripened, and one of the gang, representing himself to be "Mr. Walker, Purser of the *Ferret*," called at the

office of Messrs. Douglas and Company, Union Street, a leading ship-chandlers' firm in Glasgow, and ordered a large quantity of expensive ship-stores. The stores were for the account of "Mr. Smith," who was referred to as a relative of Mr. W. H. Smith, the late First Lord of the Admiralty.

Naturally references were required and were freely given. Mr. Smith had chartered from the Highland Railway Company the steamer *Ferret* for a six months' cruise in the Mediterranean, his wife having been ordered by her doctor to take a long sea voyage. The *Ferret* was then in J. and G. Thomson's yard, being overhauled preparatory to the cruise. Both of these firms could be referred to, as well as Mr. Smith's bankers, and Messrs. Henderson and Company, ship-brokers, Gracechurch Street, London.

The bankers were written to, and replied that Mr. Smith had an account with their bank. "Henderson and Co." were also applied to, and, of course, gave a very favourable account of Mr. Smith.

The merchants, being satisfied with the result of their inquiries, supplied the stores, which included an excellent selection of first-class wines specially brought from London. The account, which amounted to no less than one

thousand four hundred and ninety pounds, was presented to Walker, who gave a bill at three months endorsed by Smith. It is to be presumed that the first half-month's charter was paid, as customary, in cash in advance, because the conspirators, having once got possession of the *Ferret*, were in no violent hurry to get her out of British waters.

About the 20th of October a man named William Griffin joined the steamer at Greenock as chief engineer. Although Griffin was not placed on trial, yet it is to be noted that he had a prior acquaintance with Walker, who had introduced him to Smith. It is also undeniable that, without the assistance of Griffin and the ship's carpenter, the alterations

which were subsequently made in the steamer could not have been effected.

From Greenock the *Ferret* sailed in charge of a crew of "runners" to Cardiff, Robert Wright (*alias* Carlyon) being master, and Walker (*alias* Wallace) acting as purser.

The steamer arrived at Cardiff on the 22nd of October, and remained

remained for about a week. She left Milford on the 1st November, ostensibly for Marseilles. In

pursuance of this report she passed through the Straits of Gibraltar on the morning of the 11th of the same month, and, showing her number, requested to be reported.

Having steamed out of sight of the signalling station the crew were set to work to change the colour of the funnel from white to black, and of the boats—with the exception of two—from blue to white, and at night, with her lights carefully screened, she returned westwards through the Straits. While passing through, the two boats that had not been altered, some empty casks, several

lifebelts, and other articles, all having the steamer's name painted on them, were thrown overboard. This was done for the purpose of making it appear that the vessel had foundered. So evident did this seem that, as a matter of fact, the underwriters paid the Highland Railway Company their claim for the total loss of the steamer.

That same night all the crew were sent aft to the saloon, where Smith made a remarkable speech to them. He stated that he was a political refugee from the United States; that he had purchased the *Ferret* to use partly as a yacht and partly for trading; and that after he had traded for some time he intended to sell the boat and make it worth their while to keep his secret. On the other hand, if any of them disclosed anything they saw or heard on board, he would blow their brains out. The crew, when arrested later on, alleged that it was the



J. S. HENDERSON, ALIAS SMITH,
WHO STOLE THE "FERRET."
From a Photo.



JAMES WALKER, ALIAS WALLACE,
WHO ACTED AS THE SHIP'S PURSER.
From a Photo.

there for three days taking in a cargo of coal for ship's use, the coal being paid for by valueless bills on London.

At Cardiff the "runners" were discharged and a fresh crew, strangers to the *Ferret*, were shipped. Smith (otherwise Henderson) also embarked at Cardiff, accompanied by "Mrs. Smith."

The *Ferret* sailed from Cardiff on the 25th October and put into Milford Haven, probably from stress of weather, where she



THE "FERRET," WHICH WAS STOLEN FROM THE HIGHLAND RAILWAY COMPANY.
From a Photo, by E. Zigler.



"SMITH MADE A REMARKABLE
SPEECH TO THEM."

fear of this threat which prevented them from giving information when in port of what they knew to be suspicious actions.

Avoiding the Canary Islands, presumably as being too much frequented by British shipping, the conspirators kept away to the southward until they reached St. Vincent, Cape Verde Islands. Entering the harbour here they anchored for several days, during which they took in fresh water and a supply of pigs, poultry, fruit, and vegetables, paying for them in their usual manner, by means of worthless bills.

The *Times* (23rd June, 1881) Sydney correspondent states that after leaving St. Vincent the vessel's name was altered to the *Benton*. But this seems most improbable, as it would be apparent that the *Ferret* did not founder in the Mediterranean, and, moreover, it would have left a clue by which she could easily have been traced. The truth probably is that the alteration was made immediately she got clear of the Straits of Gibraltar. Be this as it may, the *Benton* arrived at Santos on the 26th of December, and nothing more was heard of the *Ferret*.

At Santos Smith went on shore and lost no time in opening negotiations with the local shipping agents, to whom he stated that the *Benton* was from Cape Town in ballast, bound for England. The negotiations resulted in the shipment of three thousand nine hundred and ninety-two bags of coffee consigned to various consignees at Marseilles. Having obtained this valuable cargo the *Benton* sailed from Santos on the 11th of January, 1881, but instead of proceeding to Marseilles she steamed direct to Cape Town.

While the *Benton* was steaming across the South Atlantic the Glasgow holders of the bill for fourteen hundred and ninety pounds received some information which made them uneasy,

and on presentation of the bill when due it was returned dishonoured. The account was closed, they were informed, the balance had been withdrawn, and the acceptor's whereabouts were unknown. The holders then applied to Henderson and Co., but the letter was returned marked "Addressees gone, no address." They then wrote to the Highland Railway Company, and received a reply from the secretary to the effect that the Highland Railway Company had already done all in their power to trace the *Ferret*, in their own interests, having received no charter-money from the charterers since the vessel sailed from the Clyde. They had been in communication with Lloyd's and the Board of Trade, and through British Consuls and Lloyd's agents inquiries had been made all over the world. About ten days before the receipt of the merchants' letter the Highland Railway Company had heard that the *Ferret* had arrived at Malta, but on cabling there had received a reply denying the report. Thereupon they had cabled a second time, ordering the vessel to be seized at Malta in the event of her putting in there.

Meanwhile the *Benton* was nearing Cape Town, laden with the coffee shipped at Santos. During the voyage further changes had been effected in the appearance of the vessel, and the name *India* was substituted for *Benton*. The original name *Ferret* had previously been filed off the ship's bell, and now as a further precaution the ship's number on the main hatch coamings was altered to 77,942. The *India* put into Cape Town on the 29th January, and at once began to discharge her cargo.

The conspirators had gone so far as to provide themselves with a printing press, and had on board everything necessary for the manufacturing of the vouchers and documents necessary to the success of their frauds, as well as revenue stamps of all nationalities. Those who know the complicated formalities which have to be gone through in connection with shipping matters will realize what a great help this printing plant was to the conspirators.

At Cape Town Smith produced a document with a printed heading, purporting to be an invoice for three thousand nine hundred and ninety-two bags of coffee sold by coffee planters at La Guayra, a small port in Venezuela, to C. S. Henderson and Co., and with it a receipt for the amount, duly stamped. He succeeded in selling the cargo, and realized by the sale of it about eleven thousand pounds. He had to accept in part payment bills to the extent of eight thousand pounds drawn on the Standard Bank, Clement's Lane, London, payable nine months after date. It is satisfactory to know

that the frauds were discovered before these bills matured, and payment of them was stopped.

After discharging the cargo Smith tried to sell the steamer, but not succeeding in his attempt he shipped a quantity of coal and sailed on the 14th February for Mauritius. The conspirators arrived at Mauritius on the 1st March, but did not succeed in getting any plunder there, and so they cleared out "for Guam."

The next port they entered was Port Albany in Western Australia, whence they steamed direct to Melbourne. Here Wright and Walker put up the steamer for sale, but received no offers.

While she was at Melbourne several circumstances made the Customs officers and the harbour police suspect that there was something wrong about the vessel. It was observed that the fires were always banked, so that steam could be got up at the shortest notice. Captain Wright, too, never left the steamer, and none of the crew (except Walker, the purser) were ever allowed "shore leave." The Customs authorities, therefore, instructed one of their officers to make a special investigation of the matter. The



"THE COMMISSIONER OF CUSTOMS SEIZED THE VESSEL."

result was startling. The officer reported that there was no steamer of the tonnage given registered at Lloyd's in the name of *India*, but that the particulars of tonnage and dimensions corresponded exactly with the register of the missing steamer *Ferret*.

Noting all these suspicious circumstances, the Customs authorities determined on prompt action. Requisitioning two crews of the water police, as it was feared there might be violent

opposition on the part of the crew of the steamer, the Commissioner of Customs, on the 27th April, seized the vessel.

Fortunately their anticipations as to resistance were not realized, the crew surrendering without opposition. Although the authorities had been extremely cautious in their inquiries, it is evident that the conspirators became aware of what was being done, for when the steamer was seized, Smith, Mrs. Smith, and Captain Wright had fled. The previous day Smith and Mrs. Smith removed from their cabin a number of articles, and amongst them two heavy iron-bound boxes which were never traced. Smith succeeded in getting away from Melbourne to a distant township, but was finally arrested. Mrs. Smith, who had disappeared for a time, reappeared when she heard of his arrest and visited him in prison. The object of her visit may be surmised from the fact that shortly after her visit Smith tried to escape by filing through one of the bars of his prison window.

Captain Wright had found a safe retreat in a Melbourne sailors' lodging house, but having got drunk and quarrelled with his landlady he was thrown out and arrested for being drunk and disorderly. When the charge was being booked at the police-station he was recognised as the missing master of the steamer, for whom the police were searching.

Confirmation of the suspicions which induced the Commissioner of Customs to seize the steamer was speedily obtained. Traces of fraud were quickly discovered on the ship's hull and appointments and in her books and papers, some of the latter being found in very unusual places of deposit. Between the leaves of the log-book a seaman's advance note was found with the name of the *Ferret* on it. There was also found a M.S. cipher code, by means of which communication might be made between those on the vessel and others on shore. This volume served to show the unscrupulous character of the criminals and the extreme lengths to which they were prepared to go. One or two quotations will illustrate the truth of this assertion:—

"Accept charter referred to and lose vessel before you arrive in port. Don't fail."

"Get out of port the best way you can, but sink the ship before you allow them to stop her."

"Destroy all papers and sink ship if possible, or burn her and get away. Make best of your way over here."

"Things going wrong. Mate not to be trusted; shall get rid of him."

"Things going wrong with some of the crew; must get rid of them."

"Things going wrong with the whole of the crew; must get rid of them."

"Lost vessel, landed here to-day, all hands forward lost."

"Game is all up; all discovered; destroy or hide everything and make yourselves scarce; communicate with me through the arranged channel."

Among the papers seized was a card of a Dr. Bonefin. Now, a swindler of this name—not a common one, by the way—was convicted shortly before the arrival of the *Ferret* for obtaining goods under false pretences from a number of Melbourne jewellers, and was sentenced to a term of imprisonment in Pentridge Gaol. In the cipher code referred to Melbourne figures as "51," so that it is extremely probable that Bonefin was one of the conspirators on shore.

Eventually the three criminals arrested—viz., Smith (*alias* Henderson, *alias* Benard), Wright (*alias* Carlyon), and Walker (*alias* Wallace)—were indicted on three counts:—

1st.—Conspiracy to defraud the owners of the *Ferret*, the Highland Railway Company.

2nd.—Conspiracy to defraud intending purchasers of the *Ferret* in Melbourne, and

3rd.—Conspiracy to deceive the Commissioner of Trade and Customs by entering the vessel in a false name, and to obtain a certificate of sale under which the vessel could have been sold in that port.

They were all acquitted on the first count, but convicted on the second and third. Smith and Walker were each sentenced to seven years' penal servitude and Wright to three and a half years.

This result is most remarkable. No mention is made of the frauds perpetrated at Glasgow, Cardiff, and St. Vincent, C.V., nor of the steps taken (if any) to secure the confederates on shore. Nor does anyone seem to have concerned themselves about the fraudulent sale of the valuable cargo of coffee at Cape Town.

As for the unfortunate crew, who had received no wages, they obtained a temporary refuge in the Melbourne Sailors' Home.

The after-history of the *Ferret* is briefly told. She was purchased in 1885 by the Adelaide Steamship Company, of Currie Street, Adelaide, South Australia, and is at the present date employed by that company in the Australian coasting service.

The Calulut Affair.

AN INCIDENT OF THE PHILIPPINE WAR.

BY FREDERIC COLEMAN.

The author's first and last experience as an engine-driver. The Filipinos planned to wreck and capture the military train, but the scheme miscarried, and most of the passengers slipped through their fingers and escaped in safety.



O begin with, I am not an engine-driver, nor, in fact, an engineer of any sort. I am a newspaper correspondent who has been fortunate enough to have been sent at odd times to the wars, and my knowledge of mechanics would never earn me a certificate. But on one occasion in my life I acted as an engine-driver under peculiar circumstances, when it was well for all concerned that I did so. And thereby hangs a tale.

Late in the summer of the year 1899 the American army in the Philippines, or, more particularly, in the Island of Luzon, had worked as far north from the city of Manila as a town called Angeles. Angeles was something like half a hundred miles, or thereabouts, from Manila, and on the line of the Manila and Dagupan Railway. Down the track, ten miles from Angeles, in the direction of Manila, was San Fernando. This town had for a long time been the base of supplies of the American army in Northern Luzon, and was still the headquarters of the forage transport and one or two other departments. Half-way between San Fernando and Angeles lay the town of Calulut, which was the only station between the two towns.

The railway was not in first-class condition. It had been torn up by the insurgents as they retreated along it, and in many places the embankment was found to have been mined and blown up to prevent the Americans from

hastily laying new rails and utilizing the road for transport purposes. By judicious use of hard-working gangs of Chinese coolies, however, those in charge of the reconstruction of the line had managed to keep up with the advance thus far very fairly. The road was no model, naturally, and was a good thing for persons of nervous temperament to stay a long distance away from. Speed on that railway meant probability of accident, and, though but few serious mishaps occurred, everyone agreed that the scarcity was due more to good fortune than anything else.

At the time of the incident which I am about to relate, trains from Manila were running as far as San Fernando only. A separate train ran from San Fernando to Angeles, making two return trips per day. Although Angeles was the point of the advance of the northern line, and the enemy were close about the town both in front of it and on each side, the San Fernando train was allowed to run without any armed guard whatever.

The insurgents had thus far never evinced any tendency to bother the train service, and the large numbers of troops at San Fernando, Calulut, and Angeles gave those who ran the train a sense of security which was hardly warranted, as was proven by what took place.

One bright morning, about half-past eight o'clock, I stood on the platform of the San Fernando Station, bound for Angeles. Before



THE AUTHOR, MR. FREDERIC COLEMAN, IN THE COSTUME HE WORE AS A NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENT IN THE PHILIPPINES. [Geo. Newnes, Ltd. Press.]

me stood the train, which consisted of eight cars, four of which were passenger coaches. The train was to pull out—or rather to push out, as the engine came last—at nine o'clock.

When that hour arrived I had pretty well taken a census of the passenger list. Major "Jake" Augur, of the 4th United States Cavalry; Captain "Al" Perry, of the Commissary Department; and Captain Percy Lowe, formerly of the 14th United States Infantry, but at that time in command of an organization known as Lowe's Scouts, were the only officers who were going by the train. The "hospital car," or car occupied by the Hospital Corps, was in charge of a couple of Hospital Corps men. Half-a-dozen or more soldiers, unarmed, were returning to the lines from the Manila hospitals. There was a messenger or two aboard, a commissary clerk, an orderly, and a civilian, the latter bound for Angeles on business. One flat car was loaded with Macabebe workmen, Filipinos in the employ of the American army; another bore a cavalry forge, upon which was seated a cavalryman; and last, but not least, was Captain Perry's Chinese servant, Sam, brought all the way from Arizona, who was, as usual, at the captain's heels.

As the train was about to pull out from the station, a non-commissioned officer and three privates of Lowe's Scouts happened to come along. Lowe at once called them to the carriage window and asked them where they were going. As they replied that they were not bound for any particular destination, Lowe suggested that they should come to Angeles with him and get a look at the country along the railway line.

Accordingly they climbed into a carriage with their four rifles—the only rifles on that train—and we started a moment later for Angeles. Had those four men not passed by, or had Lowe not taken it into his head to bring them with him, there would probably have been a very different story to be told at the close of that day, and as likely as not I should not be telling it.

The five miles between San Fernando and Calulut passed without incident, and after a stop of a few minutes at the latter town we were again on our way to Angeles, five miles to the northward.

The country on either side of the railway was beautiful. The feathery hedges of bamboo and the dark green clumps of trees, with a brown nipa hut here and there, made the ride one series of charming pictures. The day was a perfect one.

The first car of the train was the flat car on which the cavalryman sat upon his forge. Then

came the four passenger coaches, then the hospital car and another flat car, and last of all, next to the engine, another goods car containing fodder. The passenger carriages were like ordinary English railway carriages, without partitions between the compartments.

I was seated by a window on the right side of the train in the first compartment of the first coach. Opposite me, at the other window, sat Captain Perry. Major Augur and Captain Lowe were in the same compartment. The only other passengers in the same carriage were the commissary clerk and Sam, the Chinaman, who were at the other end of the car. Lowe's four scouts were in the car behind us.

The fine weather, the beautiful scenery, and the general gaiety of our little party would have lightened the heart of the veriest misanthrope alive. When we reached a point about halfway between Calulut and Angeles I began to point out to the officers the various landmarks of the battle which had won an entry into Angeles for Colonel (since General) "Jake" Smith and his 12th Infantry. I was the only member of the party who had been present during that engagement, and the trio of officers, Captain Lowe particularly, were anxious to hear what details I could give them.

I knew the road at this point well, as I had gone over it many times.

"Wait till we get to the curve half a mile farther on," I said. "You can see a fringe of bamboo from where you sit, Perry. That was the place from which we had such hard work to drive out the 'insurrectos.'"

A few moments later we came to the fringe I had mentioned. As I felt the car take the turn I said, "Here's the place."

The words had no sooner passed my lips than we were thrown into the air as if by an explosion. The carriage leaped upward hysterically one, two, three times, and then came to a standstill with a bump that gave us all a thorough shaking up.

The very instant the car ceased its drunken gambols, crash! came a storm of bullets through the woodwork.

The train had been wrecked and fired into by the insurgents, and there was fighting to be done—hard, quick fighting, too, if we wished to get out of the mess alive.

At the first volley Captain Perry cried out, "They've got me all right," and dropped back on the seat. A glance out of the window (fortunately there was no glass in the windows) showed black forms springing from the tall grass and weeds just across the narrow ditch by the side of the track and running toward us through the cane-field on the right of the track.

Two or three black villains made for our car straight across the ditch. Lowe and I emptied our 45-calibre Colts out of the window and stopped their progress there and then. Major Augur with great coolness stepped to the other window and reconnoitred the left side of the

They were as good men as could be found in Uncle Sam's army, and no soldier needs higher praise than that. Other than those four rifles we knew we had none aboard the train. Pistols there were, probably, but no guns.

Perry and I lay together in one end of the



"LOWE AND I EMPTIED OUR COLTS OUT OF THE WINDOW."

train. Not an insurgent was in sight from that side, the entire attacking party having evidently gathered on the right.

Our pistols empty, we all four threw ourselves to the floor of the car and reloaded. What we had been able to see of the enemy, the fusillade they were keeping up, and the frequent and ominous sound of bullets ripping their way through the car satisfied us that we were so outnumbered as to make a fair stand-up fight practically out of the question.

From the first of the firing we heard the crack of Krag-Jorgensens* from the next car, proclaiming the presence of Lowe's four scouts.

compartment and Major Augur and Lowe in the other. We made an agreement when we took this position that we would try to escape the eyes of the insurgents by lying quiet, but the appearance of a black face at either window would mean death to its owner, and then we would finish off as many of the enemy as possible, with whatever result the fortunes of war might bestow upon us.

As we lay there I borrowed all the handkerchiefs in the party and tied up Perry's wounds. A great lead slug had torn its way in and then out of his fore-arm, only to rip another gash in his flesh as it entered his biceps, where it was firmly embedded. The three large wounds made things pretty nasty at our end of the compart-

ment, but I managed to bind them up so as to stop most of the hemorrhage.

As we listened anxiously the firing seemed to be gradually going away from us. Fewer bullets came through the car, and the pan demonium of yells which had filled our ears died down. It was partially quiet, like a momentary lull in a fierce storm. Then the air was once more full of shrieks and cries, and rifle shots again rang out. The yells were closer, were right under the windows of the car, were all about us.

Mad shouts, the thud of heavy blows, death-screams, groans, and every manner of fiend-like sound that frenzied combatants could make, together with the discharge of firearms, made the most awful combination I have ever heard. We learned later that it was by our car that the more venturesome spirits among the insurgents came upon the Macabebe workmen, armed with bolos and their tools, and then ensued a fight for life that was truly terrible.

To our dismay the sound of the Krag's had ceased. We could but hope that the four scouts had not been killed, though everything seemed

to point that way. So there we lay, breathing as quietly as possible, our fingers on the triggers of our pistols, awaiting the discovery which seemed more inevitable every moment. The car shook with the weight of someone who had mounted the step. We held our breath. Sam, the Chinaman, and the commissary clerk in the other end of the car hugged the hard floor in an ecstasy of terror. In fact, it was fully a week before Sam could be convinced that he would ever be able to breathe regularly again.

Seeing no one in the compartment into which he looked, the insurgent, fortunately for himself, stepped down and went off.

The cries began to die away and the firing almost ceased. The strain was growing intolerable, and we were beginning to suffer from our cramped position on the floor.

"Well, boys," said Major Augur, presently, "either our men are all killed or have all escaped, and the insurgents have evidently drawn off a bit. We can do no more good here. Let's move."

So move we did. Not cautiously and slowly, as you might suppose, but with a burst of relief and a feeling that almost anything was better

than that awful suspense, out of sight but in full hearing of sounds that, horrible as they were, could not mean worse sights than our minds had pictured.

Thus far I have chronicled the progress of events as they appeared to me at that time. Later discoveries accounted for much that was quite inexplicable to the three officers and myself.

The train had been wrecked by about sixty or seventy insurgents, or at least by a party with that number of rifles. They had dug the earth from under the rails for a number of yards, filled in the hole with grass, spread earth over the trap, and laid in wait for the coming of the train.

The first car, loaded with the forge, our car, and the car occupied by the four scouts were



"THE CAR SHOOK WITH THE WEIGHT OF SOMEONE WHO HAD MOUNTED THE STEP."

sent over the excavation by the train's impetus. The carriage occupied by the scouts was derailed, however, and the two coaches following were completely overturned, one resting on its top and the other on its side. Next came the hospital car, which was also derailed. The flat car behind it, the goods car laden with forage, and the engine itself were left on the rails.

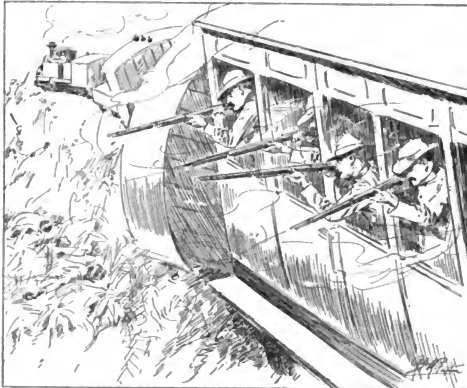
The cavalryman on the forge was hurled into a ditch, made prisoner, and kept in captivity for nine months, when he was finally released. One or two other men were made prisoners. The car containing the scouts received the heaviest fire; it was fairly riddled with bullets. Three of the four scouts were wounded at the first volley, but all so slightly as to leave them able to put up a good fight.

Their fire, steady, rapid, and deadly, drove back the first rush of the insurgents. The four

from the engine on the left side, the former discharging his pistol into the face of a Filipino before he jumped, and they had fled down the track toward Calulut. The civilian on his way to Angeles was shot through the body and a number of soldiers were wounded.

Such was the situation when we alighted from the carriage. Both sides had felt the fierceness of the onslaught. Our defenders, thinking defeat was certain on account of such overpowering numbers, had left for Angeles. The insurgents, meeting such determined resistance where they had expected little or none, drew off for the moment in surprise, aware that they had suffered no small percentage of casualty.

In an instant we had taken in the situation. We had been given a breathing space in which to act, and we must use it. The engine stood on the track, hissing forth clouds of steam.



"THEIR FIRE DROVE BACK THE FIRST RUSH OF THE INSURGENTS."

then left the car, alighting on the left side, where there were no insurgents; and after being joined by a handful of ex-invalids started up the track for Angeles, fighting as they went. They did not stop to look for us, thinking we had either escaped or been killed. Some of the soldiers on the train were killed. The Hospital Corps man was shot dead in the door of his car, a soldier lay dead beside the track, and corpses of dead insurgents and Macabebes could be seen here and there by the side of the wrecked train.

The engineer and fireman had jumped down

Hasty inquiries were made to find someone who could run it. We all realized it to be our one chance of escape. But not a single man in the little crowd could run an engine.

In despair I ran to the iron horse myself, calling out as I ran, "Stand clear till you see if I blow her up when I try to move her. If I don't, pile the wounded in that box-car, climb in, and I'll run her somehow or other."

Two things I knew about a locomotive engine, and two things only: I knew there was a reverse lever and a throttle, and I knew the general location of both.

As I jumped into the cab a bullet struck the ironwork beside me. The rifles began to crack again from the bamboo thicket a couple of hundred yards distant. The insurgents had discovered our movements and might come down upon us at any moment. We had seconds, not minutes, in which to work.

The throttle lever ran in a slit, with a word at each end—

"open" and "shut." To my dismay it stood at "open." If the throttle was open, why didn't the brute move? I shut my eyes and threw the lever back to "shut." I opened them, thankful nothing had happened. The reverse lever was within two notches of full reverse, but it didn't take me long to get it two notches farther back. As I did so she moved slightly. I opened the throttle a little and she obeyed it. She backed up so that Captain Lowe could uncouple the flat car from the hospital car, and we were ready to go.

Bullets were flying thick, and the insurgents had really started for us when I gave that old engine full speed ahead down the track. She may have been an old bone-shaker, but she did very well that day. I gave a glance at the steam-gauge and nearly fainted. It registered nearly two hundred pounds! My ideas as to that old engine's capacity for steam were rather vague, but I didn't think she could carry that amount long. To tell the truth, I was awfully nervous about the steam until we overtook and picked up the engineer, who explained

to me that a bullet, which had broken the glass over the face of the gauge, had dislocated the hand in some way. As he seemed to think I was a hopeless idiot for ever dreaming the old engine could hold two hundred pounds of steam, I didn't pursue the question.

To bring the story to a close, we got down to Calulut some way, though Providence had much

to do with our staying on the track. Therew found General Lloyd Wheaton and several companies of infantry ready to relieve us of the train and speed back to the scene of the wreck. But though they got there as soon as possible, the insurgents were safe within their own lines before the Americans could overtake them.

That train and engine were so marked up and riddled by bullets as to be the principal objects of interest along the railway for some time. After an inspection of the carriages it seemed wonderful indeed how

many of the coaches escaped death. The marks of over seventy bullets were found in and around the engine cab, which tended to show that the insurgents had planned to prevent anyone from escaping by those means. So heavy was the hail of bullets around the engine at one time and another during the fight that the escape without wounds of the engineer and fireman, and, for that matter, of myself, was nothing short of the best of luck.

Such is the story of my first and last experience as an engine-driver.



"I THREW THE LEVER BACK TO 'SHUT.'"

Some Japanese Signboards.

By CHARLES ASHTON.

Amusing specimens of "English as she is written" on would-be "smart" tradesmen's signboards in Japanese towns. Some of the notices are decidedly curious, and much ingenuity is required to decipher them.



GREATLY as the Japanese have advanced in Western knowledge during the last thirty years, that time has been too short to ensure them against occasional lapses in

the use of the King's English, and these sometimes give as much amusement to the travelling Englishman as his own blundering attempts at the expression of his wishes in the Japanese language must afford to the ever polite race among whom he finds himself.

Of the multitude of travellers who yearly visit Japan, a large proportion are armed with cameras, but to none of them—so far as the present writer is aware—has it ever occurred to take a photographic record of the odd signboards which are often to be seen. It may, therefore, be worth while to reproduce here a few typical examples taken in Tokio and Yokohama. Anyone staying longer in the country than the writer did, or travelling in remote districts where the knowledge of English is less, might find many and much more amusing instances, but the following will serve as a first instalment, to which other travellers may be able to make large additions.

First we have the keeper of a small coal store at the foot of one of the roads leading up to the "bluff" or hill in Yokohama, on which most of the foreign residents live. Following the example of many of his kind he dignifies his

appellation by the addition of the vague word "Co."—which may signify anything between a large number of solvent merchants in combination and a man's own wife and bairns—and then he shows how the continual prosperity we all seek for is to be gained, in his case by his being "honest and industrious." Let us hope he practises what he preaches.



From a] A COAL MERCHANT'S SIGNBOARD.

[Photo.

street leading up to the University this large sign, in which the readiness "to shave beard" is quite correctly expressed. The neighbourhood of a large staff of able foreign professors, however, has not prevented the first letter of the word "dress" becoming an "O," and one

If we go up to Tokio we find in the main street leading up to the University this large sign, in which the readiness "to shave beard" is quite correctly expressed. The neighbourhood of a large staff of able foreign professors, however, has not prevented the first letter of the word "dress" becoming an "O," and one is left a little puzzled as to what "dress hairs way" may mean. Probably it is an invitation to have one's hair cut. But as it stands it is evidently considered a creditable effort in expression of idea and worthy of imitation, for



From a]

A BARBER'S BOARD AT TOKIO.

[Photo.



"SO NEARLY RIGHT, BUT YET SO WRONG."
From a Photo.

an exact counterpart — evidently a copy—is to be seen a mile farther east, near Ueno Station.

In the same thoroughfare, about a quarter of a mile farther from the University, is the simple little inscription above shown, which is so nearly right, but yet so wrong. At first sight one tries to make a separate word out of the first line, and then, helped by the realistic picture, one gets the idea that the first line is like a sum in addition, with some-



From a] THIS BUTCHER'S SIGN IS FRANK, IF SOMEWHAT BRUTAL. [Photo,



From a] WHAT DOES THIS SHOP SELL? [Photo,

thing to carry over. Much more ambitious and hard to resolve into reason is the next specimen reproduced, which is to be seen about a quarter of a mile from the British Legation. As a tail made of gold is an unusual appendage, it is usual for those to whom this problem is submitted to imagine that the first word begins with a "C" instead of a "G," but after pronouncing it thus a few times they find themselves no nearer an answer. What is "cold tail,"

anyway? It is only when the seeker after knowledge sees in the shop two or three gold-embroidered military uniforms that light dawns on him. It is the abode of an army tailor, who, because he puts gold lace on some of his "creations," thought to describe himself as a "gold tailor," and gave a different turn to the expression by omitting the last two letters of the second word.

Nearly opposite to him is the perfectly intelligible, but nevertheless somewhat brutal, sign of a butcher who, though he makes his meaning clear, coins his own words for the purpose. However, they do very well, and "cowmeat" is

a fair substitute for beef, though our butcher friend omits to take into consideration the fact that bullocks usually furnish the supply.

But it is not to cattle only that beef is due in Japan. At least, the butcher near the buildings of the Diet, who describes his establishment as a "Horse EF Shop," puts in the first word so fully and clearly that there is no doubt about the source of his raw material; and when one sees on the counter a number of joints ready for sale, it is easy to fill up in the second word the two letters of which it has been shorn



From a] A LICENSED VICTUALLER'S NOTICE BOARD. [Photo,

To turn from eatables to drinkables we find that, at a wine-shop near the Shinbashi Railway terminus, Mr. S. Aguchi announces himself in a running hand, rather irregularly written; and having mentioned in the first line that he has the "Best of Liquor," he adds in the second as a separate item "And Wine liquor"—which is evidently something different.



From a]

THE "JUMONJI PATENT GUN OFFICE."

[Photo.

gun department is to provide for the shooting.

Difficulties abound in the next example shown, which is, or was, to be admired in a street between the English and German Legations. Unfortunately, one must use the past tense, for when Taneko, the proprietor of this gem, found

that a foreigner came to photograph his sign-board, he became suspicious that there must be something odd about it.

So he took it down and replaced it by one in Japanese characters only, in which he felt less likely to commit himself. The last word in the inscription is the shop-owner's name, and the first words describe his wares. Exactly what they are it may be difficult to make out until it is explained that the Japanese, whose language is one of vowel sounds, try always in pronouncing English to modify our harsher syllables. The letter "l," too, does not



FIVE WELL-KNOWN BEVERAGES ARE INDICATED ON THE SIGN IN "ENGLISH." CAN YOU INTERPRET THEM? [Photo.

Following the Ginza, the Regent Street of Tokio, eastward for a mile we come to the "Jumonji Patent Gun Office," a large, well-to-do-looking establishment which opens its announcement by putting a personal question as to the tastes of the passer-by. There are not many sportsmen among the Japanese who would reply that they loved shooting, but to them the gun on the sign would sufficiently explain the second part of the inquiry. The first portion, "Don't you love your life?" is quite unintelligible till one sees revolvers exposed for sale in the shop front. These are evidently to protect your life, while the



THIS MYSTERIOUS ANNOUNCEMENT DENOTES A FURRIER'S SHOP. [Photo.

exist to them; they have difficulty in giving that sound, and accordingly turn it off into what with us is represented by "r." Now, if we look at Mr. Taneko's sign with these hints in mind, by substituting "l" for "r" in his first word we obtain something like lemonade. This is a distinct clue. "Souda," then, is a modification of soda, and "sasupre" sarsaparilla, while "zinzinbiya" and "jinjiyae-l" are nothing more or less than ginger-beer and ginger-ale softened down into a kind of smooth sing-song! So the whole reads thus: "Lemonade. Soda. Sarsaparilla. Ginger-beer. Ginger-ale."

Kawachiya, who has his little shop on the steep Kudan Hill in Tokio, has under the eaves of his roof and above the sliding panels which serve him for walls the rather ambiguous statement that he is "to trade hair-skin-sort shop." Peep into the shop itself and you will find that "hair-skin-sort" is a roundabout way of saying furs and deerskins, which are Kawachiya's staple industry.

Now we go back to Yokohama, where a Chinese tailor with a defect in his visual organs, nicknamed accordingly by some foreigner years ago, has accepted the designation seriously and put it above the front of his shop.

To the same origin is due the style and title



THIS YOKOHAMA TAILOR TOOK AN ENGLISH NICKNAME
From a) SERIOUSLY. (Photo.)

"Souda," then, is a modification of soda, and "sasupre" sarsaparilla, while "zinzinbiya" and "jinjiyae-l" are nothing more or less than ginger-beer and ginger-ale softened down into a kind of smooth sing-song! So the whole reads thus: "Lemonade. Soda. Sarsaparilla. Ginger-beer. Ginger-ale."



A SILVERSMITH IN THE SAME CITY MADE A SIMILAR
From a) MISTAKE. (Photo.)

of Whisky Boy, a Japanese silversmith, who does very good work, but is credited with a thirsty disposition. He winds up a rather diffuse statement of what he is prepared to do by the words "other difficult employment in sure" in letters becoming gradually larger as the sign-painter found he had hardly enough to eke out the line with. Even then he could only get half-way across the board, so he had to fill up the deficiency with a good big "&c." thrice repeated.

It has not been possible to give an illustration of a highly characteristic instance of perverted meaning which appeared on a signboard in Osaka, which described the shop owner as "Monopolist of Milk." What he thus said was that he controlled the milk of the universe! He meant to say that he was a milkman — and no more.

We return to Tokio for the last, and perhaps the best, of the series. This is to be found on the right-hand side of the street leading from the English Church to the Shiba Park and temples. Two cocks in the centre form a sort of coat of arms, and below them is the mystic legend, "Extract of Fowl."

The Chinese characters on either side signify what is exposed for sale in the shop below, and explain what is meant by "Extract of Fowl!" — simply eggs!



THE GEM OF THE COLLECTION—"EXTRACT OF FOWL" MEANS EGGS!
From a Photo.

A TRAMP IN SPAIN.

BY BART KENNEDY.

VII.—FROM MADRID TO GUADALAJARA.

Our commissioner's journey northward from Madrid to Guadalajara, via Torrejon and Alcala de Henares. Mr. Kennedy describes the "Feast of Our Lady of the Rosary," which he had the good fortune to witness, and his quaint experiences at "the birthplace of Cervantes."



PICKED up my knapsack and descended the stairs of the hotel into the hall. At once I was surrounded by waiters and porters and interpreters and boys and

servants of all sorts and sizes and descriptions. I could feel their eyes all over me—concentrated, so to speak, into one intense gaze that was at once critical, expectant, and ingratiating. I could feel my measure being taken from crown to toe. For me it was a moment of anxious excitement. As I moved they moved. As I glanced they glanced. All I had in my pocket was two hundred pesetas (about six pounds). My funds had withered through gazing on the sights of Madrid. I grasped the two hundred pesetas firmly in my hand as it lay in my pocket, breathed hard, and tried to dodge. Useless; these hotel servants of sunny Spain knew a thing or two. They were before me and behind me and around me, and at one stage of the game I was afraid that they would down me and take the two hundred pesetas from me. But at last I escaped—escaped with a loss of twenty-five pesetas.

Here I was standing outside the hotel in the Calle de Alcala. I was slowly recovering from the scrimmage I had had with the servants who would be tipped. I was just beginning to realize that I was lucky to have got out of the hotel with any money at all.

After fortifying myself with a very strong drink in the *café* next door to the hotel I again found myself in the Calle de Alcala—thinking. But in a moment I was myself again, and I turned to the right and moved slowly along—knapsack in hand.

It was light, this knapsack, for I had left everything behind me in the hotel that was not

absolutely necessary for me to carry. I had a long tramp before me, and the having to carry everything on my back chastened my requirements as to luggage.

There were a great many people in the street,



"AT LAST I ESCAPE!"

for it was Sunday, and Sunday in Madrid is really

a holiday—a day of rejoicing. And, moreover, that afternoon there was to be a bull-fight in the

Plaza de Toros. The great matador, Luis Mazantini, was to show his power with the sword in the killing of bulls.

Here I was up to the Plaza de Madrid, and I turned round for one last look towards the

Puerta del Sol. Perhaps I would never see it again.

Madrid itself looked so fresh and beautiful and full of light. The sun was shining with a wonderful brightness. It was the beginning of October, and the deadly heat had gone from it. But still it shone with a strange, illuminating brilliance. Shone in a way that it never shines in England.

I was now in the Plaza de la Independencia, and stretching out before me were parks and gardens—and palaces in the distance. At this moment of brilliant sunshine—illuminating distant palaces and open plazas, and soft greenness of park and garden, and noble public statuary—Madrid appeared to me to be the most beautiful city I had ever seen.

At last I could see the great, sullen roundness of the bull-ring to my right, and soon after that I was out of the city and at the Venta del Espíritu Santo. Madrid was behind me.

Once more I was on the road. My destination was Zaragoza (Saragossa), which lay three hundred and twenty-three kilometres to the north-east. I had tried to find out something of the nature of the country through which I had to pass, but no one seemed to know anything about it. I had met no one who had ever travelled by road through the country. The only man whose knowledge promised to be of any value was an Englishman who had lived for a long time in Madrid. But he turned out to be a person gifted with imagination. He told me of a Spaniard who lived in the Calle de Arenal, and who sold bicycles to bicyclists. The Englishman averred that this Spaniard knew every twist and turn and quip, so to speak, of the road going up north. But the Spaniard was only a polite tradesman who knew nothing further than the fact that the road to Guadalajara went out past the bull-ring. This interesting fact I knew myself, and after gleaning it for the second time I departed in search of a road map. But in vain. There was none to be had. No one knew anything about anything concerning the road going from Madrid to Zaragoza. No one knew anything even about the distance between the two places. I had to find that out for myself in the fulness of time. At last, in despair, I went and got a railway map—for a railway did run to Zaragoza. But a railway map is a fearful and wonderful thing. It is built expressly for the eye. I was forced in the end to fall back on an ordinary map of Spain—published in Paris—which told me nothing further than that Zaragoza lay to the north-east, and that before I got there I would have to negotiate many mountain chains.

I was, therefore, walking along the road armed with information of the vaguest and slightest kind. I had not the remotest idea of what was before me. All that I really knew was that it was a beautiful day, and that I was walking through the province of Castile, in Spain.

Here was a pueblo (village) called Canillejos. I had been walking now for about two hours, and was feeling in a little better form than when I had started. I had strapped my knapsack up on to my back and was beginning to feel comfortable.

In the pueblo men were engaged building a house. I stopped to look at them. It seemed rather rough on them to have to work on a Sunday. But they were not hurting themselves. They were going about it very easy—giving the bricks and stones and mortar time to set. It would be a good house when it was built.

I went up to a Guardia Civil, who was leaning against a wall, thoughtfully smoking a cigarette, and I managed to ask him, after some labour, the distance to Torrejon de Ardoz. I had found out that it was on the road along which I was going, and its being marked on the map showed that it was a place of some size. The Guardia Civil informed me that it was doce (twelve) kilometres from where we were—Canillejos—and after giving him a cigarette I passed on.

Gradually I entered on to a great plain that was bounded on either side by mountains. The mountains showed dim and blue in the distance. On the road before me lay Torrejon de Ardoz. The air was so clear that it seemed as if I were away from it but a couple of kilometres. I could make out the houses and a church and a tower with great distinctness. It looked but a couple of kilometres away, but I knew it must be nine or ten by a cart that was coming along the road towards me. The town was as clear to see as was the cart, but I calculated by objects in between that it must be something over four times as far away. There was something strange-looking about the town. It seemed to rise right up over the plain.

By this time I was feeling rather hungry and I turned into a *ventorero* (inn) that lay along the road. No one seemed to be around. I clapped my hands again and again, and at last a big dog came to the front of the inn and began to bark loudly. I cracked my *latigo* at the dog and he made off. And then an old woman appeared behind the little bar of the *ventorero*. She came so quietly and so suddenly that she startled me. An old woman with a keen, sallow-coloured face "Vino?" I asked.



"ON THE ROAD BEFORE ME LAY TORREJON DE ARDOZ."

"Si," she answered, as she put a jar of wine on the counter. "Que cuanto?" (How much?)

For answer I put a ten-centimo piece on the bar, and she filled me up a jug which contained about a pint of wine. A pint of wine for less than a penny! It was cheap.

The wine was good and I called for another. And then I thought about something to eat. But when I asked the old woman in my clipped, halting Spanish about food, she did not seem to understand. Again and again I approached the subject, helping out my words with appropriate, primitive gestures. But it was of no use. And in the end I sat down with the idea in my mind that the keen-faced old woman knew what I was driving at the whole time, but for some reason or another she did not want to get me the food. I would have to wait till I came to another ventorro, or till I got to Torrejon de Ardoz.

I ordered another jug of wine—wine was much better than nothing—and then I began to meditate about the wonders of Spain. What a fine thing it was to be here in Castile, the home of sunshine and chivalry and legend and glowing romance. This ventorro was so picturesque and strange. It might have been here at the time of the Moors. How wonderful everything was. But—well, how was I going to get some grub? This thought suddenly knocked the poetry out of my imaginings. I

stood up and again approached the food problem. The eyes of the old Spanish woman twinkled.

I was in the middle of the history of my wants when a loud, harsh voice came forth from the interior of the ventorro. A man appeared—a bow-legged, square-set man. He turned out to be Ezekiel, the proprietor of the ventorro. His voice was harsh and his face was harsh, but he became amiable when I told him of the "gran torrida" (great bull-fight) I had seen in Madrid, with Luis Mazzantini as principal matador. I had hit upon a topic at once safe and productive, for I was soon enjoying a meal of huevos (eggs), sardines, bread, and onions.

Once more I was on the road going to Torrejon. This time I was going at a sharp, swinging pace. I was feeling at peace with the world in general.

The sun was going down as I got into the town, and I turned into the first posada I came to—the Parador del Cristo. I was asked a number of questions which I did not understand by a young man who was attired in a picturesque costume. He turned out to be the son of the señora who kept the posada, and the reason of his picturesqueness of attire was because there was a feast going on—the festa "Nuestra Señora del Rosario." A good many people were in the covered-in yard of the posada. They had come from the outlying districts so

as to take part in the festa. Nearly all of them were gaily attired—men, women, and children. They gathered about me whilst the young man—the son of the proprietress—was asking me the questions.

I told them that I had come afoot from Madrid and that I was going afoot to Guadajajara, and after that to Zaragoza.

That night I went out to have a look round the town in company with Antonio, a grabador (engraver). He was a small, slight young fellow, not at all like a Castilian, and he seemed to take an interest in me. We went together down the main street towards the plaza, from whence was coming the sound of singing and the playing of instruments.

The plaza was a blaze of light, and from out of it there was coming a procession of men, women, and children, who were singing and carrying candles and torches. In the deep shadow outside the immense blaze of light stood the church. "Ora pro nobis. Ora pro nobis." The mingled voices of the men, women, and children singing the litany swelled up in the blaze of light in the plaza and out and around and into the darkness.

And chanting priests headed the procession. Just behind them came the figure "Nuestra Señora del Rosario" (Our Lady of the Rosary).

It was raised high up aloft over the heads of the people, supported on a structure carried by four men. The priests were swinging censers as they marched slowly along, chanting, "Ora pro nobis." The Latin words came forth solemnly. And out and out of the plaza the people went. Antonio and I joined the end of the procession and went along with heads uncovered. I turned and looked round, and there was the plaza in silence and darkness. It had been one great blaze of light when I had seen it first, but now it was dark and silent as the grave. "Ora pro nobis." The words were swelling

out solemnly before us as we went slowly along. The deep voices of the priests and the men mingled with the voices of the women and the voices of the children. And over all was the great light from the hundreds of candles and torches. A light that moved and cast shadows strangely and still was one great, soft blaze, in the midst of which was the figure "Nuestra Señora del Rosario." Slowly the procession wound round Torrejon, till at last it came back to the plaza and gradually made it again one blaze of light. All the time the voices were singing. "Ora pro nobis." And then the procession went towards the old church that lay



"THEY MARCHED SLOWLY ALONG, CHANTING, 'ORA PRO NOBIS,'"

in the deep shadow. And now the church was one great blaze of light. And a priest clad in vestments mounted the steps to an altar, shining in the light, and began again the chant, and the whole people chanted in response.

I liked Antonio, the grabador. We were sitting by the wood fire that night in the posada, trying to talk together. We were as opposite as men could be, opposite in race and every way, but still we were trying to talk together. There was some sympathetic chord between us.

He was asking me what sort of a place London was, and I was trying as well as I could to give him some idea of it. If I understood him aright he was also saying that he would like to go there and work as a grabador.

It is curious how men can sometimes exchange ideas, even when they speak a different language. It must depend upon some consonance of temperament. Although I could not follow Antonio's words I knew what was in his mind. And I think he could follow me in the same sort of way.

At last the fire in the great hearth got low and we went off to the part of the posada where the people slept. It was in the covered-in yard where I had stood first when the son of the señora who kept the place had been asking me questions. It presented an odd sight as Antonio and I went in. It was lit up by three or four long candles, and men, women, and children were sleeping in it together. They slept in their clothes on separate piles of twigs or rushes. Here in the dim light was to be seen a child, here a man, here a woman. Some had blankets, some had not. My pile of twigs or rushes was next to Antonio's. It was primitive, but I didn't mind. I had knocked around too much and seen too much to mind a little roughing it, so I lay down, put my knapsack under my head, and wrapped myself in the blanket that the señora had provided. Soon I was asleep.

I was awakened next morning by the stamping and the noise of the mules who were occupying what might be called an extension of our sleeping compartment. I rubbed my eyes and looked round. Daylight was just coming in. I could see it through a chink at the top of the big door. A candle was still burning.

As no one seemed to be stirring, I turned round and fell asleep again. When I woke up again I found that they had all gone. I got up and went into the place where the fire was. Antonio was there drinking coffee. The señora who kept the posada was also there. She was having a stiff argument with a woman who was cooking at the fire as to how much the woman owed her. It was concerning a difference

of cinco (five) centimos. The woman who was cooking won.

Antonio was very friendly, and asked me to share his coffee with him. It seemed that there was something special on that morning—the nature of which I could not quite understand—and he had to get out quickly. When he was gone I spoke to the señora about getting breakfast, but there was a deadlock somewhere. It took me nearly half an hour before I made her understand that I wanted breakfast.

After I had breakfast I paid the score—three pesetas—and got my knapsack up on to my back. My intention was to make Guadalajara that day—a distance of thirty-six kilômetros. But just as I was going out of the door, after bidding farewell to the señora and her son, I heard someone across the street shouting “toros,” and then I saw several people running along in the direction of the plaza. I asked what was the matter, and the reply I got gave me to understand that there was to be a corrida that day, and that the bulls were just being brought in to Torrejon.

I left my knapsack in the posada and hastened down to the plaza, but when I got there I found that the bulls had been taken off to the campo (field). People were going in the direction where they were and I joined in with them. I was anxious to see how the bulls looked when they were not fighting in the circus.

There they were, about half a mile away, grazing peaceably. Quiet, black, powerful animals. It was almost difficult to believe that they were of the same breed of bulls that I had seen fighting terribly in Seville and Madrid. People were standing close enough to them to touch them.

I came back to the plaza and made inquiries as to what time the bull-fight was to begin. I was told four o'clock. Workmen were now erecting a barricade around the plaza. There was no regular bull-ring in Torrejon, and the bull-fight was to take place there. Trees were here and there in the plaza, and I wondered how the picadors would manage to escape being unhorsed in the rush of the fight. I tried to get information as to this from a stout Spaniard who was directing the erection of the barricade. But he was unable to enlighten me on the subject. The danger of having a bull-fight in a plaza wherein there were trees had never occurred to him. He was not a picador.

In the main street leading from the plaza there were stalls whereat vendors of all sorts of things were calling out the merits of their wares. And here it was that I came upon Antonio, the grabador. He was sitting down at a little low stall, with his engraving tools before him. The reason of his hurry to get out of the posada that

morning was now plain. He had been anxious to get a place as near to the actual bull-ring as possible.

We shook hands and I tried to find out what he was going to engrave. But his explanation was not very clear to me. The noise the vendors were making was confusing. It seemed to me that he was saying something about engraving names on rings.

The plaza was now filling up again with the people who were coming back from the campo after having seen the bulls. They just slipped in under the partially-made barricade—men, women, and children. And a band began to play from a terrace at the end of the plaza and they began to dance. The men wore flat cloth caps shaped like tam-o'-shanters, the women wore mantillas and had their hair done up in the usual fashion, and the children were dressed anyhow. All were dancing. The sounds from the hammers of the workmen broke into the music, but no one took any notice; they danced on and on. A curious sort of dance with a waltz step. Parties of four danced together. They bowed and figured, and then whirled round and round without touching each other, their arms held up high. And all the while the workmen were hammering away at the barricade and swinging big timbers and logs into place, and hauling up heavy waggons to buttress and strengthen the structure.

For a maddened bull would rush with frightful power. A maddened bull breaking the

barricade would mean death to those within reach. And so the barricade was to be made tight and safe and strong. And here were the workmen hammering and hauling and shifting and swinging and placing while the band played and the people danced.

I went back to the posada, and at four o'clock I was again at the plaza. The barricade was up now and the stands behind it were filled with people shouting. I climbed up into a stand and looked down. About fifty men and boys were running here and there and around in the enclosed space. They were baiting and plaguing a very young bull. When I had heard the shouts of the people as I was coming from the posada I had thought that the bull fight had begun.

I turned to a man who was standing next to me.

"Porque no corrida?" (For why no bull fight?) I asked.

"Ah!" he answered, "corrida mañana."

So the bullfight was not to be to-day after all; it was to be to-morrow. I had misunderstood what I had been told in the posada. That was the worst of only knowing a word or two of a language.

I came down from the barricade—made for the posada—and in a few moments I had my knapsack once more on my back and was tramping at a good pace towards Alcala de Henares, the next town on the line of march. It was only ten kilometros off, and I had been

told that it was a big town of more than twenty thousand inhabitants. As I went along I could still hear the shouts of the people



"THEY WERE BAITING AND PLAGUING A YOUNG BULL."

in Torrejon. They were enjoying the baiting of the young bull. I would like to have seen a bull-fight in the plaza, for I was anxious to know how the picadors were going to negotiate the trees in the plaza when the fighting was going fast. I had seen a fight in Seville and a fight in Madrid, but this idea of having trees in an arena was original. However, I did not care to lose a day waiting for it. I wanted to push on to Guadalajara.

I had been hardly half an hour on the road when it began to rain. It was the first rain that I had been in since I had come to Spain. I thought at first that it might soon pass off, but I was mistaken. It got steadier and heavier. There was no wind blowing and it fell down straight. I saw that I was in for a drenching. There would be no bull-fight the next day in Torrejon if it kept on. Had I waited I would likely enough have had the wait for nothing. I could have kept dry, of course, but then I was not made of salt. And I wanted to push on; the tramp's instinct to move was upon me.

The country lying in the direction of Alcala de Henares was just like the country through which I had walked when going to Torrejon. Had the day been fine I would have been able to have seen it in the distance before me. But as it was there was nothing to be seen but the surrounding greyness and the steady, drenching rain.

I was soon wet through, but I kept on, on, till I saw some building emerging out of a mist. It was Alcala de Henares. I would go no farther that day. It would surely have a good hotel where I could stop and rest and dry myself out generally.

The entrance into the town was through a great gate. But I was stopped just as I was passing quickly in by two armed guards, and requested politely to come into an office that lay to the left of the gate. Here my knapsack was examined with care. They wanted to see if I were carrying anything into the town upon which they could claim a duty. In Spain there is practically a Customs-house office in every town. Even provisions can't go from one place to the other without paying duty.

In this office I was apprised of the fact that Alcala de Henares was the birthplace of Cervantes. The man who went through my knapsack told me this, I suppose, to cheer up my spirits.

I was very wet, and feeling very pessimistic about things in general, and it may have been that the information imparted by the guard had not quite the stimulating effect he seemed to think it ought to have. I would have preferred a drink of whisky to tomes of such information.

He told me about Cervantes three times. And had I been gifted with a flow of Spanish I would have put to him with vividness my indifference as to the matter. After he had rubbed the information in he told me proudly that Alcala de Henares was a town of twenty-four thousand inhabitants, and that it was in every way superior to Madrid. I was really glad to hear this. There would probably be a good hotel in it.

But he was a good sort of fellow, this guard, even though he was afflicted with a mania for imparting information, for he piloted me through the streets to the Fonda Hidalgo. He still kept telling me things as I walked by his side through the rain. When we got to the fonda I offered him a peseta, which he wouldn't take.

In the Fonda Hidalgo I was received most cordially. The landlord, a big, strapping Castilian, shook me warmly by the hand. But, nevertheless, I took the precaution of asking him what the tariff was. One learns to do that sort of thing in a town in Spain. It is less apt to lead to argument when you get your bill on leaving.

Five pesetas a day! Everything was all right.

The waiter then came forward and I asked him to get me a drink of whisky. But whisky never seemed even to have been heard of in Alcala de Henares. The waiter, who turned out to be a travelled man, said that when he was a soldier in Havana he had once taken a drink of it. But Havana was a long way off. The landlord had never heard of it.

"Rhum!" That was what they had. Plenty of it! And soon I was enjoying a great drink of rum and hot coffee sweetened with sugar. The world was not such a bad place after all, and Spain was beginning to recover for me its romance.

It turned out that the waiter had been a soldier in the Philippines. And we conversed in a zigzag, broken sort of fashion about America.

But he was a native, he told me, of Alcala de Henares. Alcala was a place *mucha grande*! A place more grand even than Madrid. I pricked up my ears. And then what I half expected came out. Alcala de Henares was the place where Cervantes was born.

I would have succumbed but for the fact that I was fortified with the big drink I had had of the rum and coffee. However, I let the waiter ramble on, and in time I got used to it. His way was to begin about something concerning the Philippines, he would then glide on to the merits of Alcala de Henares as a town, and he

would finish with the information concerning Cervantes. After that he would begin all over again.

However, his wanderings were turned to some purpose so far as I was concerned, for he got



"HE WOULD FINISH WITH THE INFORMATION CONCERNING CERVANTES."

the cook to grill a steak for me in a proper manner. It was the first and only good steak I ever had in Spain. "Ah," he said, as he brought it up to the table, "estaka Inglés." He may have been at some time or another in England—though he said nothing about it.

By this time I was dry and feeling comfortable. I carried a change of underclothing wrapped in strong oil-paper in my knapsack. This I had put on, and my coat and shoes were drying in the kitchen before the wood fire. The Fonda Hidalgo was a free and easy hotel.

All the while I was eating the waiter stood by my side and watched me carefully. He seemed to take a fancy to me. His curiosity was of the unadulterated order. There was nothing in it, however, that was in the least way irritating.

He was anxious to attend to all my wants.

After I had finished eating the landlord came up and talked for a while. And it was then that

I was forced to the conclusion that the people of Alcala de Henares were a fine, decent lot, but that they rather overworked the Cervantes business.

I started out the next morning for Guadalajara. It was still raining, but I had provided myself with an umbrella, for which I paid eight pesetas at a shop just across the street from the fonda.

Twenty-six kilômetros lay between me and Guadalajara, the capital of the province. After walking fifteen kilômetros it suddenly cleared up beautifully. The sunlight lit up the great plain wonderfully.

I was still walking over the plain upon which I had entered after leaving Canillejos, eight kilômetros from Madrid. I could see far ahead of me a great mountain chain running right across the horizon. When I turned and looked back I could see the towers and the houses of Alcala de Henares standing out clearly over the great plain.

The plain was breaking up. I was entering the low foot-hills that lay at the base of the mountain chain. It was about four in the afternoon. I had met hardly anyone since I had left Alcala de Henares.

The road now turned sharply to the right, and I walked up a winding, steep incline, crossed a river, and found myself in Guadalajara.

(To be continued.)

Hoist By His Own Petard.

By H. MORTIMER LAMB, OF VICTORIA, B.C.

A tragic happening at a Skagway bank. The routine of the establishment was rudely upset by the advent of a stranger, who demanded twenty thousand dollars, enforcing his request with a stick of dynamite and a revolver. Thereupon followed an appalling catastrophe.



HE life of a bank-clerk is not a career one commonly associates with the idea of hair-breadth escapes or dangerous adventures. Even in the "Wild West" of Ame-

rica his life nowadays is more or less humdrum and uneventful. The onward march of civilization has been rapid in the last few years, and, in consequence, terms once apt enough to describe conditions of life in Western America are no longer applicable. The "road agent" has virtually disappeared, "hold-ups," "shooting scrapes," and lynchings are of comparatively rare occurrence, and even in the remoter districts law and order are fairly well respected and maintained.

But it will be noticed that all these statements are qualified; for every once in a while "old-timers" are forcibly reminded of the wild pioneer days by reading in their newspaper an account of some crime of peculiar craft, daring, or brutality, committed, in nine cases out of ten, for little other cause than the satisfaction of an inordinate craving for notoriety on the part of the criminal. Thus, for example, not so very long ago the desperado Tracy successfully defied the entire police force of the State of Washington while he ranged at will through the country-side, terrorizing the inhabitants, and demanding and obtaining food and service at the point of the pistol.*

In the case I am about to relate retribution followed the attempted crime with strange and startling suddenness.

Skagway is a little town of a few thou-

sand people, situated in the disputed territory in Alaska, but administered at present by the United States Government. It is the western terminus of the White Pass and Yukon Railway and the gateway to the Klondike region.



* See "The Hunting of Harry Tracy," in our issue for December, 1907.—Ed.
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"SAY, DO YOU KNOW WHAT THIS IS?"

Lately it has become tolerably respectable, but in the days of the first gold excitement Skagway was, without doubt, an exceedingly "tough" place of abode. Since the death, however, of one "Soapy Smith," the chief of a notorious gang of criminals and desperadoes, there has been, until the remarkable occurrence at the Canadian Bank, a marked absence of what may be termed sensational crime.

Lay, being away on a holiday, Messrs. Pooley and Wallace were left in charge of the bank.

While attending to their ordinary duties they were startled by the sudden entrance of a man, who walked up to the ledger-keeper's wicket and, producing first a revolver and then a stick of dynamite, remarked to Mr. Wallace, "Say, do you know what this is?"—he pointed to the



"THE CRACK OF THE PISTOL WAS HARDLY HEARD IN A TERRIFIC REPORT WHICH IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWED."

Some time ago the Canadian Bank of Commerce opened a branch establishment in Skagway, the staff consisting of the manager, Mr. H. M. Lay; the accountant, Mr. C. Pooley, a son of the Speaker of the British Columbian Legislature; and the ledger-keeper, Mr. Wallace. During the season the branch had done a very considerable business in exchanging drafts for gold-dust, and probably the knowledge that so much treasure was thus stored close at hand suggested the idea which resulted in a daring attempt to "hold-up" the bank, and which ended so tragically.

One day last September, the manager, Mr.

dynamite—"Well, I want twenty thousand dollars, and be quick about it!"

Mr. Wallace served with the first Canadian contingent in South Africa, and is a man of very considerable *sang froid*, so that this startling request did not have quite the effect it might have done on a more timid person. "Oh, all right," he replied, hardly raising his head. Then, after waiting to jot down a figure or two in his ledger, he strolled leisurely towards the open door of the cash safe. This the would-be robber permitted him to do, believing, no doubt, that his extraordinary demand was about to be quietly acceded to. But as Mr. Wallace

passed Pooley, who had made a step forward in order to get possession of a gun which lay beneath the counter, he said, "Look out for yourself," in a low tone.

The stranger was now covering Mr. Wallace with his revolver, and Mr. Pooley quickly realized that he stood no chance of possessing himself of his firearm and getting in the first shot, so he accepted the advice so calmly tendered him and glided behind the big steel

the dust and smoke which hung thick in the air.

"No, I think not," was the reply, in rather a shaky voice; "just a bit upset, that's all."

Pooley emerged from his retreat, and the two regarded the wrecked office in silence, wondering at their marvellous escape from death. It was difficult at first to take in the situation, the whole affair had happened so quickly. It was not easy to recognise in the scene of destruction



From a

THE INTERIOR OF THE BANK, SHOWING THE EFFECTS OF THE EXPLOSION.

[Photo.]

door of the open safe, where he was in comparative safety if the thief opened fire. Simultaneously Mr. Wallace made a bolt through the back entrance of the bank.

As he did so the man realized that he had been duped and fired his revolver.

The crack of the pistol was hardly heard in a terrific report which immediately followed, succeeded by a bewildering turmoil as the office furniture was flung hither and thither by the force of the explosion.

Presently the mystified Mr. Wallace forced his way into the building. "Are you hurt, Pooley?" he asked, anxiously, peering through

before them the comfortable bank quarters with the appearance of which they were accustomed. Every vestige of plaster had been shaken from the walls, the laths in the ceiling were torn away, leaving great gaping holes, and the pictures had been hurled from one end of the room to the other. Papers, bank-notes, and coin were scattered in every direction, and the furniture was splintered and ruined.

Meanwhile residents of the town, alarmed by the explosion, came hurrying up. To them Mr. Pooley related what had taken place as well as his agitated state of mind permitted. It then occurred to someone to inquire concerning the

fate of the author of the outrage. A search was forthwith instituted among the piles of *débris*.

The first thing discovered was the stick of dynamite deposited by the desperado on the ledge of the ledger-keeper's wicket. This, curiously enough, was intact. A moment later all that remained of the unfortunate bank-robber was found amongst the litter on the

Although the attempt at holding-up the bank thus fortunately failed, the damage done to the building was very considerable. A quantity of gold-dust was also temporarily lost—scattered by the explosion—but by careful scrubbing and scraping of the walls and floor of the room the missing gold was all recovered.

At the inquest which followed the accident the identity of the robber was not proved, but



From a]

THE OUTSIDE OF THE OFFICE AFTER THE EXPLOSION.

[Photo

floor. The face and right arm had been blown completely away, and altogether the body presented a most horrible appearance. Nemesis had indeed overtaken him, swift and terrible.

The fact that one stick of dynamite was found unexploded is one of those things which do not admit of explanation, dynamite being a peculiar explosive. The ruffian must have had about his person a further supply, which was exploded by the concussion produced by the firing of the revolver.

he is believed to have been a notorious criminal, well known to the police authorities of the Pacific Coast seaports. From the evidence it appeared that the man was quite sane, and that in holding-up the bank his plan had been to possess himself of the large sum of money he demanded, using the dynamite to blow up the building with in order to cover his retreat. That his own life was the only one lost, and that by his own mad act, is the most curious part of a remarkable incident.

The Island of Captive Kings.

BY ALEX. H. KIRK.

Very few people are aware that on the remote Island of Mahé, in the Seychelles, the British Government keeps in comfortable confinement a collection of monarchs who have been deposed and deported for their countries' good. The author paid a visit to Mahé and had interviews with the exiled Royalties, who graciously permitted him to photograph and sketch them.



AR out in the Indian Ocean, a thousand miles from the nearest mainland and almost directly under the Equator, lies the Island of Mahé, the largest and most important of the Seychelles Archipelago. Mahé, as its name suggests, was originally a French colony. It was taken by the British during the Napoleonic wars some ninety years ago. In spite of its position it is one of the most favoured spots on earth. Hurricanes, droughts, fevers, poisonous reptiles, or refractory natives are unknown. The scenery is magnificent, mountains rising directly out of the sea to a height of from one to three thousand feet, clothed from base to summit in the rich green of tropical vegetation.

The population consists almost entirely of liberated slaves from East Africa and their descendants. Curiously enough, although the island has been for so many years a British colony, French is the only language in general use, and the Code Napoleon is still the law of the land. Poverty and want have no place in Mahé. There is plenty of work for all, either on the vanilla estates or at the busy little port, where numbers of small schooners carry on a continual trade with the neighbouring islands. The sea abounds in fish, and the land produces almost all the necessities to supply the simple wants of the inhabitants. It is therefore scarcely surprising that General Gordon, after some months' residence in the island, thought that he had discovered in it the Garden of Eden.

Such is the place that Great Britain has chosen as a land of exile for some of the savage tyrants of the Dark Continent, who stood as barriers to all progress and humanity in the countries over which they ruled, and were accordingly deposed.

First in importance comes the historic Prempeh, ex-King of Ashanti. This man established in his kingdom a reign of terror without parallel even in the history of Africa. In spite

of continual warnings from the British authorities, he raided the neighbouring territories and carried off the inhabitants as slaves or victims for human sacrifices. The taste for blood finally acquired such a hold on the King and his people that hundreds of natives were annually sacrificed at Kumasi. In order to put a stop to this terrible state of affairs the British Government in 1895 dispatched an armed expedition to Kumasi, under the leadership of Sir Francis Scott. Little or no resistance was offered by the Ashantis, but the expedition suffered considerable loss of life (including that of Prince Henry of Battenberg) owing to the deadly nature of the climate.

General Baden-Powell, who accompanied Sir Francis Scott, has written a vivid account of what they found after entering Kumasi. He says: "In England we scarcely realize the extent to which human sacrifices had been carried on in Ashanti previous to the late expedition, but evidences were not wanting to show it. In the first place Kumasi means the 'Death Place.' The town possessed no fewer than three places of execution. One, for private execution, was at the palace; a second, for public decapitations, was on the parade ground; a third, for fetich sacrifices, was in the sacred village of Bantama." He then goes on to show how every public festival or great event, especially if connected with the King, was celebrated by the slaughter of many victims, adding: "As a rule they were killed without extra torture, but if an order was given for an addition of this kind the executioners vied with one another in devising original and fiendish forms of suffering. In great executions torture was apparently resorted to in order to please the spectators." It is even said that Prempeh, not being content with the colour of some of the walls of the palace, had them redone, using for the purpose the blood of four hundred captives!

After the British had occupied Kumasi Prempeh was forced to make public and object

submission to Sir F. Scott by kneeling before him and placing his head between the general's feet. Never before had an Ashanti King been thus humiliated. After this ceremony Prempeh had to be most carefully guarded, as it was feared that the Ashantis would kill him. Finally, he and his family, together with a large following composed of chiefs, executioners, and slaves, were conveyed to the coast and from there to the Seychelles.

During a recent visit to Mahé I took the opportunity of visiting Prempeh in his present home. I was lucky enough to obtain a most capable guide, the wife of one of the chief English residents of the place. After a walk of about three miles from the town of Port Victoria, the capital of the island, we arrived at a small, two-storied house standing back among the cocoa-nut trees and approached by a narrow path, ending in a flight of steps leading up to a large veranda. This, I was told, was the abode of the fallen Ashanti monarch. At first the only suggestion I got that the house was not occupied by some peaceable planter was the sight of a khaki-clad policeman wandering about in the garden. One of these men went for the interpreter, who soon appeared, and at once went to tell Prempeh that visitors awaited him outside. A few minutes later Prempeh himself, dressed in a loose-fitting flannel suit, walked down the steps and solemnly shook hands. He is a big, well-built man, with a dignified and somewhat self-satisfied manner. His face is of a by no means low type, and when he smiles his expression suggests gentleness rather than ferocity. The colour of his skin is a dark, rich brown, unlike the sooty blackness

of the average West African negro. When it was explained to him that I wished to photograph and sketch him and his family, in order that the people in England might see what they were like, he seemed pleased, and nodded his head in a slow and thoughtful manner. He said, through his interpreter, that he would go and change his clothes, and thereupon disappeared into the house. During his absence refreshments were served. These consisted of fresh cocoa-nuts, with a hole

cut in the end of sufficient size to allow one to drink the milk.

Whilst engaged in the somewhat difficult task of trying to drink without choking, we were continually being watched by little, bright-eyed Ashanti children, who looked very quaint and pretty as they ran from one place of safety to another. Their dress in several cases consisted merely of a band round the waist and two tails hanging down, back and front, which jumped and wagged in a very comical manner. The antics of these little people were so entertaining that I hardly noticed a tall, thin man, dressed in a large coloured sheet thrown over

his left shoulder, stroll by. On being told, however, that he was one of Prempeh's chief executioners, I was most anxious to get him to stand for his portrait, but he would have nothing to do with us, and stalked off with a sullen, pensive air. No doubt he feels that his is now a wasted life, and that he may never again be able to practise his profession, or show his masterful skill in inventing new and original tortures.

A general bustle on the veranda now proclaimed the fact that Prempeh was about to reappear. This he did, accompanied by the



"PREMPEH WALKED DOWN THE STEPS AND SOLEMNLY SHOOK HANDS."



ONE OF PREMPEH'S CHIEF EXECUTIONERS.

aged Queen-Mother and his father, all dressed, like the executioner, in long coloured sheets. Then followed an old man, carefully carrying a large black wooden chair, studded with brass nails and ivory. On the seat was a large red cushion, standing upright. When Prempeh was about to sit down, then, and then only, was the cushion carefully laid on the seat of the chair. The object of this formality, which is strictly observed, is that none save the King himself may ever sit on the Royal chair of Ashanti.

When the party had finally settled themselves on the steps leading from the veranda, I proceeded to take several photographs and make sketches. This having been got through, I was



THE QUEEN-MOTHER.

invited into the house to witness Prempeh sign his name, an accomplishment of which he was very proud. While he was engaged in this laborious undertaking there was time to have a good look round the room. The furniture was simple in the extreme, consisting of the table at which Prempeh sat, several chairs and stools, and a couch covered with a green cloth. On the walls hung some cheap calendars and advertisements; beyond this there was no attempt at decoration. In the meantime the Royal chair had been brought in, still zealously guarded by the aged attendant. Having previously noticed a quantity of charms hanging under the seat, I got up, intending to closely examine them. No sooner had the old man behind the chair perceived my object than he became much agitated, and waved me away with violent gesticulations. I accordingly abandoned the attempt.



KING PREMPEH IN FULL REGALIA, WITH THE ROYAL CHAIR OF ASHANTI. (Photo from a)

By this time Prempeh had finished his autobiography, which he duly presented to me. My friend then asked me if I would like to hear Prempeh count in English, adding that it would give him immense pleasure to do so. Accordingly, leaning back in his chair and staring fixedly at the ceiling, he started, "One, two, tree," etc. When later on he got stuck, my friend encouraged him by saying, "Very good, Prempeh; go on!" Then, suggestively, "thir—



PREMPEH SIGNING HIS NAME—HE IS VERY PROUD OF THIS ACCOMPLISHMENT.

thir—" "Thirty," the ex-King would say at last, and start, "thirty-one, thirty-two," etc., until in this manner a hundred was reached. The whole proceeding struck me as so ridiculous that I could hardly keep myself from laughing. Here was the bloodthirsty Prempeh, a man whose actions have sent a thrill of horror through the civilized world, being talked to by an English lady in the same way as she would have spoken to a junior member of an infant school!

It was now time to take leave of our interesting host, which we did by again shaking hands, at the same time promising him a portrait of himself to commemorate the visit. I have since received an autograph letter from Prempeh, thanking me for the picture. This document is here reproduced.

On the way back I visited the Ashanti village, which is situated some distance from Prempeh's house. In this village are the exiled chiefs of Kumasi, their wives and servants. All these people, I was told, live quietly and peaceably together, and give the authori-

ties little or no trouble.

On continuing my walk home I was lucky enough to meet Asibi, ex-King of Kokofu. He was strolling along the road, dressed in a khaki suit, surmounted by a large white pith helmet. Kokofu is one of the minor kingdoms of Ashanti, and its chief, although a King, is under the sway of the paramount King of Ashanti. Five years after Prempeh had been taken prisoner Sir F. Hodgson was appointed

Governor at Kumasi. At that time King Asibi was in Kumasi, and expressed his loyalty to the Queen of England and her representative. In spite of this, however, he entered into communication with some of the neighbouring tribes, who were then in a state of revolt, and came to an understanding with them by which, had the rebels been successful, he would have been placed on the Golden Stool as paramount King of Ashanti until such time as the exiled Prempeh might return. Sir F. Hodgson, however, having been informed of Asibi's treachery, had him at once arrested and conveyed to the fort before even his own people realized what was taking place.

Thank you for the picture

Yours truly

Mwasa Prempeh

6th October 1902

PREMPEH'S LETTER TO THE AUTHOR THANKING HIM FOR HIS PICTURE.

On the termination of the unsuccessful siege of Kumasi by the rebels, Asibi was sent to join his late chief Prempeh in exile.

Owing to the chance manner in which I met him, and being without an interpreter, I was unable to hold any conversation with him. Possibly this was no great loss, as, judging by appearances, he is a somewhat low type of negro. The departure of Asibi was the closing incident of this most interesting afternoon.

The next visit I paid was to Kabbaregga, ex-King of Unyoro, and Mwanga, ex-King of Uganda. Unyoro and Uganda are two adjoining kingdoms situated on the northern shore of the Victoria Nyanza Lake. The Waganda and Wanyoro, as the people of these countries are respectively called, have a common origin, language, and customs. Mwanga and Kabbaregga, their Kings, are of the same lineage, and were both equally ambitious and cruel. These two men have in their day figured largely in African history. Kabbaregga is the older of the two. He first came into prominence in 1872, when Sir Samuel Baker invaded his country with a view to annexing it to the Soudan. In this he was unsuccessful and retreated to the Nile. In 1876 General Gordon did annex some of the northern provinces of Unyoro, but the Egyptian garrisons were afterwards withdrawn, with the result that Kabbaregga, on retaking the country, proceeded to massacre all those who had been friendly to the invaders. This caused General Gordon to dispatch Emin Pasha on a mission to the King to try and induce him to put a stop to these reprisals. During Emin's stay at Mpara, the capital of Unyoro, he saw a good deal of Kabbaregga and formed a somewhat high estimate of his character, describing him as well-mannered, dignified, and hospitable.

From that time onwards Unyoro seems to have been in a continual state of war in one part of the kingdom or another. There was a chronic war with Uganda, as well as several civil wars to subdue Kabbaregga's brothers, who had set themselves up as independent chiefs in remote parts of the kingdom. In 1887, owing to the conquests of the Mahdi in the north, Emin Pasha, prior to the arrival of the relief expedition led by Sir H. M. Stanley, entered into negotiations with Kabbaregga for the passage of Egyptian troops through the latter's country. For this purpose he sent Major Casati to Unyoro. He was received with great coolness by the King, who rejected his present of ivory, and finally treated him so cruelly that he narrowly escaped with his life. After Uganda became a British Protectorate, Kabbaregga was a continual source of trouble to the authorities in that

country. Finally, owing to his complicity with Major Macdonald's mutinous Soudanese soldiers, he was deported, together with Mwanga, in the year 1899.

Several interesting accounts have been written about the customs of Unyoro and its late King. Kabbaregga had a great love for cattle-breeding, and is said to have had as many as 150,000 head of large cattle, the result of continual raids. In the Court of Unyoro the possession of enormously fat wives was considered an emblem of great wealth and distinction on the part of the King. Kabbaregga had some specially fattened women, who attained such a size, owing to a special diet, that they could only move, and then with the greatest difficulty, on their hands and knees.

Although of a somewhat cruel nature, he did not indulge to any large extent in human sacrifices. During times of great danger and perplexity, however, the King, on the advice of sorcerers, would have recourse to the ceremony of the mpango, or axe, in order to propitiate the spirit of Kamrasi, his deceased father. During these rites innocent peasants and passers-by were caught and immediately murdered, in order to appease the supposed anger of the spirit of the departed monarch. These rites, however, seem only to have been practised at rare intervals, as wanton bloodshed is displeasing to the feelings of the Wanyoro.

Mwanga, the hereditary enemy of Kabbaregga, succeeded the notable tyrant Mtesa in 1884, being at the time eighteen years of age. He is said to have been chosen from among his brothers on account of his great resemblance to his father. He, however, showed from the commencement of his reign that he was quite unfit for his high position. Being a young man with a hard heart and a warped mind, he soon destroyed the little good his father had done. One of his first actions was to get rid of the old Ministers, and to place foolish and badly-disposed men in their place.

The story of the long and bitter feud, which took place later, between the Roman Catholic and Protestant parties has been vividly told by General Sir F. Lugard. During these quarrels the vacillating and cowardly Mwanga, encouraged by the Arabs, had recourse to massacres and tortures of the most horrible description. In 1885, by Mwanga's orders, Bishop Hannington, on entering Uganda, was murdered with his entire party. From that time onwards the King's conduct went from bad to worse, until, owing to the discovery of a plot against the British, he fled with a large following. He then raised the standard of revolt, declared himself a Mohammedan, and was joined by many

outlaws from the German sphere. His force at this time numbered about two thousand men, armed with guns. After much severe fighting, resulting in the death of several British officers, he was finally captured, in 1899, with Kabbaregga, as before stated. The precious pair were then deported to the Seychelle Islands.

Being desirous of making the personal acquaintance of this interesting couple, I set out one day to visit them in their present home. The modest little house which is the joint residence of these two Kings is situated about three miles out of the town, in the opposite direction to that of the Ashantis. On arriving there I obtained the services of one of the policemen on guard to act as interpreter. He conducted me round to the back of the house,

where, under a small shelter made of dried cocoa-nutleaves, I found Kabbaregga reclining on a long chair and dressed in a large, brightly coloured cotton robe. As he rose to welcome me I noticed that he was minus his right arm, lost, doubtless, during one of his many battles. On the ground by his side was Mrs.

Kabbaregga, an enormously tall, gaunt woman, who slowly rose and solemnly shook hands.

Kabbaregga is a fine-looking man, with a wonderfully expressive face. He has large, protruding eyes, which survey you with a keenness quite uncommon in the negro. His tightly-closed mouth and somewhat receding chin give an air of determination as well as a suggestion of cruelty to his face. While talking to Kabbaregga a figure, dressed in a slovenly flannel suit, presented itself. This turned out to be Mwanga. As I shook him by his flabby hand I could hardly believe that he was the son and successor of the great Mtesa, and one who had held the power of life and death over one of the most enlightened peoples of Central Africa. His almost cringing manner and dull, stupid face were in strong contrast to the dignified bearing and keen expression of his fellow-captive.

As I now had them both together I suggested a photograph, but when Kabbaregga learnt what was required of him he flatly refused to be either photographed or sketched in the costume he was then wearing or under the cocoa-nut shelter. The whole party accordingly left and entered the house. After waiting some time and hearing distinct sounds of quarrelling going on inside, I sent the policeman to inquire what the trouble was. On his return he told me that Mrs. Kabbaregga wished to be photographed, but that Mrs. Mwanga refused. This had caused an argument, in which their respective lords and masters joined. The result was that Mwanga and Kabbaregga emerged alone, dressed in well-fitting serge suits.

As all attempts to induce the ladies to join

the party proved fruitless, I proceeded to photograph and sketch the two Kings alone. During this process the different characters of the two men were plainly marked. Mwanga spent his time in putting himself into attitudes, and continually pulled or stroked his coat to prevent any possibility of a crease, whereas Kabbaregga was



THE HOUSE INHABITED BY THE EX-KINGS OF UNYORO AND UGANDA.
From a Photo.

quite at his ease and seemed rather amused at the whole affair. While this was going on I noticed Mrs. Mwanga stealthily looking through a half-open door, feminine curiosity having evidently overcome her natural modesty. After a walk round the house and a glance into one of the small, ill-furnished rooms, I took leave of these two fallen monarchs. It seems a curious irony of fate that these two men, who had spent the greater part of their lives in a state of continual war with one another, should end by being huddled up together in the same small house. Why they should live thus, whilst Prempel, whose record is certainly blacker than Kabbaregga's, is kept in almost Royal state, I do not know. The only time these captive Kings come together is in church on Sunday, which they attend regularly, all sitting in the same row.

They enjoy at all times the greatest liberty,



From a

THE KINGS OF UNYORO AND UGANDA.

[Photo.

and may often be seen walking about the town or riding in jinrikshas wholly unattended. Perhaps no better example could be given of the considerate way in which they are treated by the authorities than the following, which I witnessed personally. During the *fêtes* in con-

nection with the coronation of His Majesty King Edward VII., the Administrator held an official levée at Mahé. All the exiled Kings and some twenty Ashanti chiefs attended, and their names were duly published in the official gazette.



THE CAPTIVE ROYALTIES ALL ATTEND CHURCH ON SUNDAYS, SITTING IN THE SAME ROW.

The March of "Coxey's Army."

BY FREDERICK MOORE.

During a period of acute commercial depression in America a man named Coxey conceived the idea of leading a huge army of the unemployed across the country to the Capitol at Washington, and there demanding work. The scheme, however, did not appeal to genuine working men, and tramps formed the majority of those who flocked to "General" Coxey's standard. In spite of many vicissitudes the "army" struggled on its way, only to be finally defeated and dispersed when it reached its destination.



THINK this story will demonstrate that freedom of thought and speech and action exists in America as it does nowhere else on earth. This maximum of liberty, however, is not conducive to content; Anarchists have robbed the United States of more rulers in the same length of time than the most despotic oligarchy. As in all countries where the franchise is broad, unscrupulous and ambitious would-be leaders prey on the ignorant voter.

If there are no issues these demagogues make them, or try to. Of recent years they have not succeeded well, but the era of depression that prevailed during the last Cleveland Administration provided plenty. Workmen were idle from the Atlantic to the Pacific and wages were lower than they had ever been before. Congress was spending its time dickering with the tariffs, pulling down the protective duties of the Republican Administration it had defeated, and laying the ports open to free foreign trade. Capitalists were standing idle, fearing to invest, or improve, or even continue working until the Democrats had settled the new order of things.

The moneyed men could live, however, while the working men could not. J. S. Coxey, a populist, a theosophist, and a man of some means, grew rampant in his tirades against this state of affairs. He listened to himself so earnestly and so often that he came to believe he had been specially chosen for the deliverance of his suffering fellow-men, though his original idea was, no doubt, that he would win a seat in Congress. He conceived a great idea one morning, and acted upon it instantly. He issued a proclamation calling for an army of one hundred thousand of the unemployed to march to the capital and demand employment!

"Now, hurry up! the time is short," ran one paragraph of this extraordinary document, "and although the roads will be horrible, remember the condition of the soldiers under Washington

in the snow at Valley Forge, struggling to win this fair land from an English tax on tea, and we, the degenerate sons of illustrious sires, have allowed English bondholders to get us more tightly in their grasp than George III. had our forefathers." (There was a kind of an English invasion of America at the time in the purchase of an issue of United States bonds.) "Rouse up!" the manifesto continued, "and demand Congress to issue paper money based upon our own security. If paper money could fight battles and kill men in '61, it can build good roads and streets and public buildings and thus save men from starving to death in

1894. Rise, ye bondmen, and protest against the yoke at least!—(Signed) CARLE BROWNE, Secretary."

But the working men of America are either not of an adventurous disposition or not fools; they declined to "rouse up." The only people who rallied around this self-appointed leader were "hobos"—the recipe for which America holds a jealous secret. Weary Willie, Meandering Mike, Wandering Watts, Tired Timothy, Thirsty Thaddeus, Dusty Rhodes, the whole "Who's Who" of trampdom got the word and rolled in from the country round about to Missillion, the home of the new "General." "General" Coxey maintained the



"GENERAL" COXEY.

early arrivals until Easter, the day appointed for the start of the great "march on Washington." From forty to five hundred set out that sorry Eastertide, according to the "war correspondents" accredited to the "army" by different newspapers. From what I know of the American tramp I believe the man who reported forty, for a blizzard was blowing that Sunday morning. They marched through Ohio—where they were the butt of ridicule in every town through which they passed—in rain and sleet and along almost impassable roads. Like the hosts of Napoleon, the elements thinned their numbers more than bullets. Steadily they dropped by the wayside, finding snug lodgings in the haylofts of unlucky farmers, or catching freight trains going south.

The mountain-men of the Middle West are a hard set, with no mercy on tramps, and at the hands of these, up in the high altitudes where they were nearly frozen, the "army" met the only stout opposition it encountered until it was finally repulsed from the terrace of the Capitol. The onslaught of the stalwart mountaineers, with birch-sticks fresh stripped from the leafless trees, was too terrible for the unacclimatized volunteers to resist, and they vanished like chaff before the wind.

The "army" proceeded to the lowlands on

they passed—literally "living on the country." As long as it was small the town marshals, who met the "army" a few miles out of their respective villages, dictated terms. They unceremoniously locked it up for the night in baseball parks and racecourses on the outskirts, and then hustled it on its way to fare better or worse at the next town. There were generally enough kind-hearted old women in each city, town, or hamlet to supply the miscellaneous horde with food. If there were not, they did not ask a pass for an evening out from



"THEY VANISHED LIKE CHAFF BEFORE THE WIND."

the east practically denuded of its "rank and file," but there the fugitives rallied to the old standard and fresh "recruits" enlisted in scores, till the correspondent who gave the higher figure I have mentioned could prove his statement. Throughout its pilgrimage the strength of the "army" depended entirely on the "grub" available.

"General" Coxey had footed the bills at the start, and he supplied the equipment for the journey—the second-hand circus tent, the property and mess waggons, and the horses, draught animals, and "officers'" mounts. But the appetite of his "army" would have exhausted his coffers in short order. The men depended for their subsistence on the land through which

the "executive officer," "Marshal" Browne, but deserted and went "grubbing" for themselves; and the roll-call was small next morning.

On the Atlantic slope the spring sun was waking the "hobos," who had lain dormant all the winter. This novel idea of travelling in force appealed to them. The "war correspondents" had to earn their salaries, and with such Press agents the enterprise could not but "draw." Coxey began charging admission to the night bivouac and passing the hat on parade. This proved so successful that soon the "army" was strong enough to dictate terms to the marshals and demand sustenance in return for abstaining from foraging in their neighbourhood.

The whole country was now aroused and everywhere the tramps mobilized to reinforce Coxey. On one or two railroads in the West the crews of the freight trains had standing orders to carry all individual tramps who applied for transportation anywhere along the line, for it was long ago found to be cheaper to do this than have them, in revenge for summary ejection, setting fire to unguarded property along the road. Owing to this same fear, and in order to allay the apprehension of the inhabitants of the small towns along the railroads, the "regiments" of Coxey's "army" were very often given, on application, passage to the end of the line infested. The strongest brigade outside of the main "army," five hundred and seven in number, put in a formal request for transportation over a division of the Union Pacific. The company ignored the application, whereupon the tramps held up a freight train, kicked the crew off, manned it themselves, and started east. The news was telegraphed along the line, and to avoid an accident every other train was side-tracked, and the "hobo special" had a clear line until its fuel gave out. Waiting at a little station where it was calculated it would stop for coal and water was a regiment of Uncle Sam's regulars. When the train pulled in there was a jump and run for freedom. But the cordon was substantial, and four hundred and thirty-five of the gang were captured.

Coxey himself was more astute than to break the law. The name he chose for his men, "Common-wealers," largely protected them from the Vagrancy Acts of the U.S. He was bent on getting to Washington on the day he had promised to be there—May 1—and leading his vagabonds up the Capitol steps; or, thwarted, to go down in history

a martyred man. But he did not march all the way. When he reached the Potomac River he was two days late in his schedule. Two leaky old canal boats lying idle at Cumberland, the famous Civil War battlefield, offered a means of recovering lost time. The owner, a typical canal man, agreed to transform the old scows into transports and tow the "army" a hundred miles towards Washington for a dollar per head.

"Six hundred dollars!" exclaimed Coxey and staff, especially Coxey, for it was to come out of his pocket. "Too much. Can't you make us a cheaper rate than that? We'll give you fifty dollars."

"It's agin the law," said the man. Then he thought a moment. "Now, sar, I'll tell you what I'll do," he said, finally. "You have the whole lot weighed on them there coal scales yonder and bill 'em as freight, and I'll take the whole cargo at fifty-two cents per ton."

With this curious offer Coxey closed, and waggons, tents, mess paraphernalia of all kinds, "hobos," horses, and other living creatures all tipped the scales. One hundred and sixty-four tons was the total weight of the "army" and its stores, and eighty-five dollars and twenty-eight cents were duly paid over.

Early next morning camp was struck. The



"I'LL TAKE THE WHOLE CARGO AT FIFTY-TWO CENTS PER TON."

"Commonwealers" filed aboard between lines of spectators who indulged in a good deal of good-natured chaff, finally giving three cheers for Coxey's "navy."

All along the line the inhabitants turned out and cheered the "sailors." The "sailors" cheered back, and the "band"—the only instruments of which found recorded in a civilized dictionary are a bagpipe and a big drum—played merrily. The "Commonwealers" were in excellent spirits, for a good dinner was in prospect—the blackmail extorted from the citizens of Cumberland by a threat of entering the town.

Presently they were in sight of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway, which follows the Potomac canal for miles. Every train that passed whistled a salute, and the passengers waved their handkerchiefs. Coxey declared that the interest taken in the "army" was another example of Maryland hospitality, and the men cheered back and waved their blankets. At Round Top Mountain, where the hillside is honey-combed with cement quarries, the quarrymen knocked off work when the news—which was being shouted along the banks—arrived. They were sitting with their legs hanging over the white cliffs when the fleet hove in sight. They demanded a speech, and the ever-ready executive officer rendered a harangue at the top of his voice, explaining that Congress could print money just as it printed agricultural reports, and they were going to make Congress do it and give work to all idle men. On conclusion the bagpiper rendered "Columbia, 'tis of Thee, Sweet Land of Libertee," with original variations.

The "navy" was broken up at Williamsport, and the "Commonwealers" reverted to a land force and marched on to Hagerstown, where it had Forepaugh's four-ring circus as a rival attraction. It put the circus out of business while it stayed in the vicinity.

The march from Hagerstown to Washington was made in good time, the "army" being spurred by the inspiring proximity of its destination. On the 28th of April it was met by the Washington cyclists, who had taken a day off from their respective duties and ridden out to meet this band of pilgrims, of which they had heard so much during the past five weeks. On the 29th, early in the morning, the vanguard of

the "army" met the most advanced of the spectators, who had ventured out upon their route of march to get a glimpse of the "Commonwealers." The curious onlookers fell in behind and beside and before the "army" and marched with it. Thicker and thicker the assemblage got as the day advanced. Afoot, on horseback, in every imaginable kind of vehicle, by train and trolley, every grade of Washington society had come out of the town to meet the much-heralded hosts of Coxey. A detachment of mounted and one of foot police met the "Commonwealers" at the district line and cleared the road for them to the park allotted as a camping-ground.

A happy thought struck one of the "General's" staff at the sight of the fight the spectators made to get into Brightwood Park. He imparted it to the commander, and at his request the police cleared the place of outsiders. Coxey appointed two good, reliable gate-keepers—one to watch the other—and collected admission fees to the race-course. They took over seven hundred dollars in nickels and dimes and quarters, accepting whatever they could get. By the time the tents were pitched the grand stand was filled with

spectators; they covered the paddock and the course and the whole field.

"Joe-Joe, the Dog-faced Boy," "The Ten-Thousand Dollar Beauty," "The Snake-Eater," "The Fat Lady," "The Wild Man from Borneo," "The South African Giant," and other country circus signs and panoramas hung over respective exhibits where the tramps had taken up their quarters. The most appropriate—anyway, the one that took most effect upon the lookers-on—was a sign that had hung over the cage of a "Gila monster," or something of that kind. The tramp who sat under it could not read, but wondered why the people did not crowd about him as they did the others. The announcement read, in bold black letters, "Beware! it is alive!"

Coxey wanted to do everything "perfectly legal." He went down to police head-quarters and procured an order to parade his men through the streets of the city on May 1st. Then he repaired to the Capitol and requested of the serjeant-at-arms a permit to address "the American people and the Congress of the United States" from the great white terrace—which he did not procure. He would do it



"MARSHAL" LARUE BROWN, "GENERAL"
COXEY'S EXECUTIVE OFFICER.

anyway, he announced, and the newspapers advertised his threat. On the morning appointed the trains coming in from the neighbouring countryside were filled to overflowing, and by the time scheduled for the march to begin the route of parade was blocked with people and the vast grounds around the Capitol were hidden by humanity.

The leaders' families had come to Washington by rail and joined the parade, together with a Philadelphia "regiment" that had formed a junction with Coxey's "army" just before the city was stormed.

A breakfast of beans, beef, and bread was dished out promptly at eight o'clock. Before the order of march was formed "Executive Officer" Browne gave the men a last word before the battle. "Carry peace!" he shouted, in that gruff voice he had used so effectively in selling a patent medicine (his previous occupation). "Shoulder peace, and with your white flags pointing towards High Heaven peace will be more forcible than all the guns and cannon this Republic can muster!"

The injunction was hardly meant—it was a shield from arrest on the eve of accomplishing their threat. Even had Browne not cautioned his men the result would have been the same, for there is no fight in the American "hobo."

Sharp at ten o'clock the procession started. It was headed by four mounted police. Behind them rode "Chief Marshal" Browne on Courier, a magnificent white Percheron steed belonging to Coxey, a huge animal with long white flowing mane and shaggy fetlocks. Browne was not outclassed by the horse, to do him justice. He was a powerful six-footer, with strong features and a piercing eye—a Buffalo Bill type. His outfit had seen much service,

but that made him appear all the more a real hero of the frontier. He wore a leather coat, the many holes in which he accounted for in brushes with the Indians, when their bullets found the space between his charmed hide and the leather jacket. A moth-eaten sealskin mantle was draped artistically over the pommel of his saddle, a great white sombrero was slanted rakishly down over his right eye, and in his high riding-boots was stuck a stave on which was tacked one of the

peace banners. All the men were armed with these, ostensibly an emblem of labour, but really intended for the fray.

The truce flags had been furnished by a sharp advertiser and originally bore his name and address along the bottom; but the "Wealers" were sharper than the tradesman—they tore off the advertisement.

Riding behind Browne and mounted on a clean-limbed white Arabian came Miss Coxey, a pretty, slender girl in a long, cream-white riding habit. Her glossy auburn hair flowed from under a regulation Coxey cap of red, white,

and blue. She sat her prancing horse well, and bowed and blushed as the crowd cheered her by name.

Her brother, in a mixed dress composed of the Confederate and Union uniforms, rode a fine brown animal, and with "Oklahoma Sam," a scraggy cow-puncher on an equally scraggy cow pony, acted as courier-general, riding back and forth along the line giving orders and carrying messages from his father to the "marshals" on foot, and giving the news to the "war correspondents" who still followed the "army."

Mr. and Mrs. Coxey and their infant son, "Legal Tender," rode in an open buggy. Then came the "band" and then the privates. Christopher Columbus Jones, "colonel" of the Philadelphia "regiment," rode at the head of his detachment in a hired hansom.



"THE TRAMP WONDERED WHY THE PEOPLE DID NOT CROWD ABOUT HIM."



"PASSING DOWN THE NATION'S PROUDEST THOROUGHFARE."

Passing down the nation's proudest thoroughfare, the "army" halted for a ten minutes' rest in front of the White House. Again it halted in front of the hotel at which Mrs. Coxe and her children were stopping, and Mrs. Coxe, no doubt contemplating trouble, handed her small boy over to the hotel clerk to care for. The crowd of curiosity-seekers tried to climb into the carriage with Mr. and Mrs. Coxe and tear off pieces of their clothes for souvenirs. The "General" sent a courier back to the "war correspondents" with the request that they would form a cordon around the commander's carriage such as the secret service men do about the President's. They did so, and conducted him safe to the west front of the Capitol.

There Coxe abandoned his rule of observing the law. His permit to parade read that he

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should wind round the north side of the building; he swung off to the south. There was a wild rush of police—who were in strong force on the north side—through the crowd to the south grounds. But their road was blocked by the vastness of the crowd, and Coxe's "army" got there first. One mounted officer, who was posted on the south, tried to halt them. "Stop and disband!" he shouted, but the "army" pushed on until Browne wheeled his white horse and in stentorian tones commanded "Attention! Common-weal, halt!"

This was where Browne and Coxe had secretly arranged to make their attempt on the Capitol. Browne slipped from his horse, handed the reins to one of the men, and threaded his way back to Coxe's buggy. The men leaned together and whispered. "All right," said Coxe in conclusion, loud enough to be heard. He turned to his wife and kissed her, then stepped out of the carriage. Christopher Columbus Jones came up and the three started on a run for the Capitol steps. Browne and Jones jumped the

low coping that encloses the Capitol grounds and made a dash through the flower-beds, but Coxe kept to the walks. The crowd, looking upon the affair as a grand lark, opened up for the men to pass through and rushed behind in their wake. The policemen were pushed off their feet, and even the dismayed Coxeites were tossed and tumbled about like pillows in a college rampage. Pandemonium reigned for fifteen minutes. At last the mounted police made a charge to clear the way. Then occurred a scene never before witnessed about the big building. Men, women, and children rushed for the side-walks, falling over and trampling one another down in their attempts to reach a place of safety. Finally the way was cleared of

all except the Coxeyites, who, in their rags and tatters, presented a comical and deplorable sight.

Meanwhile the leaders had made their way successfully across the grounds almost to the grand central staircase. A mounted officer galloped over the grounds, jumping bushes and taking the side-walks recklessly, to where Browne was forging his way on. He reined

"Then I want to enter a protest against this perversion of the Constitution," said the "General," and he held out a folded paper. "May I read the protest?" he inquired.

"Not here."

"Then you will receive it?"

"Not I."

Coxey hesitated and looked round. Spying one of the "war correspondents," he handed him the paper. Then the "Commonweal" leader turned to cast a look over the scene.

The great opening of the portico, filled with hundreds of spectators, gaped behind him. Towering above him on one hand was the great statue of Columbus with the globe in his outstretched hand, and on the other the group of the settler's family struggling with the Indians. Below him stretched the sea of upturned faces, thousands of them. No President had ever had a greater audience. But it was useless; he had

marched his "army" six hundred miles for this opportunity, and now it had been snatched from his grasp. Two policemen put their hands on his shoulders, and bowing his head he walked slowly down between them. At the foot of the steps a cordon of mounted officers formed about him. But he was not even to win arrest. They conducted him through the now hushed crowd to the buggy in which he had come, to his wife and daughter and the "Commonwealers," who made no attempt to support their leader or even to rescue him from his captors.

In contempt Browne and Jones were similarly released that night.

Coxey led his beaten "army" back to camp. He stayed with it a fortnight or more, until it dwindled gradually away by desertions. The other bands which had been formed all over the country fell apart at the news of their "General's" defeat; and the great march of Coxey's "army" came to an inglorious end.



From a] THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON, TO WHICH COXEY LED HIS ARMY OF TRAMPS. [Photo.

up in front of the "Chief Marshal" and shouted, "You can't pass."

"Why can't I pass?" Browne roared back, defiantly.

The officer did not reply, but reached for Browne's collar and gripped it like a bulldog. Browne fought like a tiger until he was overpowered by numbers, pitched into a police patrol wagon, and hustled off to prison.

Christopher Columbus Jones, who had stuck close to Browne, was arrested and carted away in a like manner. But Coxey was more fortunate. He reached the Rotunda steps. The crowd opened a way for him. He ran lightly up until he was halted by a house-officer about half-way to the top.

"Do you represent the serjeant-at-arms?" asked Coxey.

"I do. What do you want?" was the reply.

"I wish to make an address to the American people."

"Well, you can't make it here."

Sport and Adventure in Gallaland.

By A. ARKELL-HARDWICK, F.R.G.S.

I.

The narrative of a most eventful journey from Kikuyu, in British East Africa, to Gallaland, via Mount Kenia. Much of the country traversed is very little known, and Mr. Hardwick's party suffered much from the difficulties of the route, want of food when game was scarce, and the attacks of hostile natives.



HIS account of an expedition into the little-known country which lies between Lake Rudolph and the East African sea-coast will, I hope, give the readers of THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE some idea of the perils and inconveniences which are at present inseparable from African travel away from the beaten track. Wild beasts and wilder natives conspire to give the adventurous traveller a bad time, and these, together with difficult country, such as thorn forests and waterless desert tracts, test one's patience and powers of endurance to the uttermost.

A description of the journey from Mombasa to Nairobi, the capital of British East Africa, would be out of place here, as it has been previously described elsewhere. Suffice it to say that our party of three white men, with forty native carriers and six pack donkeys—who between them bore everything we possessed in the way of tents, provisions, ammunition, and trade goods—left Nairobi in the early part of 1900 bound for the little-known Waso Nyiro River, via Mount Kenia and the River Tana.

The native carriers were recruited from several different tribes and included Swahilis, or coast natives, Wa'kamba from the province of Ukambani, A'kikuyu, or natives of Kikuyuland, and Wa'nyamwezi from Unyamwezi, to the south and east of Lake Victoria Nyanza. Each man carries a load of approximately sixty pounds weight, and will march on an average from ten to fifteen miles a day for weeks at a time. On the first few days after starting there is generally a little trouble, as the men are fresh from the delights and debaucheries of the native bazaar, and, having consequently grown very "soft" in condition, they

do not take kindly to work again. The attempts at desertions are difficult to cope with, and in spite of the most watchful precautions are frequently successful.

After leaving Nairobi we made direct for Doenyo Sabuk, a bold, rounded hill whose summit towers some eight hundred feet above the level of the surrounding plain and six thousand feet above the sea level. My first argument with a rhinoceros occurred while crossing these plains. I was utterly unprepared for the encounter, and only escaped injury by the most extraordinary good luck. The caravan passed the animal lying asleep on the open plain about three hundred yards to the

left, and unfortunately down wind. About two-thirds of the caravan had passed unnoticed when the great beast scented us and woke up. From my place near the head of the caravan I heard a sudden shout of alarm, and, turning round, a most disconcerting sight met my gaze. The rhino had charged the rear of the caravan, and the men, first dropping their loads, were scattered all over the plain, flying with terror-stricken feet they knew not whither. The huge beast, remarkably like an overgrown pig in appearance, was stamping about among the deserted loads in a state of great indignation, his comical little tail sticking straight up in the air, while he proceeded to blow and snort with great energy and ill-will. Far away over the plain a few black dots indicated where the men, having reached what they considered a safe distance, had seated themselves. There they waited with stolid indifference until it should please the "bwana" (master) to slay their assailant, so that their interrupted journey could be resumed.

My servant had fled with the others and taken with him my



THE AUTHOR, MR. A. ARKELL-HARDWICK, IN HIS AFRICAN COSTUME.

From a Photo. by Frost, Muirvell Hill.

cartridge-bag containing my spare ammunition. I was carrying a '303 sporting rifle, and as it happened there were six cartridges in the magazine, but, unfortunately, they were soft-nosed bullets and only intended for soft-skinned game. However, as there was nothing else for it, I determined to do the best I could with the inadequate means at my disposal.

Cautiously approaching to within fifty yards of the angry beast I gave him a bullet behind the shoulder, but did not succeed in disabling him. Round he came like an angry cat and charged me, head down and ears and tail erect. There was absolutely no cover, so I ran about twenty yards and then turned sharply to the right, hoping he would pass me; but the beast had fairly got my wind and meant business. The only safe course now was to try and stop him with the rifle—so, kneeling down, I worked

are that my wanderings would have ended there and then. One gets used to such risks, however, on the veldt, and they are eventually regarded as part of the necessary routine of the march, inconvenient perhaps, but unavoidable.

Four days' marching across the Athi plains brought us to the Athi River, a broad and noble stream which winds round the north end of Doenyo Sabuk and thence flows south-east until it joins the Tsavo, the combined rivers forming the Sabaki, which flows into the sea at Melindi. These plains are infested with a particularly malevolent tick, a flat, red insect which bites most ferociously. They crawl in the grass in countless millions, and during the march we had frequently to halt and get our servants to brush the vermin from our persons and clothing. On our arrival in camp the first thing to be done always was to strip and hunt over our clothes



"KNEELING DOWN, I WORKED MY MAGAZINE AS RAPIDLY AS POSSIBLE."

my magazine as rapidly as possible, taking care, however, to aim carefully. In less than ten seconds I put four bullets into the brute, hitting him every time, as I could see the dust spurt from his hide in little puffs wherever he was struck. Fortunately the fourth shot turned him, and as he swerved I gave him my sixth and last cartridge in the flank, which hastened his departure, and he finally disappeared over a rise in the ground a mile away, still going strong. Had my magazine jammed during that fateful charge the chances

and bodies for ticks; where they had taken hold of the flesh it was a painful operation to pull them off, as they almost invariably brought away a piece of the flesh with them.

We camped on the south bank of the Athi River for two or three days trying to find a ford. Eventually this was discovered and we crossed with some difficulty, the river being in flood. The river-bed was composed of granite slabs, worn smooth as glass by the action of the swift and powerful current. Deep holes between these blocks made the crossing somewhat

dangerous, while even on the stones themselves there was scarcely any foothold. However, a rope, which we slung across from bank to bank, helped matters somewhat, and we landed at last on the opposite bank thoroughly exhausted.

Rivers are one of the greatest obstacles to the traveller in Africa when he is journeying off the beaten path. Some can be forded with difficulty by means of a rope, others have to be crossed by means of a hastily constructed raft, while others again can only be successfully negotiated by means of a rough bridge, built on the spot with whatever materials are to hand. I am speaking, of course, of the uninhabited districts, where there are no natives with canoes to assist one.

Four days' difficult journey awaited us on the other side of the Athi. One march brought us to the Thika-Thika River, which we crossed by means of a raft hauled backwards and forwards with a stout line. Two separate parties of the men upset it in dragged across, drenched and miserable, amid the jeers of their companions.

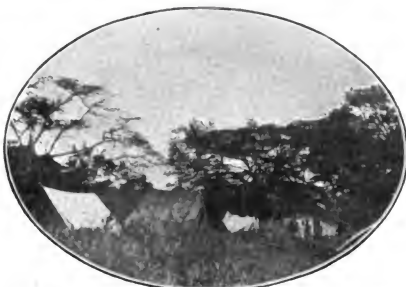
Leaving the Thika-Thika behind us, we floundered for three days among steep hills, with deep and precipitous ravines crossing and re-crossing in every direction. Trees, a tangle of rank undergrowth, and various rhinoceroses constituted the predominant features of the landscape. It is most exciting while threading one's way through the jungle to almost walk upon a sleeping rhinoceros. There is a quick, indignant snort, then a rush from

the rudely awakened beast. Everybody dodges behind the nearest cover with great celerity, while the rhinoceros charges through the party with great speed and disappears in the rear. A gabble of voices from the excited men as

they resume their hastily discarded loads, and the caravan once more falls into line and pursues the uneven tenor of its way.

Finally we reached the Tana River, rendered famous by Mr. Rider Haggard as the scene of the great fight between Allan Quatermain's party and the Masai warriors. We crossed the

Tana with the timely aid of an A'kikuyu chief, who answered to the euphonious name of Kinuthia. Together with some of his aristocracy, he condescended to lay aside his scanty dignity, and still scantier garments, and help us across, in consideration of sundry pieces of cloth. We were now in the Maranga country, and here we camped for a few days in order to lay in a store of provisions for our journey round the eastern slopes of Mount



From a]

THE AUTHOR'S CAMP ON THE ATHI RIVER.

[Photo.



From a]

CROSSING AN AFRICAN RIVER.

[Photo.



From a]

THE CAMP AT MARANGA, WHERE THE EXPEDITION CAME VERY NEAR BEING MASSACRED.

[Photo

Kenia, whose magnificent snow-clad peak towered nearly nineteen thousand feet skyward some sixty miles to the north-west.

At Maranga we were warned by Manga, the chief, that the tribes to the east of Kenya were exceedingly hostile to strangers, and had already attacked two white traders, badly mauling their caravan and also wounding one of the white men. To have gone round by West Kenya would have entailed a toilsome journey of at least twenty extra days, so we decided to risk the hostile natives, and amid much croaking and shaking of heads by the people of Maranga we started.

The gloomy predictions of our late hosts we found to be fully justified. The natives were sullen and inclined to be actively hostile, and it behoved us to keep a sharp look-out. At the second halting-place an awkward fracas occurred which might have had very serious consequences to the caravan.

As we were pitching the tents and preparing generally for a halt a large number of warriors, fully armed with spears and shields, clubs, bows and arrows, and swords, appeared in the surrounding bush. They proceeded to demonstrate in force by yelling and hooting and otherwise making themselves unpleasant, without, however, committing any

overt act of hostility, so no notice was taken of them. After our meal my two companions and myself retired to our tents to rest. Suddenly we heard the rush of naked feet, and then a mighty yell arose.

Rushing out of our tents we were just in time to prevent our own men from firing into the excited mob of savages, who were dancing round the camp yelling and brandishing their spears. One of their chiefs was endeavouring to keep them in check, on seeing which we ordered our men to put down their rifles while we sent over to the excited savages for explanations. After a lot of shouting and gesticulation we elicited the information that the savages had just come from a big "beer drink" in a neighbouring village,



From a]

THIS LITTLE TENT WAS THE AUTHOR'S HOME FOR SEVERAL MONTHS.

[Photo

and that one of their number, bolder or more intoxicated than his fellows, had rushed through our camp shouting his war-cry and waving aloft his club. Our men thought that an attack was imminent, and were preparing to use their rifles with deadly effect when our timely appearance prevented a serious outbreak. Had a shot been fired nothing could have kept the drink-maddened A'kikuyu back. The camp being absolutely open and defenceless there could have been only one result, and another massacre would have been added to the already long list of tragedies which have occurred in Africa's dark places.

Mutual explanations apparently set the matter right, but we could see that the natives were very sullen. They hung about as if contemplating an attack in earnest, but we put a strong guard on the camp and each took a watch ourselves, and thus the remainder of the day and the succeeding night passed quietly.

Next morning we arose early and moved onwards before our friends the enemy had awakened to the realities of the situation. We had some rather rough travelling for a day or two. The country was exceedingly hilly and the vegetation very dense. A thick mist hung about the hillsides in the early morning, and during the day a fine rain soaked us to the skin. The steep paths, being mostly red clay, were very slippery, and the men slid and sprawled about under their loads in a manner which severely tried their strength and endurance. The rank vegetation dripped with moisture, and in forcing our way through it we were subjected to a continuous icy shower-bath.

On the fourth day we reached the country of the Wa'M'bu, a sub-tribe of the A'kikuyu.

These were the people who had attacked the two white men some weeks before, so that it was necessary for us to be very wary. Our first camp was pitched at midday and just within their borders. During the afternoon a few natives showed themselves in the distance, evidently reconnoitring, but they did not approach near to our camp. As the country round appeared to be densely inhabited this was a bad sign, and we therefore redoubled our precautions against surprise. The next day the natives, having apparently made up their minds to try our strength and temper, made a demonstration in

force, and for an hour or two our camp was the centre of a vast circle of yelling black natives, who, however, forbore to directly attack us. Our own men were very nervous and wished us to retire, and we could see that they needed very little encouragement to make a bolt for the border, in which case we should have fared very badly. We decided, therefore, to adopt a bold, if somewhat hazardous, course, and instructed



"OUR TWO GUIDES RENDERED THEMSELVES QUITE HOARSE WITH SHOUTING."

those of our men who spoke the A'kikuyu language to call out to the Wa'M'bu and request that one of their chiefs would call on us, that we might try to arrange matters. This the chiefs were very reluctant to do, but finally, after an hour's long-distance conversation, they consented.

Presently two men were seen approaching our camp. Though both were old men, they were of fine physique and haughty presence, tall, and exceedingly well formed. Once they were safely in camp we "bluffed" for all we were worth. We intimated that we were most annoyed by the unseemly noise which their people had made round our camp, and in the event of the offence being repeated we threat-



From a] A GROUP OF ELDERS AT M'THARA.

[Photo.

ened to sally forth and severely punish the offenders. We wound up by informing the chiefs that they were now in our service as guides, and that if their people interrupted our march across the country their own lives would be forfeited. These drastic measures simplified matters considerably, and next morning we resumed our journey.

The next two days' march provided us with enough excitement to last us for some time. Large bodies of natives lined the heights on either side of the path. They yelled and brandished their spears with great energy, shouting that they were coming to kill us, and explaining with great wealth of detail the various methods they intended to employ in depriving us of our lives.

At certain places, where we were delayed by a mountain torrent or a patch of thick bush, they approached us very closely, and for a while matters would appear rather ugly. However, we put on a bold front, ostentatiously loading our rifles and carefully making a great deal of noise in the process. Our two guides, also, with the fear of death before them, rendered themselves quite hoarse, poor fellows, with shouting to their people to keep back. To cut a long story short, we crossed this turbulent district in safety, but it is an experience one

is not anxious to repeat too often, as the suspense is rather trying. Open hostilities are much less so, as one knows what to expect.

In the course of the next few days we travelled over the lower slopes of the eastern side of Mount Kenia, crossing the districts of Zuka, Imbe, Igani, Moravi, Zura, and finally Munithu (which lies to the north-east of that mighty snow-capped mountain), where we were hospitably received by Be-Munithu, the chief. We were enabled to cross these little countries in safety, as an account of our doings in M'bu had preceded us, and we were therefore held in respect. From Munithu we marched to M'thara, whose chief, N'dominuki, was extremely friendly.

At M'thara we found a large caravan of Somali traders under the leadership of one Jamah Mahomet. Some of Jamah Mahomet's people, under another Somali named Noor Adam, had journeyed into the Jombeni hills, a day's march away, whose forest-clad heights are inhabited by the powerful and treacherous Wa'Embe tribe. Their camp had been attacked and nine of their men killed by the Wa'Embe, a quantity of their trade goods being stolen. After careful consideration we determined upon an expedition into Embe, with the combined purpose of punishing the murderers and recovering the stolen goods.

We did not, however, succeed in accomplishing either object. Our force of combined Somalis and caravan porters, with rifles



THE AUTHOR GOING THROUGH THE CEREMONY OF "BLOOD-BROTHERHOOD" WITH A M'THARA CHIEF.

[Photo.

amounted to about sixty men, in addition to which we commanded about fifty of the M'thara warriors armed with spears, shields, and bows and arrows. As we advanced just before daylight into the dense banana plantations of the Wa'Embe we were cleverly ambushed. The first alarm was a single long-drawn cry of "Lu-lu-lu-lu-u!" followed by a rifle shot from our advance guard. Our men instantly poured a fierce fire into the bush on either side of the path, and for a few moments pandemonium reigned supreme. The dense blackness that precedes the early dawn prevented us seeing the enemy, while the almost impenetrable bush on each side of the path appeared weird and

blade had been driven right through his body, from side to side. The grief of his lieutenants and followers knew no bounds, and the dawn resounded with their cries of grief and supplications to Allah. The stricken man died shortly afterwards and was buried there and then by the side of the path, with all the ceremonies and prayers prescribed by the Koran. A guard stood by with rifles at the ready in order to repel any attempts on the part of the Wa'Embe to interrupt the funeral.

At sunrise we held a consultation to decide what further steps we should take. We found, however, that the Somalis were thoroughly discouraged by the death of their leader, and they



From a

A VIEW ON THE WANO NYIRO.

[Photo.

ghastly as revealed by the intermittent flashes of the men's Sniders. Yells, howls, the reports of the rifles, and the sound of groans blended together in the darkness to form a picture of raging horror not easily forgotten. This state of things lasted for some minutes, then suddenly—silence! dead silence! The enemy had withdrawn as quickly as they had appeared, probably daunted by the fierceness of our fire. Had they pushed their advantage we should have been in a very tight place indeed.

As soon as the firing ceased we investigated our casualties. To our great sorrow we found that Jamah Mahomet, the Somali leader, was dying. A great spear with a three-foot-long

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refused to proceed farther, saying that their camp was undefended, and they feared it would be attacked in their absence. As we were not strong enough to attack the Wa'Embe without their aid we were reluctantly compelled to acquiesce in a retreat, which was accordingly carried out without further accident. On our return to our respective camps we found that they had been surrounded all night by large numbers of armed men, who had concealed themselves in the bush and who, without doubt, were waiting for news of our defeat and massacre in Embe to rush the camps and loot them, first spearing the few defenders.

After this mishap we stayed quietly in camp,

buying food and preparing for our march northwards to the Waso Nyiro. At this time I went through the quaint but somewhat disgusting ceremony of "blood brotherhood" with one of the chiefs of M'thara. It is not necessary to go fully into the details. Suffice it to say that the prospective "blood brothers" sit on the ground facing each other, while their friends squat in a wide circle round them. The oath of "Muma," or "blood-brotherhood," is then administered with appropriate ceremony, and afterwards incisions are made with a knife in the chest of each candidate, deep enough to cause the blood to flow. Pieces of toasted liver from a sheep killed for the purpose are then produced. These pieces are dipped in their own blood by the candidates, after which they exchange pieces and devour them. The spectators then cheer and shout "Oroi Muma" several times and the ceremony is completed.

When sufficient food had been obtained we started on our march to the Waso Nyiro. The food which we were able to purchase consisted mainly of muhindi (maize) and mwele (millet) flour, with a few yams and sweet potatoes. We required a considerable quantity, for the reason that after leaving M'thara we plunged into uninhabited desert country where vegetable food was unobtainable. We had intended to be away a fortnight or perhaps three weeks, but, owing to various causes, we did not return for two months and a half! Our supply of food was exhausted in little over a fortnight, and for two months we lived upon a purely meat diet, depending on our rifles for our daily sustenance. When, as sometimes happened, game was scarce we were reduced to the most dire straits, the men on one occasion going without food for five days. Two days after leaving M'thara we fell in with a herd of buffalo, and after a couple of hours' hard and careful stalking and ten minutes' excitement we secured three noble beasts, which were quickly cut up and their flesh converted into biltong.

I should mention also that we were without salt. On leaving Nairobi we had purposely brought only a couple of months' supply, as we

depended upon procuring it at Mount N'gomba, an extinct crater, marked on the map as a salt one. When we reached N'gomba we found that the alleged salt consisted of sulphate of magnesia and carbonate of lime! Altogether we were over four months without a grain of salt, but we none of us felt any ill-effects from our forced abstinence from this indispensable adjunct of the civilized table. Doubtless the flesh of the animals we killed contained enough of the mineral to prevent actual ill-health.

On the fourth day after leaving M'thara we reached the Waso Nyiro River. This river rises in the north-west of Mount Kenia, and not in the Aberdare range (as represented in the maps), and after flowing due north for some thirty odd miles makes a great curve to the eastward and winds on through the desert, finally losing itself in a swamp known as Lorian. Whether there is any



From a

VOLCANIC CLIFFS NEAR THE WASO NYIRO.

(Photo.

outlet from Lorian is not known, though it is probable that there is not; but so much is certain—the Waso Nyiro never reaches the sea.

Our camp was pitched upon a patch of green grass, which surrounded a small spring of warm water. This water was so strongly impregnated with mineral salts as to be undrinkable. It, however, formed a beautiful natural bath, of which we availed ourselves daily while we remained in this place. We named it the "Green Camp," as it was in such pleasing contrast to the surrounding desert.

Near by flowed the Waso Nyiro, its banks covered with doum palms and green grass. Game was exceedingly plentiful, and we laid in a good stock of meat for the long journey eastward.

(To be concluded.)

In the "Land of the Never-Never."

BY ALEXANDER MACDONALD, F.R.S.G.S.

An exciting experience in the little-known interior of North-Western Australia—the grim "Land of the Never-Never." While on a prospecting expedition in this country the author and his companions were able to rescue three miners from a fearful fate at the hands of cannibal blacks.



WAY in the far North-West of Australia lies a grim land of which the ordinary geographer knows but little, and which will probably, for many years to come, remain unvisited by white men. It is peopled by hostile savages, the most warlike of all the aboriginal tribes, who, from the mountain fastnesses of the shadowy Leopold ranges, guard their domain jealously, sullenly daring the wanderer to penetrate their chosen haunts. It is, perhaps, the least-known area on the face of the earth, and well deserves its title of "Land of the Never-Never," which, in native parlance, means "the region of the lost," for lost indeed have many venturesome pioneers been amid its rocky steeples and forest clad vales—lost to all time; and what fate befell them is more than mere conjecture with those who, like myself, have endeavoured to trace their footsteps.

It is just about four years ago since I left the little settlement of Derby, on the coastal border of this gloomy territory, in command of a small party bent on crossing the forbidding ranges, or at least making the attempt. Only a week before three reckless gold-miners had set out from Hall's Creek, farther inland, determined to thoroughly prospect the same country for mineral treasure. Their outfit was carried by two camels and one pack-horse, and they made a brave show as they headed towards the mountains. But their sanguine expectations were by no means shared by the small community left behind, and my little expedition was instructed to keep a strict look-out for the daring trio, and warn them against proceeding farther on their mission than events justified. And so we bore away on a N.N.E. course, steering for a distant break in the barrier ranges, the only gap in a length of over a hundred miles. Half-a-dozen horses provided our means of transport, for camels, though excellently adapted for travelling across the southern desert, were not to my liking as

mountain climbers, and their ponderously slow onward movement was a feature I had grown to detest cordially while crossing the interior salt wastes but a few months previously.

My companions were three of the best-known men in the Western Colony, and each of them had accompanied me on earlier exploring trips. Phil, the geologist and my trusted "second," was a young Englishman of inflexible will and oft-proved courage. Mac was a bronzed son of Scotia, whose body bore the scars of many conflicts and whose muscles were as bands of steel. Lastly came "Emu Bill." He was a sun-dried veteran of the bush, an Australian every inch of him, but, as he said himself, "an adaptable sort." Certainly, no man had ever more fit associates on a dangerous expedition.

We were four days out before we reached the foothills of the frowning peaks flanking the narrow pass, and during that time not a native had been observed; but on the morning of the fifth day we entered the rugged defile leading to the heart of the forbidden tract, and soon became conscious of many peering eyes watching our advance from every piece of scrub and convenient boulder on the rough hillside. We were passing through the doorway of the mystic Never-Never Land.

There was scarcely a vestige of timber in sight at this point; the valley seemed graven out of solid metal, and only delicately balanced boulders strewed the lower slopes and flats.

That night we camped near the bed of a dry watercourse that descended through the gaunt dioritic rocks on our left, and twined a lazy course far onwards into the shimmering plains. 'This was our first "discovery."

"It proves conclusively," Phil remarked, after we had partaken of supper, "that the interior of Australia was at no very ancient date a vast sea into which the great rivers of the north flowed."

"You may content yersel' wi' that information," muttered Mac, drily; "but I'm more concerned about the tactics o' them black

beggars that have been hangin' at our heels all day. It looks very unhealthy like, I'm thinkin'."

Phil laughed. "So long as they keep a respectable distance we won't growl, Mac," he said, complacently. "And now to return to the rivers——"

"Bother the rivers," grunted Emu Bill, looking round uneasily. "I agree with Mac that those blessed niggers will keep us lively enough——" He broke off abruptly, as if resumed his instructive discourse.

"I don't think the natives will trouble us, boys," I said, during a pause in the conversation. "They usually like to attack at short range, and they couldn't very well do that here—unless they come along in the dark. I rather think they'll wait until we get into more wooded country."

We were now, as nearly as I could guess, about a hundred and fifty miles away from our starting-point, but were still only just within the borders of the Leopold territory, and little more. It would be a most inauspicious beginning to our long overland journey were we to have a skirmish with the blacks at this stage, and I devoutly hoped they would leave us alone.

"We can only trust to Providence," said Phil, rolling himself comfortably in his blanket; and Mac, who was taking the first watch, chuckled derisively as he seized his cherished blunderbuss and began to patrol the camp-fire circle with stealthy steps, as if he were practising a ghost dance. "It might be well to mind, Phil, my man," he soliloquized loudly, halting in his march, "that boiled golologist should be very tender, an' most appetisin' to black palates." With which dark statement he continued his perambulations through the vague half-gloom, and soon the rest of the camp slumbered.

All that night the distant yells of the wakeful natives sounded harshly through the air, and more than once I awoke with a start, imagining the savage horde to be close upon us, but each time I found our wary guardian alert and watchful; then as daylight approached the discordant din gave place to a sombre quiet, and when morning dawned the long valley, bathed in yellow sunlight, looked indescribably peaceful.

"The natives must have been celebrating a corroboree last night," yawned Phil, arousing himself with an effort. "I do wish they could hold their entertainments with less noise."

I was inclined to take a more serious view of the nocturnal disturbances. A corroboree is only held on very special occasions, and when any white men are in the neighbourhood the cause of the ceremonial is rather too obvious to be pleasant to the intruders—that is, to those

who are experienced in aboriginal customs. Emu Bill evidently shared my misgivings, for after a hurried breakfast he said with some apprehension:—

"These nigs had something special on the go last night, and the sooner we get out of this the better. I could have sworn I heard the ghinghi*——"

"Maybe ye did," interjected Mac, calmly; "it sounded all right, and more than once too, but I wasn't willin' to wake the camp unless things got desperate. All the same, the black beggars had some unholy rampage about midnight, the meanin' o' which I can't understand."

He stopped; then, turning to me, said abruptly, "I wonder if the three miners got past here safely?"

The implied doubt in his words was significant. As yet I had given little thought to those who had preceded us into the country, thinking they would still be well ahead; but now, when I considered their slower rate of progression and their probably indefinite movements when once amid promising auriferous areas, a sudden fear crept over me. What if they had dallied by this dry creek where we were now encamped? They might not have suspected danger, and lain down to sleep without thinking of posting a sentry. Phil broke in on my unprofitable musings.

"We might have guessed that something had happened," he said, grimly. "The fact of the natives watching us so eagerly yesterday showed that they had either been prepared for our coming or that they had been gathered together before and because of some special occurrence. Then, again, they never attempted to check us in any way, and by not trying to wipe us out last night they have made it plain that their vigilance of the day was a mere blind."

"I'm not quite willing to credit them with so much intelligence, Phil," I answered, "but it is certainly suspicious that they should indulge in high festival immediately we have passed. Anyhow, we had better decide to remain in the neighbourhood another day and make what investigations we can."

"Suppose we move along the creek a mile or two," suggested Mac. "There might be more vegetation farther down the valley, an' the horses must get something to eat."

A few minutes later our little cavalcade was forcing an eastward trail along the base of the mountain spur. Already we had diverged from our mapped-out course. The sun was now well up in the heavens; the gaunt rocks

* A war-cry, created by swinging a curiously-shaped piece of wood through the air—used at special festivals or war preparations.
—AUTHOR.

scintillated and shone in the intense light, and the spectral heat-vapour filling the valley rose and fell like the waters of a vast ocean. The deep drone of myriads of mosquitoes and flying pests alone broke the deathlike stillness as we slowly forged along, our minds filled with vague misgivings. After an hour's weary travel we reached a point where the valley broke away in chaotic "blows," forming numberless lesser ridges; and here Emu Bill's old mining instinct came back to him and compelled him to shout out in sheer delight.

"Look at those quartz outcrops," he cried, admiringly. "Millions o' tons in sight, too."

"I see some spiky bits o' grass, an' that's more to the purpose," said Mac, without enthusiasm; and we steered for a spot on the edge of the winding channel, where an inviting patch of spinifex and mulga brush was in evidence.

"And, by Jove! there's quite a pool in the creek beside it," exclaimed Phil, as we drew near. This was a pleasant discovery, indeed, for our water supply was going down rather rapidly, and the horses had not had a drink that morning.

"If that mining outfit missed this they are no good," growled Emu Bill, rushing forward. "I'll bet my boots the creek sands are full o' gold." Then suddenly he uttered a cry of horror. "Bones!" he murmured, feebly. "Mates, we have come too late!"

He stood staring at a bleaching mass that bordered on the steep banks of the creek. I hurried to his side, and there, truly enough, lay a heap of white glistening fragments. Silently we grouped around the mouldering remains and gazed at the woful spectacle with misty eyes.

"They had hard luck, boys," said Phil, sadly. "They must have found the water-hole dry and lain down beside it, though the spring does not look an intermittent one.—"

"But how could they

turn into skeletons in such a short time?" interjected Mac, doubtfully. "They could only be here two or three days before us."

"There's something in that," I said, looking about for some confirmatory evidence of the recent habitation of the district. Several empty beef tins lying near by attracted my attention, and a pick and shovel were soon brought to light by Emu Bill. The labels were still on the former articles, and the mining implements were apparently quite new. There seemed little room for doubt as to the miners' fate, and yet I was not convinced.

"Are you sure they are human bones, Phil?" I asked, as he bent to examine the melancholy pile.

He gingerly hauled forth a camel's skull from the bottom of the heap, then poked among the litter with awakened keenness.

"Thank goodness!" he said at last, raising his head, "there are only the bones of the



"WE GAZED AT THE WOFUL SPECTACLE."

pack-team here. There may be hope for the men yet."

There was something extremely puzzling about the whole matter, which I vainly tried to solve. That two powerful camels should die of thirst within a fortnight after starting on their journey was more than I could understand, and that they should be reduced to almost calcined ashes in a few days was also beyond my comprehension.

"We'll camp here for the night, boys," I said, in weary resignation. "Perhaps we may get some light on the subject before we leave the vicinity."

We had all become greatly disheartened by the significant turn of events, and while my companions moved about, listlessly unloading the horses and drawing water for them from the seemingly treacherous pool, I sat down in the sand, overwhelmed by a rush of gloomy forebodings. The sun had now passed the meridian, and his scorching rays, beating so fiercely on the bare surrounding rocks, made them as hot as a glowing furnace, and caused the valley to be filled with a close, stifling vapour, through which many nameless flying creatures flitted and buzzed eerily. A huge crow, more daring than his fellows, swooped down past my face, then made off with a harsh croak of defiance. I followed its circling flight with curiosity, and raised my rifle with purposeful intent. So eagerly did I watch my quarry that I did not hear Phil's startled voice from the hillside calling me, until Mac, coming up behind, distracted my attention.

"I'll slaughter the brute for ye," said he, levelling his gun; then, becoming aware of Phil's hoarse shouts, I arose and hastened to see what he had found.

"There's been a big fire here," he cried, as I approached, "and it can't have been later than yesterday, for the ashes are still hot."

Bang! The thunderous report of Mac's gun shattered the solemn stillness, and with a howl of delight that individual greeted the downfall of his enemy. But the reverberating echoes had scarcely trembled into silence when a medley of yells and shrill cries broke out from the hill-top directly above, and glancing towards the scene of the uproar I beheld about a score of naked savages glaring down upon us vengefully, and brandishing spears and kyries in an unmistakably aggressive manner.

"Oh, dear!" groaned Emu Bill, dropping the water-bucket and seizing his rifle with frantic haste. "Now we are in for a circus. Come back, mates, an' get cover in the creek-bed."

His advice was good, and Phil and I retreated from the site of the fire with as little show of

fear as we could assume, and Mac, when he had recovered from his astonishment, hurried to lead the horses to a sheltered position farther up the channel.

"They're going to attack us, boys, without a doubt," I said, noting the increasing clamour of the assembled horde. "That gunshot seems to have alarmed them wonderfully."

"I rather think it was our discovery of the fire that wakened them up," responded Phil, coolly; "they must have been watching us all the time."

"Here they come," announced Emu Bill, adjusting the sights of his rifle to his satisfaction, and we saw the demoniacal-looking band appear over the crest of the hill, marching leisurely in our direction.

"They evidently don't expect us to be more than a mouthful," I said to Phil; "but what had the fire got to do with them?"

"Explains the bones," he answered, grimly. "In other words, I think they are cannibals!"

Like a flash everything was made clear; the wily savages, then, had placed the calcined bones where we had found them so as to deceive us as to the fate of their victims.

"I can't wait any longer, mates," jerked out Emu Bill; "I'm going to chip in heavy if I die for it." The sharp crack of his rifle drowned his words; he had opened the attack, and though my strict injunctions had been to avoid all skirmishes with the blacks when possible, and retaliate only when sorely pressed, I felt in no wise inclined to check my companion's wrath at this moment.

A yell as from a thousand devils followed, the ghinghi's scream sounded high above the din, and then came the pattering of many feet and the ominous beating of spears upon shields. A moment later the air was filled with flying missiles. Now Mac's deadly weapon came into action, and the sound of its discharge among the lighter arms was as the roar of a brazen-mouthed cannon. Apparently the charging force had not reckoned on our energetic action; ere they were half-way down the hill their ranks showed signs of wavering.

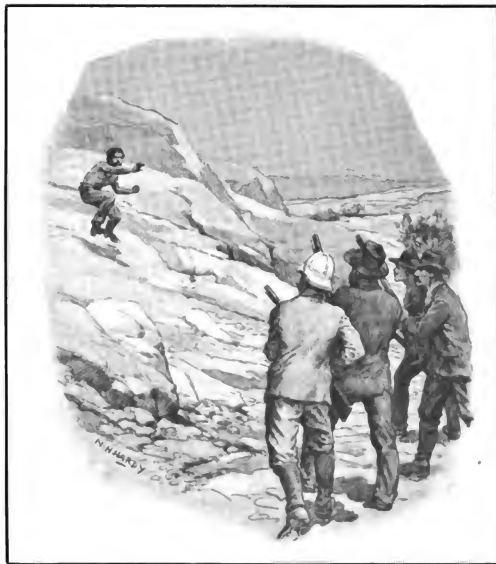
"Give them the small shot, Mac," I cried; "that should stop them." And I was right. Before the spreading hail of pellets they fell back in disorder. They rallied again, but only for a moment; then, with frenzied shrieks of baffled rage, they broke away along the base of the hill, dragging their wounded brethren after them by the hair of the head.

"Ho, ho, ho!" bellowed Mac, in uproarious glee: "it's your turn now, ye villains." He was proceeding to indulge in an impromptu song of triumph, but he had barely got beyond the first

line when he halted abruptly and again grabbed his heated piece of artillery. "Look!" he cried, in amazement. "Look at that scraggy beggar who's goin' to rush the camp."

There was good reason for his surprise, for bounding down the steep declivity came a wild-looking figure heading directly on to the muzzles of our reeking firearms. He carried neither spear nor shield, which made his action all the more unintelligible.

"Such audacity!" murmured Mac, raising his gun hesitatingly. "I'll teach him——"



"FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, DON'T SHOOT, BOYS!" GASPED THE APPARITION."

"For Heaven's sake, don't shoot, boys!" gasped the apparition.

"Well, I'll be jiggered," roared Emu Bill, "if it isn't a white man!"

Mastering my surprise with an effort, I stepped forward in time to prevent the odd masquerader from falling to the ground in a dead swoon; and as I touched his arms the

charcoal coating came off in my hands, showing how simple the deception had been. The blood was oozing from a spear-gash in his neck, and his chest was cruelly scorched and blistered.

"I'll get some water," Mac said, rushing to the spring. Before he had returned, however, the sorely stricken man opened his eyes and gazed at us imploringly. "My mates——" he murmured, brokenly.

"Where are they?" cried Emu Bill, gripping his rifle impetuously. "Quick! before the blacks get back."

With an amazing effort of will the sufferer seemed to repel the faintness that was stealing over him. "The blacks caught us here yesterday," he said, quickly, "and meant to roast us to-night, but you came along and they wanted to get you, too. They left us trussed by the ghinghi fire on the top of the hill when they came for your camp, and I burnt myself clear and made a bolt. One old buck who was left in charge speared me before I got away."

We waited to hear no more, but made a dash for the mountain, and, wounded though he was, the iron-nerved miner outstripped all but Mac in the run. Not a native was in sight now, yet we could hear them scurrying upwards on the other side of

the hill, evidently never expecting to meet us on top. It was a stiff climb, but we negotiated it at record speed, Mac's substantial bulk in the van setting us an example which we strove to emulate. Once over the crest, and then——

A shout of joy hailed us from the region of a fire built in a circular depression in the middle

of the narrow tableland, where two pitifully haggard white men could be seen rolling among the ashes and vainly attempting to burn their bonds. A few yards off a hoary-headed old savage stood eyeing them malevolently, his spear poised and a fiendish grin wrinkling his withered features. So intently was he watching his struggling victims that he did not notice our approach until too late for his nefarious purpose. Then Mac's gun exploded angrily, and when the smoke cleared away the ancient warrior had disappeared, and a loud wailing from beyond the hill intimated that the can-

nibal band had a second time taken refuge in flight.

With thankful hearts we rescued the prisoners from their dangerous predicament. Our opportune arrival had undoubtedly saved their lives. As soon as possible our augmented company returned to camp, where we duly celebrated the happy climax of the day's adventure.

Next morning my party continued its course northwards, but the three miners decided to betake themselves to more settled latitudes, where they might pursue their search for gold under less trying conditions.



"MAC'S GUN EXPLODED ANGRILY."



A description of the desperate struggle now going on between the cattle and sheep owners of the Western States

for the right to use the public pasture-lands. Where sheep have grazed cattle cannot exist, and therefore the "cattle kings" do all in their power to prevent sheep using the ranges. The result is a fierce guerilla warfare, in which thousands of animals and scores of men lose their lives every year. The U.S. Government is now taking steps to put an end to this lamentable state of affairs.



It seems incredible, but it is nevertheless strictly true, that in the United States there should be waging a private war more destructive to life than are the Filipinos' bullets to American troops in the campaign now being pushed to a conclusion. And not less strange is the fact that this sanguinary internecine struggle creates no special interest and no comment other than an occasional newspaper paragraph. A deadly feud for the use of the range, or open grazing-ground, is in progress between the cattle and sheep owners of Colorado, Wyoming, New Mexico, and Arizona, and to pay for the greed of these magnates many thousands of sheep, hundreds of cattle, and scores of brave men have yielded up their lives on the arid grazing-lands of Western America. Their bones lie bleaching in the untempered sun of the desert as an evidence of the fact that sheep and cattle cannot exist side by side.

Time was when the interests of the sheep and cattle men did not conflict. In those days settlers were few and the range was large enough for both. But now the conditions have very materially changed. The small ranchman

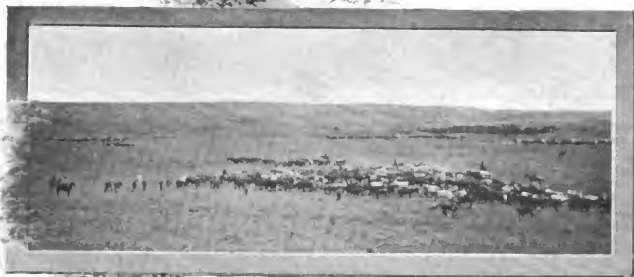
has pushed his way into the country and taken up claim after claim, despite the most vigorous opposition of the larger owners. To them the free, open range was a vital necessity for the feeding of their large herds of cattle, since it is imperative that the cattle should move from place to place in search of fresh grazing-grounds. But the settler would not be denied. Every here and there his fences rose to interfere with the wandering cowboy, and gradually the range grew restricted to the Government forest reserves and contiguous territory, too arid or too rough for successful farming. Sheep and cattle began to be pushed together by the inroads of civilization until the grazing-lands, although still vast according to European standards, became so contracted that sheep and cattle must both derive their sustenance from the same territory. If the method of feeding had been the same doubtless some adjustment of the difficulty could have been made, but sheep-grazing is so destructive that this was impossible. A flock of sheep, moving slowly over the ground in a dense mass, not only eat all the living vegetation off close to the earth, but drive the roots into the ground with their small, sharp feet, so that no feed will grow for several years,

thus utterly ruining the fine grazing-lands on which cattle have been wont to fatten. Hence the issue arose squarely between the cattlemen and the sheepmen as to which should hold the grazing grounds, which really belong to neither.

It was not to be expected that the rough-riders of the plains would appeal to the law to settle their differences, especially since neither side had a shadow of claim to legal protection. They took the standpoint that possession was nine points of the law and that might made right. Accordingly the cattle-owners drew "dead lines" across the disputed territory, and beyond these lines it was understood that the sheepmen were not to bring their flocks. The sheepmen claim that these "dead lines" have

tion will bring a storm of bullets towards them, and therefore they are content to remain quiet while their woolly charges are wantonly slaughtered by thousands as a warning to other sheepmen. But on other occasions they show fight, only to be shot down by the cattlemen, after they have made one or two of their assailants bite the dust. More rarely they are shot down in cold blood; or most rarely of all a shepherd or a cattleman mysteriously disappears. Months later his bleaching bones may be found in the desert—the sole traces of some tragic episode in this silent but relentless warfare.

It is when the sheep-owners get word of a proposed raid upon their flocks and prepare to meet violence with violence that bloodshed is most imminent. Then occurs a desperate battle



From a

VAST HERDS OF CATTLE GRAZING ON THE RANGES.

[Photo.

of late years encroached more and more upon their territory. They refused to accept the orders of the cattlemen as to where their flocks might graze, and as a result there has been war of the fiercest kind. That the loss of life has been no greater is due to the fact that the sheepherders, being few and isolated, have not been able to make an effectual resistance to the swift-riding, well-armed "punchers" of the range. It takes only one or two men to care for thousands of sheep, so that when the cowboys, on mischief bent, descend upon their flocks they sometimes stand aside and watch the slaughter without any active resistance. They know that the least provoca-

such as the wild Western frontier alone can witness. Men die gamely "with their boots on," as the cowboy phrase goes, to the sound of the cracking rifle and the snapping six-shooter. When the smoke of the conflict clears away scarce one of the combatants but bears marks of wounds, for a battle between Western frontiersmen is a furious encounter, fought as long as the men can stand or see or shoot, sometimes finished even when the combatants are lying on the ground wounded or dying.

A few months ago one hundred thousand sheep were moved across the "dead line" that had been drawn by the settlers and cattlemen of Western Wyoming. The cattlemen promptly raided the flocks and destroyed waggons and sheep to the value of twenty thousand dollars, while the herders were disarmed and warned to leave the country within a few hours on penalty

of death in case they ever returned. That same month no fewer than twelve thousand sheep were massacred near North Rock Springs, Wyoming. The animals were shot and clubbed to death, and thousands of them were driven by bands of yelling cow-punchers over a precipice. One method of getting rid of the sheep in some parts of the country is to scatter blue vitriol about their feeding-ground. The sheep devour this for salt and soon perish.

There are extensive cattle interests in Routt County, Colorado. Of late the sheepmen have begun to drive their flocks across the Wyoming line to that grazing ground, and, in consequence, several pitched battles have resulted, the sheepmen being defeated, as is usual. One Cheyenne firm alone lost two thousand five hundred sheep, which were driven to the mountains by cattlemen to be devoured by coyotes, wolves, and mountain lions. A Laramie owner lost his flock in almost the same manner, while one from Sheridan had a large flock entirely destroyed by dynamite tossed among the browsing animals by the genial cow-punchers.

Sometimes the sheep-owners fight desperately to hold their own. A notable instance is that of "Griff" Edwards, a plucky flockmaster who attempted to beat the "punchers" at their own game. In one season, however, he lost over fourteen thousand of his finest sheep. He himself, after a plucky fight, was captured, tied to a tree, and forced to witness the slaughter of his choice flocks by a band of masked cowboys. After this heartrending experience he gave up the fight and moved to Eastern Oregon.

Year by year the fight grows more desperate, and at last the United States Government is beginning to take a hand in this terrible game of grab. Colonel John Mosby, a noted Confederate officer of cavalry, has been specially sent out to suppress, if possible, this sanguinary war, which entails the sacrifice of many scores

of lives every year. His special duty is to clear the Government land of the fences which have been put up by the large cattle-owners, who have enclosed large tracts of grazing-land and forbidden the settlers to touch this arbitrarily reserved territory. The cattle kings are thus making themselves wealthy at the expense of Uncle Sam and in flagrant defiance of his laws. Near Sterling, Colorado, one large company built a fence enclosing about twenty-five thousand acres of land, the tract extending from the Union Pacific Railroad to the Burlington Railroad fences. Immense herds of cattle were kept in this vast triangular enclosure, regardless of the ordinances which

prohibit the fencing of public lands.

Colonel Mosby promptly ordered the corpora-



A TYPICAL "COW-PUNCHER" GETTING
READY FOR ACTION. (Photo)



COLONEL JOHN MOSBY, WHO HAS BEEN SPECIALLY DETAINED BY
THE U.S. GOVERNMENT TO SUPPRESS THE WAR ON THE RANGES.
(From a Photo.)

tion to take down their fences. It laughed at his orders, however, declaring that the law against fencing public lands was a dead letter. But the colonel has the Government at the back of him, and from the Canadian line to Texas the cattlemen are beginning to get stirred up over the persistence of the authorities. President Roosevelt has himself declared that the fences must come down, and when he sets his mind on anything he is apt to have his way.

For the most part the cattlemen of the West, both owners and "punchers," are a manly lot, even though they are hasty and reckless to the point of cruelty. But lately there has entered into the fight an element of cowardice that is worthy of the Borgias themselves. The hired assassin has appeared on the scene, not once or twice, but a dozen times at least. He has crept through the long grass towards his prey and has shot down the defenceless sheepmen at the orders of his masters. There are ugly charges afloat against some of the



From a) A SHEPHERD WATCHING HIS FLOCK. [Photo.]

most prominent cattlemen on the range, to the effect that they are employing hired assassins to kill men whom they suspect of being "rustlers." Tom Horn, a noted scout and Indian fighter under Generals Miles and Crook, lies in prison at Cheyenne convicted of the murder of a lad named Willie Nickell, the son of a settler who had incurred the enmity of some of the big cattle kings. Horn later boasted that he had slain several other parties at so much a head, paid him by a certain prominent cattle company, which desired to get rid of its enemies. He took all the precautions of a professional murderer to escape any possible risk of detection, and then, with the recklessness of a drunken cowboy, boasted during a saloon debauch of what he had done.

The whole cattle country was stirred to its depths during the Horn trial. Threats of death were freely made against any witness presumptuous enough to testify against Horn or any juror with sufficient temerity to bring in a verdict of guilty. On the other hand, it was stated almost openly that in case Horn was acquitted he would be lynched without ceremony. The law, however, has triumphed in this case so far, and all good citizens are hoping that it may prove a forerunner of the final end of the disastrous range war.



SHEPHERDS WITH THE WAGON WHICH FORMS THEIR HOME.
From a Photo.

Odds and Ends.

A New Zealand School Treat — On Fire in the Suez Canal — A Drought - Stricken Landscape, etc., etc.



From a

CHILDREN IN NEW ZEALAND GOING TO A SCHOOL TREAT DRAWN BY A TRACTION ENGINE.

{Photo.



RATHER novel mode of travelling is shown in the above photograph, which depicts a party of school children in New Zealand

being conveyed to a picnic in two trucks, drawn by a traction engine. Traction engines are very largely used in New Zealand for conveying heavy loads of timber, produce, etc., and, although they may at first sight appear somewhat cumbrous, they are really most useful. The children were not slow to appreciate this curious mode

of locomotion, and enjoyed their journey hugely.

Enthusiastic amateur gardeners will be interested in the little photograph here reproduced,

and will sigh for the climatic conditions which can produce beautiful blooms in such prodigal profusion. The photograph shows a field of narcissi near the village of Glion, in Switzerland, where the charming flowers grow quite wild, filling the air with their perfume and making the ground look in the distance as though covered with snow.



From a

A FIELD OF NARCISSE IN SWITZERLAND

{Photo.



From a

AN OIL STEAMER ON FIRE IN THE SUEZ CANAL.

[Photo.]

The above photograph shows a remarkable marine catastrophe. The Shell Line ss. *Bulysse* having run ashore in the Bitter Lakes whilst passing through the Suez Canal, it was decided to lighten her of part of her cargo, which consisted of petroleum. Her sister ship, the *Nerite*, was therefore put alongside to receive about a thousand tons, the oil being pumped by the Canal Company's tank tug *Progress*. At an early stage of the operations, however, the oil was found to be leaking into the engine-room of the *Nerite*, and the captain immediately gave orders to have the furnaces extinguished. Before this could be done the oil had caught fire and the big steamer was in flames. As quickly as possible she was taken away from alongside the *Bulysse* and well out into the lake. Here her sea-valves were opened, and she was allowed to sink in about 30 ft. of water and burn herself out, it being quite im-

possible to do anything to save her. The captain and crew managed to get away from the burning ship in safety, but lost everything they had.

Our next photograph depicts two distinguished professors of a refreshingly novel school of medicine, the members of which take their own prescriptions. The estimable couple here seen are Yanda Kinmath and his wife, the doctors of the Tahl Tan Indians of British Columbia. Unlike the physicians of civilization, who compel their patients to swallow nauseating mixtures, these obliging medicos undertake to cure their patients by taking the medicine themselves, only allotting to the sufferers the discomfort of hearing the musical strains of tom-tom drums every night during their indisposition. The couple seem to look pretty healthy in spite of the weird concoctions they are compelled to take in the interests of their clients. It is probable



TWO BRITISH COLUMBIAN INDIAN "DOCTORS"—THEY UNDERSTAND TO CURE PATIENTS BY TAKING THE MEDICINE THEMSELVES!

From a Photo.



THIS IMPRESSIVE ILLUSTRATION SHOWS THE RAVAGES OF DROUGHT IN THE DARLING DOWNS DISTRICT OF AUSTRALIA. [N. P. Edwards.]

that their "professional brethren" in this country would vote their conduct decidedly unprofessional and irregular. Our photograph was taken at Fort Wrangel, Alaska.

People in this country have heard a great deal of the terrible and long-sustained drought from which nearly all Australia has been suffering. They have read in their newspapers of countless thousands of sheep and cattle dying for want of pasture and water, and of vast areas of once fertile country which have now become barren and sun-scorched deserts. The illustration given above will enable WIDE WORLD readers to realize something of this heartrending state of affairs. The photograph was taken in the drought-stricken regions of the Darling Downs, and the weird landscape of dead and leafless trees and barren, burned-up pastures, dotted with the remains of what were once fine

herds of fat cattle, speaks eloquently of the magnitude of the disaster. So severe has been the drought in this region that until the recent rain-showers some animals nearly four years old had never once had their hides wetted!

Those who have had the opportunity of seeing a shark at close quarters—say from the deck of a ship in harbour—will have noticed that it is not only loathsome in appearance, but has a peculiar, revolting smell. That anybody could possibly regard shark

flesh as a tasty addition to the menu seems strange indeed. Nevertheless, in Corea the shark is highly esteemed as an article of diet, and in many towns on the coast the shark market is a regular institution. The accompanying photograph was taken at Fusan, and shows a number of young sharks exposed



From a Photo. by

THE SHARK MARKET IN A COREAN TOWN.

[N. P. Edwards.]



A CURIOUS FOG PHENOMENON IN NOVA SCOTIA.
From a Photo.

for sale in the market-place of that town.

A curious fog phenomenon is next illustrated. Digby Basin, on the south-west coast of Nova Scotia, is almost always free from fog, whereas the Bay of Fundy, ingress to which is obtained from the Basin by a narrow passage known as Digby Gap, is hardly ever without dense mists. The vapour enters the Gap, and there stops short, as though held back by some mighty and invisible hand. The bank of fog lying in the mouth of the Gap is well shown in our photograph. A traveller approaching Digby by steamer experiences the strangest of sensations when, without the slightest warning, the vessel passes from thick fog into beautiful clear air—a change as welcome as it is startling.

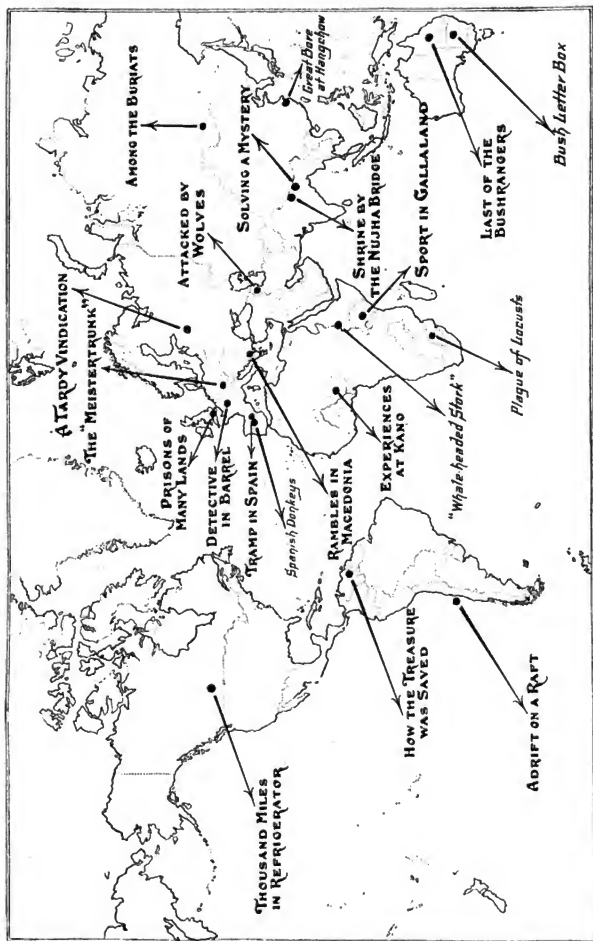
The accompanying photograph shows the remains of the Tempe Bridge, eight miles from Phoenix, Arizona Territory, just after a mixed freight and passenger train attempted to pass over it. A span of the bridge gave way and precipitated the engine and three cars to the dry river bed below. But a curious thing happened. The three freight cars all crashed to the

ground far below, but the first passenger coach hung poised, half on and half off the bridge. The picture shows the car hanging on the edge, and indicates what an appallingly narrow escape from death the passengers had. Curiously enough, although the catastrophe was of such an alarming nature and the rolling-stock was completely wrecked, it happened that only one person was killed—an unfortunate Indian who was stealing a ride on the top of one of the freight cars.



A MISCALAPPROXIMATION — THE TEMPE BRIDGE, IN ARIZONA, GAVE WAY JUST AS A TRAIN WAS CROSSING, THE FIRST PASSENGER CAR BEING LEFT POISED, HALF ON AND HALF OFF THE BRIDGE.

From a Photo. by Hartwell and Hamaker, Phoenix.



THE NOVEL MAP-CONTENTS OF "THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE," WHICH SHOWS AT A GLANCE THE LOCALITY OF EACH ARTICLE AND NARRATIVE OF ADVENTURE IN THIS NUMBER.



"A HEAD APPEARED OUT OF THE END OF ONE OF THESE PIPES."

(SEE PAGE 212.)

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A Thousand Miles in a Refrigerator.

By RALPH STOCK.

An out-of-the-way experience which befell a young "tenderfoot" while on his way home to England. Not being overburdened with cash, he decided to travel across Canada free by stowing himself away on a freight train. Thereupon followed an adventure which nearly ended in a double tragedy.



HAD very little money with me when I landed at Montreal; in fact, I may as well be honest, I had exactly twenty-five dollars (five pounds) when I started on my wanderings, and it only goes to show how a young man, possessed of a fairly good physique and a rather limited amount of brains, can push along in the Colonies when I say that with that five pounds, and steadfastly refusing all monetary help from home, I travelled the greater part of the country from Montreal to the other side of the Rockies and back, landing in England with a good deal more than I started with, both of money and experience, after a thoroughly enjoyable, though rough, journey.

The end of October found me in a small mining and saw-mill town of three years' growth situated in the Rocky Mountains, working in the "bush" at forty dollars a month and board — of a sort. The work was hard and rough, but sleep had far more unpleasantness for me than work, perhaps owing to the fact that during the three weeks I stayed there I slept, or, rather, tried to, between a burly negro and a greasy Italian of the barrel-organ type of London.

But lumber-camp life is not to be lingered over in writing; it is quite sufficient to have lived it. Suffice it to say that by this time I was beginning to wonder if life was really worth living—a sure sign of home-sickness. Add to this a somewhat severe attack of illness caused by sleeping in wet clothes, and an overpowering desire to live once more like a civilized human being, and you have my reason for throwing up the whole thing and coming home for a holiday.

It was the manner of my home-coming that more particularly affects this narrative. I had saved a little money, but what was the use of spending my entire savings on getting home, and perhaps being stranded half-way with insufficient means to proceed? I was pondering the situation as

I strolled into town the next night with my worldly belongings in a grain-sack slung on my back when, on crossing the railway track at the station to get to a boarding-house on the opposite side, I passed what at home is called a truck, belonging to a freight train awaiting an engine to carry it eastward.



"THE WORK WAS HARD AND ROUGH."

Lying the entire length, and resting on the edge at one end of this truck, were three long iron pipes about two feet in diameter. There was nothing very extraordinary in this, but, as I was about to move on, a head appeared out of the end of one of these pipes, and a voice with an unmistakable Western accent inquired genially, "Got a chew, governor?"

Trying not to look surprised (it never does to show surprise at anything in the West), I remarked that I could oblige him, whereupon six feet of ragged "hobo"—i.e., a tramp—squeezed itself out of the opening, jumped down on to the track beside me, and relieved me of half a good plug of "Bobs" chewing tobacco. My curiosity was aroused.

"What on earth are you doing in there?" I asked.

"Goin' way down to Winnipeg," he answered, in a tone that seemed to express surprise at the question.

"But why in a pipe?" I asked, innocently.

"Have you never beat your way anywhere?" he replied, looking at me in evident contempt, an attitude all Westerners assume when they see they have a "greeny" to deal with. "By the looks of you I should a-thought you'd done plenty of it yerself."

At first I felt inclined to take this as an insult, but I remembered in time what my outer man consisted of—a leather jacket and ragged blue linen trousers.

"You see, there's no use in payin' four cents a mile in a passenger when you can travel just as comfortable for nothin'," he continued, more amiably. "Look at this now," pointing with pride to the three pipes; "I'm in the first pipe, my clothes in the second, and my food in the third. I've never paid a train fare yet."

An idea struck me. "You say this car is going to Winnipeg?" I asked.

"Look at the label for yourself."

I examined the little green card. Sure enough, it was labelled Winnipeg. Here was a chance.

"Do you think there's room for me on this outfit?" I inquired, intending the question as a gentle hint for my new acquaintance to let me occupy one of his pipes. But the Western mind is evidently dense (when necessary). "Waal, I'll tell you," he said, leaning towards me and whispering confidentially in my ear. "This train's 'bout the best I ever struck for 'beatin' and it's fair full of men, though, of course, you can't see 'em. See that box-car full of coal? Well, it isn't full. Just up at the top there's a hole that's been made by throwin' some o' the coal out on the line, and there's a man up there; saw him get in myself. See that car of lumber? There's a man in the middle

of that, cos he came over and asked me for a chew. An' there's one goin' to work his way down helpin' the stoker, but I pity him; I've had some. But to my mind the best place in the whole outfit has been left out, and I had a mind to give up my present quarters for it, and that's the refrigerator."

It sounded chilly, I thought.

"It's empty, you know," he added, seeming to read my thoughts. "I'll take you down and show you."

He led the way along the track as unconcernedly as though he were strolling down Regent Street. "It doesn't do to hurry, or they see you're trying to hide yourself," he explained.

"There you are," he said at last, pointing to the huge box-car, which had apparently no opening save the big door in the centre, always kept locked. "You climb in through a 'heap' in the top."

"Have you got any money?" he asked, suddenly.

I wondered what was coming next, and unconsciously put my hand on my breast-pocket.

"Don't put it there," he said, noticing the action; "put it in yer sock. There's not much chance of you bein' caught; but if you are it's chances they'll sneak every cent on you. You'd better go and get some grub and then come right along here, and I'll help you in."

I thanked him and retired to the boarding-house that had been my original goal. There I had a parcel of bread and meat made up sufficient to last three days, and wended my way back to the freight train with as nonchalant a manner as I could assume.

My adviser was waiting for me, and after a hasty glance round climbed up the little iron ladder that is to be found at the back of every car for the convenience of the brakeman. I soon joined him on the roof, and with our united strength the little padlock of the trap—which was, of course, locked—gave way, and it came up easily enough. Now, however, came another task, rather more difficult. Underneath this outer trap of boards was a heavy zinc-covered lid about four inches thick, fitting closely into the opening, which was also lined with zinc. This, of course, was intended to keep the cold air in when the chamber was full of ice and the van below filled with meat. However, after a good pull this also gave way with a rushing sound not unlike the drawing of a cork.

"Now, then, in you get," commanded my companion; "the engine may come along any time now." There was no use in hesitating, so I let myself boldly down into the hole, which proved to be two feet deep.

"Are you set?" came the voice from above.

"Yes," I answered, and the zinc lid shot down into its place with a dull "sog" that sent a shiver through me.

It was quite dark, and I was crawling slowly along the side of the car when I stumbled into something soft and *alive*. For a moment it gave me quite a turn, but I was soon reassured.

"Who you pushin', stranger?" came a voice out of the darkness. It was a fellow-passenger, and I heaved a sigh of relief.

"What you doin' in here, anyway?" he inquired, after an embarrassing pause.

"Much the same sort of thing as yourself," I replied.

"Got a chew?" The inevitable query.

I handed my last plug into the darkness, and it disappeared with alacrity, to return in a moment minus a fair-sized corner. My companion was evidently not a conversationalist, for we sat in silence for quite half an hour, and I began to wonder if the engine was ever coming, when suddenly a terrific jolt shook the car and landed me nearly into the lap of my fellow-passenger. The engine had arrived. I heard a whistle, unusually muffled, and a faint puffing that seemed to be very far off, and the next moment, with many jolts and jars, we had started on our strange journey.

"They'll be at Mitchell in a few hours," volunteered my companion, after another lengthy pause.

"How long will they stay there?" I asked.

"Long enough to shunt off the cars they

don't want and for us to get a breath of fresh air, anyway."

"Do you mean to say you're going to get out there?" I asked, in surprise.

"Why not? It'll be dark, and I've only got two sausages and a bit of bread to last me down to Winnipeg. Besides, we must get some fresh air."

"Do you mean this hole is air-tight?" I demanded, a creepy sensation stealing over me at the very thought.

"How do you suppose they keep the cold air in when it's full of ice?" was the abrupt reply.

A sudden purely imaginary sensation of stuffiness came upon me, for, considering that we had not been in the box two hours, it could be nothing more.

"Let's have a breather now," I suggested.

"Can't; the brakesman might see us. He's got a window in the van that looks all along the top of the cars."

"What's the fine if we're caught?" I inquired, thirsting for information as well as fresh air.

"Six months, unless you can get the brakesman to accept a dollar or two. You can't expect to travel a thousand odd miles for nothing without some sort of risk."

Visions of a luxurious Pullman or even a more humble colonist car came before me, but I felt the lump of paper in my sock and my heart was refreshed. My reflections were cut short by another jolt that again precipitated me against my companion.

"Mitchell, I guess," he exclaimed, and crawled past me. I heard hard breathing and the sound as of someone straining against a heavy weight.

"This thing's got kind of stiff," gasped my fellow "beater"; but the next minute,



with the same sickening "sog," the heavy zinc lid gave way to the burly "hobo's" back and flew open, pushing the outer trap with it, exposing a black, star-spangled sky.

When my fellow-passenger had climbed out and disappeared I thrust my head through the opening and drew in deep breaths of the fresh, clear air. About half an hour elapsed, during which the train was shunted backwards and forwards in the usual apparently aimless fashion to which freight trains are addicted, throwing me hither and thither like a shuttlecock. At last, however, we appeared to be ready, and the engine gave forth a shrill whistle. I was beginning to fear that my fellow-passenger would be too late, when a head appeared over the edge of the car.

The "hobo" was evidently in a hurry, for he ran up the ladder like a cat, and, crouching low, he made a dash for the trap, which I held in readiness.

"Brakesman coming down the line; don't think he saw me," he whispered, hurriedly, and, snatching the trap from my hand, jumped down into the car, letting both trap and lid fall simultaneously into place with unusual violence.

We were soon lost in the solid enjoyment of munching bread and meat and washing it down with the contents of a bottle which my companion produced from somewhere, so we were thoroughly warm and comfortable. The next stop was Crow's Nest Pass, and after that I fell asleep with my grain-sack as a pillow. After a month of life on the prairie, with no roof above you except Nature's and a saddle for a pillow, this is quite possible. I haven't the least idea how long I stayed in this blissful condition; I only know that the first thing I noticed on waking was that the atmosphere was decidedly stuffy.

"Are you there, pard?" I called into the darkness.

"Waal, I don't know where else I'd be considerin' that this blamed trap's stuck," came the answer.

At first I thought the man was joking. Then I remembered that Westerners never played practical jokes, their time being too much taken up with the chase of the glummy "greenbacks" to allow of such diversions. I crawled to the end of the car, felt for the trap, and then, putting my back against it, pressed with all my strength. It might have been the solid roof for all the impression I could make. I thought a lot of things, but only said, "So it is!" and sat down to think, inwardly determined not to be the first to get excited.

My companion vouchsafed no remark.

"Shall we both push together?" I suggested, in what I intended to be a matter-of-fact tone.

"Can't; there isn't room for both our backs in that opening."

"Couldn't we cut our way out through the side?"

"Got a knife?"

"No."

"Neither have I."

"What on earth are we to do?" I burst out, in desperation.

"Wait till the next stop and give ourselves away, I guess," was the cheerful response.

"When is the next stop?"

"Look here, stranger; do you suppose a 'freight' goes by a time-table? How do I know what the next stop'll be, or *when*, for that matter?"

"And supposing at the next stop nobody happens to come along?"

This question was evidently not worth answering, for no reply came. As a matter of fact, I expect my taciturn friend was sick of answering the fusillade of idiotic questions.

My imagination, I suppose, must have increased the stuffiness of the atmosphere, for when I sat down once more to think things over I felt as though I could hardly breathe.

It may not sound a particularly awful position to be in; in fact, compared with some of the extraordinary adventures that befall travellers all the world over, it may be dubbed distinctly tame. But circumstances alter cases. It is one thing to go through peril in the heat of the moment and quite another to sit still in cold blood and wait for it. Besides, there are perils and perils. Suffocation has always been my pet aversion as a means of shuffling off this mortal coil. If I have a nightmare it invariably takes the form of my being buried alive, usually in a trance, when I can neither move hand nor foot, yet am still conscious of all that goes on around me. Here, to all appearances, was my nightmare being fulfilled in actual life under different, though none the less terrifying, circumstances.

Instead of the narrow coffin of my dreams I had the more roomy, though more substantial, chamber of a railway refrigerator. In place of a trance, the full possession of one's faculties, with the full realization of their uselessness. I sat there for what seemed to me hours, till at last, with a feeling that I must do something, I started kicking and pummelling the sides of the car till my feet and fists were numb. Breathing was now becoming a matter of more and more difficulty every moment.

"It's of no use gettin' scared, stranger," said my calm companion. Of course, I was rightly indignant at this accusation, but, as my expostulations called forth no response, they were rather wasted energy.

We must have sat there in suspense for at least another half-hour, during which time I wonder my hair did not turn white from anxiety. How my companion could sit there, gasping, but otherwise impassive and apparently resigned to his fate, with the knowledge that unless fresh oxygen was forthcoming within at the most two hours we should be struggling desperately for the breath of life, and after the expiration of another hour would have sunk into the unconsciousness from which there is no awakening, surpassed my "tenderfoot" understanding.

I crawled up and down the narrow box, hitting my head first against the roof and then the sides of the car. I pummelled and yelled and made fierce attempts to push open that four inches of zinc that separated us from freedom, but all to no purpose. At last I sank into my original place in the corner with the chill of despair at my heart and beads of perspiration on my forehead.

I had almost resigned myself to death when a shrill whistle announced that the train was approaching a station or siding. I think that must be the first time a train whistle was blessed. Already I began to feel fresh air and freedom at hand, the two things that I have since come to the conclusion are their possessor's greatest blessings.

The first jolt had not shaken the car before we both set to shouting and kicking the sides of our prison.

Jolt! Jolt! Jolt! Bang! Bang! Our voices, amidst the din of the shunting cars, sounded like the squeals of a caged mouse.

Even in the position I was then in I could not help feeling an exultant joy as I noticed

that my companion was at last just as excited as myself.

Ultimately the train came to a standstill, and together we raised one frantic shout, accompanied with kicks on the side of the car, which I verily believe would have given way if we had kept kicking long enough.

There was no answer.

We waited in breathless suspense.

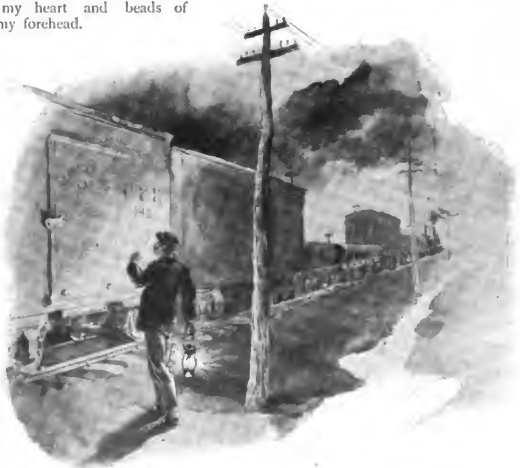
Then there came a faint methodical crunch, crunch, on the gravel at the side of the track. Again we shouted.

The crunching came nearer and nearer and finally stopped.

We yelled and beat the car-side afresh.

"Where are you, anyway?" came a gruff voice from outside.

"In here, and very nearly stifled," I yelled. "For Heaven's sake let us out sharp."



"'WHERE ARE YOU, ANYWAY?' CAME A GRUFF VOICE FROM OUTSIDE."

"Where's here?"

"In the refrigerator."

A low chuckle, which at the time I remember thinking distinctly out of place, greeted this piece of information, and soon steps could be heard ascending the little iron ladder.

I heard the outer trap opened. That was one

inch nearer fresh air, but there were still four inches of zinc between ourselves and freedom.

"You can't open that," shouted my companion; "it's stuck! Open the other."

There are always two traps on the top of a car; but, of course, the second in our case was locked. However, it soon opened to the brakeman's key, the outer lid came up, and after a few seconds' tugging the lid followed suit with the same curious sucking sound as before, as though it were loth to release its captives.

I was about to thrust my head out to get a mouthful of real air when the "hobo" pushed me aside and whispered, hurriedly:—

held out the bottle we had shared on the previous day.

"Thanks; but why——" The rest of the sentence was stopped by the neck of the bottle and the outflow of its contents.

He was ours! He had, as it were, tasted of our salt.

As for me I retired into the darkness once more, and, divesting myself of a boot and sock, selected a dollar bill which I knew to be on the outside of the bundle. Then, climbing back to the roof again, I presented the money to the brakeman.

He looked at it for a moment and then at me.



"THANKS," HE SAID, "I'VE DONE SOME
"BEATIN' MYSELF."

"Let me work this."

"Kind of cold to night," he remarked, jovially, to the brakeman. As the perspiration was standing on my forehead in beads I couldn't quite see the force of this remark.

"Yes, but what——" began the brakeman.

"Have a drink?" said the "hobo," and he

"What's this for?" he asked.

"Er—er—for you," I stammered.

"Thanks," he said. "I've done some 'beatin' myself in my time," and passed it back.

Which goes to prove that Westerners are enigmas, and that there are brakemen and brakemen. We travelled the rest of the way *with that trap open!*

Sport and Adventure in Gallaland.

By A. ARKELL-HARDWICK, F.R.C.S.

II.

The narrative of a most eventful journey from Kikuyu, in British East Africa, to Gallaland, via Mount Kenia. Much of the country traversed is very little known, and Mr. Hardwick's party suffered much from the difficulties of the route, want of food when game was scarce, and the attacks of hostile natives.



WHEN we had laid in a sufficient supply of meat we continued our journey down the Waso Nyiro. The country hereabouts is covered with mineral salts. Wide expanses of carbonate of soda glitter in the sun with blinding radiance, while great masses of lava occur here and there. One layer, twenty-five feet in thickness, consisting of blocks of black vesicular lava, gave us a great deal of trouble, besides causing us no small anxiety. The blocks varied in size from a football to a small trunk; they were very sharp and jagged, and soon cut our boots to ribbons. If the reader will imagine a stream of ants endeavouring to cross an extensive bed of small coke our position will be grasped at once. The almost vertical sun beat down with merciless severity, and the lava absorbing a large amount of the heat, this heat was again given forth by radiation, so that at times we seemed to be walking on a veritable furnace. A dreadful thirst assailed us, and many of the men dropped from the combined effects of the terrific heat and exhaustion. After a march of an hour or so we considered that it was quite time we reached the other side, and pressed forward with greater speed. Hour after hour we toiled along among the piles of loosely-poised blocks of lava, which rolled and slipped continually under our feet, threatening at times to disturb the equilibrium of other adjacent piles, with great danger of their rolling down and crushing us. Our one desire was water. It was now quite as difficult to turn back as to go forward, so we kept doggedly on with the few followers who remained with us. The bulk of our men had dropped out one by one, utterly exhausted. We pushed on in the hope of reaching the farther side of the "cinder heap," as we called it, and there finding water which we could send back to those who remained behind.

At last, when hope had almost utterly expired, with our heads swimming and tongues parched

and swollen, we reached a spot where the layer of lava seemed thinner, and presently a stretch of light soil appeared with a few blades of stunted yellow grass growing upon it. We raised a feeble cheer and staggered forward, only to relapse once more into blank despair, as we found that it was but a few yards in extent. On the other side the lava appeared once more, black and forbidding as ever. Still we pushed forward, though no pen can describe the horrors of that unending tramp. We finally became apathetic, moving along like automata, gazing listlessly forward with unseeing eyes. Once a pair of giraffes crossed our path. They stood and gazed awhile and then fled. A rhinoceros also passed within twenty yards of us, and, notwithstanding his huge bulk, trotted lightly and easily over the lava blocks.

Late in the afternoon we reached the edge of this fearful plateau and descended to the sandy plain which lay beneath. It was covered with coarse scrub and clumps of sharp, jagged thorns, but by contrast with the inferno we had just quitted it seemed a very paradise. We had still a long and weary three-hour march before we reached the river once more, but everything has an end, and towards evening we threw ourselves down in the shade of the palms on the river bank, absolutely dead beat. We had no food and no tents or camp equipment, these being strewn along the road behind us, as the men halted one by one and fell out exhausted. We sent those men who had kept up with us to carry water to those still upon the road, but it was nearly eight hours later before they all turned up. They came into camp in groups of three or four, and, throwing down their loads, collapsed in a heap on the ground. One man died on that terrible "cinder heap," and was left where he fell by his comrades.

During the night some of the men managed to set the grass within the camp on fire. All hands turned out and, armed with blankets,

sacks, and buckets of water, fought madly against the fierce flames, which sprang up everywhere from the dry vegetation. Had the fire caught the palms nothing could have saved us, as the camp must inevitably have been destroyed.

On the fourth or fifth day after leaving the "Green Camp" we reached a large swamp of brackish water several miles in area. We camped upon a patch of green grass at the end of the swamp nearest the river. A peculiar



"ALL HANDS FOUGHT MADLY AGAINST THE FIERCE FLAMES."

After an hour's hard work, however, we managed to subdue the flames and retired to rest once again. We were all more or less singed in places, as we had turned out in our shirts and barefooted, so that we were by no means well protected.

Next morning we started down the river once more, taking particular care to keep near the banks, our experience of short cuts the day before having been particularly unfortunate. For some days we tramped along, the country growing wilder and more desolate as we advanced farther to the eastward. Gravel or red earth strewn with boulders and blocks of lava or quartz, with a scanty growth of thorn trees, formed as uninviting a landscape as one could wish to see. Here and there rose towering masses of rock, principally red and pink gneiss. On the faces of the cliffs adjoining the river troops of monkeys and baboons skipped and chattered unceasingly. The only restful feature in the landscape was the long line of palms which marked the sinuous course of the river. Game was growing scarcer and we had some difficulty in feeding the caravan.

circumstance connected with this swamp was that its bed was at least eighty feet higher than that of the river, which here flowed at the bottom of a deep cañon, and into which it emptied itself by a cascade of water, highly impregnated with minerals, which tumbled over the edge of the cliff.

As we had so far seen no signs of the Rendile and Burkeneji tribes, of whom we were in search, we determined to retrace our steps up the river to the "Green Camp," and from there strike northward to Mount Lololokwe, in the hope of finding them in that locality. We therefore arose early next morning and departed, being hastened thereto by dense clouds of tiny midges, which arose from the swamp and ferociously attacked both man and beast, driving us all nearly frantic. They were exceedingly small, but their sting was most venomous, and soon our faces, necks, and arms were itching madly from innumerable bites. It was not until we were nearly half a mile from the swamp that we were free from these pests.

On the day that we reached the "Green Camp" we shot a couple of rhinoceroses, which

were immediately cut up for food by our half-starved retainers. My rhinoceros made things very unpleasant for me until I finally downed him. I fired at him with the Martini at twenty yards. Being so close to him I aimed somewhat carelessly, with the result that I hit him rather too high up in the shoulder and wounded without disabling him. On receiving the shot he stood quite still for a moment and then walked slowly away. Thinking I was going to lose him I moved cautiously forward, but stumbled over a small heap of loose stones in doing so. Round came my quarry and charged me, while I hastily re-loaded, finding, to my consternation, that I had but one cartridge left. I dodged behind the stone heap, but the rhino dodged also, and we met face to face on the opposite side. I had no time to weigh chances, so, raising my rifle, I let him have my last cartridge in the neck, and by great good luck succeeded in smashing his spine. He dropped dead instantly within three yards of me, thus relieving my mind considerably, for I must confess I had already commenced to dwell with unpleasant persistence upon fractures, dislocations, and other inconveniences incidental to a meeting with an enraged and wounded rhinoceros. However, "all's well that end's well," and my late antagonist proved a welcome addition to our commissariat.

When we reached the "Green Camp" we sent a few men back to M'thara to try to obtain a couple of Wandorobbo guides. These Wandorobbo are great hunters. They have no settled habitation, but travel about from place to place in small bands to any spot where game is to be found. They kill elephants by means of a heavy spear with a poisoned barb loosely fitted into a socket at the head. Creeping into the bush to the spot where the elephant is feeding, the Wandorobbo hunter watches his opportunity and selects a place in the flank of the huge beast, where the skin is thinner than on the rest of the body, and with a quick movement plunges his spear into his vitals. He then disappears into the bush with great agility. The startled elephant breaks away through the bush, and the heavy spear-shaft drops to the ground, leaving the poisoned barb to do its deadly work in the animal's body. Sometimes the hunter is caught and instantly killed by the enraged elephant; but I did not learn that such an occurrence spoils the appetites of the surviving members of the band.

After five days' absence the men whom we sent to M'thara returned, having secured two Wandorobbo guides, who informed us that the Rendile were situated by the river, much

farther down than the swamp at which we had camped. We therefore started once more on our journey down stream, but at the first halt, to our utter dismay, the guides suddenly bolted and disappeared into the surrounding bush, eluding all search. We were utterly at a loss to account for their singular action, and a cross-examination of our men threw no light upon the matter. We finally put it down to the perversity of things in general and native guides in particular.

We then held a consultation, and as a result decided to continue our march down the river until we found the Rendile, as, at any rate, we had now definite information of their whereabouts. For the next few days we tramped steadily eastward, the country becoming daily more forbidding in its aspect. For many miles, in certain places, the ground was covered with loose stones, which rolled and slipped underfoot, bruising our ankles and making a long march an event to be painfully remembered. With the exception of the palms on the river bank, a few aloes and scattered thorn trees were the only representatives of the vegetable world. These, in combination with the great red masses of gneiss rock, some of which were several hundred feet in height, and patches of brown, soft earth into which we sank above the ankles at every step, formed as desolate and dreary a landscape as could be found in Africa. Game, too, became very scarce, and we began to feel the sharp pinch of hunger.

At length the men could go no farther, and one afternoon we halted on the river bank and decided to camp there all the next day, sending a few men on ahead in light marching order to see if they could discover anything of the whereabouts of the Rendile. If they did not, we promised to turn back. We had scarcely made these arrangements, however, when a shout from some of our men of "People! people! We can see many people!" aroused us. Inquiry elicited the fact that a body of men were approaching our camp from down the river. When they reached us we found to our inexpressible relief that they were some eighty of the men of the Somalis' caravan previously mentioned, which left M'thara two or three days before us. Their leader, Mokojori, informed us that their main body under Ismail was even then camped among the Rendile villages five days' march farther down the river! His party had been sent to buy food at Dhaicho, a settlement on the other side of the Jombeni hills, the home of the Wa'Embe, and were now on their way thither. They very kindly lent us one of their number as a guide, and then proceeded on their way. We resumed our march

the following morning, and after four days' hard travelling arrived, tired, footsore, and hungry, within sight of the long desired encampments of the Rendile and Burkeneji tribes.

We were well received, and at once proceeded to make ourselves comfortable. Ismail had constructed a large thorn stockade and pitched his camp inside. When we arrived he was engaged in dispatching parties of men provided with cloths, iron and brass wire, and beads in every direction, for the purpose of buying ivory and camels from the Rendile.

As soon as we had settled down in our own camps we received visits from several of the Rendile chiefs. In appearance these nomads of the desert were most prepossessing. Well built and of fine physique, they exhibited none of the characteristics of the negro. Their jet-black hair was long and straight, their foreheads were high, and noses inclined to be aquiline. Their jaws and chins were firm and clean cut, while in colour they ranged from dark brown to olive. They were clad in ample cloaks of white cloth ornamented with fringes of small red beads, and presented an appearance infinitely superior to the natives farther south.

The tribe is very wealthy as natives go, some of the more powerful individuals among them possessing thousands of sheep, goats, and camels. One chief named Luba possessed no fewer than sixteen thousand camels, with sheep and goats innumerable. Though they are gentle in their manners almost to the point of absurdity, they are fierce fighters on occasion. Almost all of the old men bore the marks of spear wounds gained in their youth in sanguinary conflicts with the Borana, who live more to the northwards in the Arushi Galla country; and with the Turkana, who live to the west of Lake Rudolph. Their weapons consist of a light spear and shield of buffalo or ox hide of a peculiar narrow oblong shape. We were informed that the young men who wished to demonstrate their courage were in the habit of throwing their shields away at the commencement of a fight and receiving upon their left forearm the spear-thrusts they were unable to dodge.

We found them, in spite of their wealth, most persistent beggars. They would sit in front of our tents for hours while begging for a bit of brass wire or a few beads. When remonstrated with they would raise their eyebrows gently in mild surprise and say, "Is it not good to give?" When we retorted that if that were so why did they not give *us* something, they answered still more surprisedly, "You have never asked!" When we pointed out that it was not the custom of the white man to beg, they were quite unable to understand.

The climate here was delightful—very hot, but the air was dry and clear. The Rendile lived on milk, of which they obtained immense quantities from their vast flocks and herds, though, strange to say, they owned very few cattle. They milk their camels, sheep, and goats indiscriminately, pouring the mixed product into vessels of wood or plaited string made watertight with gum. After our long spell of a purely meat diet we followed their example and lived for some weeks on milk, which we bought from them. A few beads would purchase about a gallon of milk, which we boiled, and this, with the addition of a saccharine tabloid from the medicine chest, made a nourishing if somewhat unsatisfying meal. The three of us usually consumed about two gallons per day each when we could get it, and personally I never felt so well in my life, and I gained a stone in weight.

Small-pox was raging with great violence in the tribe and the deaths were very numerous, the population of some of the villages being so depleted that the survivors were unable to drive all their animals down to water at once, but instead took the sheep down to the river one day and the camels the next, and so on alternately.

The Burkeneji, who are also known as the Samburu, were very different to their neighbours both in appearance and disposition. The two tribes lived and wandered over the country together, but remained perfectly distinct from one another in language and habits. The Burkeneji closely approached the negro type, with their broad, flat noses and prognathous jaws. In their behaviour to us they were sullen and inclined to be quarrelsome; indeed, upon one occasion there was some friction between them and a party of our men, and a spear was thrown, though, happily, without fatal result. Fortunately, we managed to smooth the affair over without further hostilities. I could never rightly understand their relations with the Rendile. I was informed that at one time they were the slaves of the latter, but they have so increased in numbers (while the Rendile, owing to the small-pox, have proportionately decreased) that they are now a force to be reckoned with. They act as a kind of standing army to the Rendile, and in return reserve to themselves the right to loot the flocks and herds of their erstwhile masters. The Rendile more than once complained to us after some particularly daring theft, but, strange to say, they were never moved to resentment or retaliation, at least so far as I could ascertain.

At this time the Somali caravan met with a terrible disaster. The party of eighty men, under the headman whom we had met upon the road and who lent us a guide, had not returned

at the expected time. A few days after our arrival among the Rendile a group of haggard and travel-stained men, to the number of sixteen, staggered into Ismail's camp, the sole survivors of the large party which he had sent to buy food at Dhaicho. Their story was very brief, but to the point. The day after they met us they left the river and struck southwards across the desert in the direction of the Jom-beni hills. The water-hole at which they had intended camping was found to be dry, so they pushed on. For three days they pressed blindly forward in the scorching sun, suffering untold agonies for want of water. On the afternoon of the fourth day they reached the foot of the hills and found a small pool. They threw themselves down and drank as only men in a similar plight could drink, and then, overcome with fatigue, they lay down to sleep. The Wa'Embe had watched their arrival from the hills, and while they slept descended and attacked them in overwhelming force. The poor wretches, enfeebled by their sufferings, made practically no defence, but were massacred in detail as they attempted to flee. Spear and sword soon did their ghastly work, and over sixty men perished before the dusk descended and put a stop to the butchery. Only a few of the more active succeeded in getting away and regaining their camp.

After two or three weeks' stay among the Rendile, it occurred to us to make the attempt to reach the Lorian swamp, into which the Waso Nyiro empties itself. This swamp was discovered by Mr. Astor Chanler in 1893. He and his companion, Lieutenant Ludwig Von Hohnel, of the Imperial Austrian Navy, having heard, when travelling

on the upper reaches of the Waso Nyiro, that a large lake existed somewhere to the eastward, determined to make an effort to reach it. They were fired by the hope of discovering another great African lake, and when, after a tremendous march, suffering incredible hardships by the way, they found that it was only a swamp after all, they were so disgusted and disappointed that they turned back at once without examining it further. We hoped, therefore, to reach Lorian and examine it more particularly, a hope, alas! doomed to disappointment.

Leaving our Rendile camp in charge of our headman with the bulk of the porters, we started with only a dozen men in light marching order. Tents and camp equipment were all left behind; a couple of blankets apiece, a spare shirt or two, a quantity of ammunition, and a couple of cooking-pots constituting our sole impedimenta.

For the first day or two the travelling was fairly easy, but after that the character of the country completely changed. The Waso Nyiro now flowed through the barren desert, and at times patches of brown earth several square miles in extent materially impeded our progress.



"THAT YOUTH WITHOUT MORE AID LEFT DROVE AT ISMAIL."

This brown earth was of the consistency of starch and seemed to be undermined in every direction by holes and burrows. We sank up to our knees at every step, while the mules floundered along in a most pitiful manner. It was utterly impossible to ride them. Our passage caused clouds of fine dust to rise, which nearly choked us, filling our eyes, ears, and nostrils in a particularly uncomfortable and irritating manner. At other times we would meet with great patches of smooth white sand, looking to the eye as firm and hard as possible, but we found it every whit as treacherous as the brown earth. It gave way under our feet and caused us endless trouble and fatigue in traversing it. Rhinoceroses were also disgustingly frequent and frightened the men considerably. Great crocodiles, ranging in colour from bright yellow and bright green to dark brown, basked in the sun upon the mud of the river banks. One of the loathsome reptiles captured and devoured our little dog without giving us a chance of retaliation, an event which damped our spirits considerably, as we were exceedingly fond of the animal, which had endeared itself to us all by its winning disposition and playful manners.

The men now commenced to grumble openly and desired us to turn back before worse befell us. We persuaded them to keep up for a day or two longer, but they were already half mutinous, which handicapped us somewhat. Two of them deserted, and the others showed signs of following their example. "We have come to the end of the world," said they; "let us go back. There are many devils here, and we are greatly afraid!"

To cut a long story short, we reached the limit of Mr. Chanler's journey in 1893, only to find that Lorian had receded still more to the eastward, doubtless owing to the drought, which had already lasted for three years at the time of our visit. We shot a hippopotamus and a couple of buffalo, which gave us a sufficient supply of food to take us back to our Rendile camp, a matter of seven days' journey. Those seven days were among the hardest we had yet experienced, but we pegged away and eventually arrived safely, footsore and half-starved.

A fortnight later we bade farewell to our Rendile friends and commenced our march back to M'thara. A Somali youth named Barri left their caravan and joined us during our first day's march. We allowed him to stay with us as he was not in their pay, but was a small trader on his own account. Ismail Robli, however, did not take that view of the matter, and, as we were preparing to break up our camp preparatory to resuming our march on the

second day, he appeared in a state of great excitement with a few armed followers, having marched all night in order to overtake us. He demanded that Barri should be given up to him, but as that youth had left our camp two or three hours earlier to try to procure some milk for us from a distant Burkeneji village we were unable to comply with his request.

In the meantime some of Ismail's men were hunting about round our camp, and at that moment Barri returned. Two of the Somalis rushed at him, threatening him with loaded rifles and demanding his immediate surrender. Barri's reply was a shot from his Martini, which sent them helter-skelter behind a neighbouring bush, from whence they opened a parley while endeavouring to get a shot at him. Barri, however, was equally wary, and another bullet from his rifle showed them that he was very much on the alert. Ismail, hearing the shots, rushed out of our camp with his rifle and ran at Barri, threatening to shoot him. That youth without more ado let drive at Ismail, bringing him down, and then turned and fled into the bush and got clear away. We had rushed after Ismail in order to prevent bloodshed, but it all happened with such rapidity that Ismail was shot before we were half-way out of camp.

We found Ismail lying upon the ground with a bullet wound in the leg just above the ankle. Fortunately the bone was not shattered, and the injury proved to be nothing more serious than a severe flesh wound. We dressed the injury and then rigged up a sort of ambulance, in which we sent Ismail back to his own camp. Barri rejoined us some days later when we were farther down the river. As he had acted purely in self-defence we could not find it in our hearts to condemn him, and therefore allowed him to remain with us, more especially as his life would not have been worth a moment's purchase in the Somali camp had we sent him back.

During our ten days' march back to our "Green Camp" we suffered considerably from want of food. Game was scarce and the formation of the country made the travelling exceedingly arduous. With great good fortune we secured a hippopotamus which was disposing itself in a pool in the river, and that helped us somewhat; but just before that a solitary part-ridge between us formed the only meal my two companions and myself had made in two days.

At length, however, we reached the "Green Camp," and once more revelled in an abundance of meat, which we secured from among the vast herds of zebra, Grant's gazelle, and waterbuck which roamed over the surrounding country. The next day we resumed our journey to M'thara. On the first march we shot a young

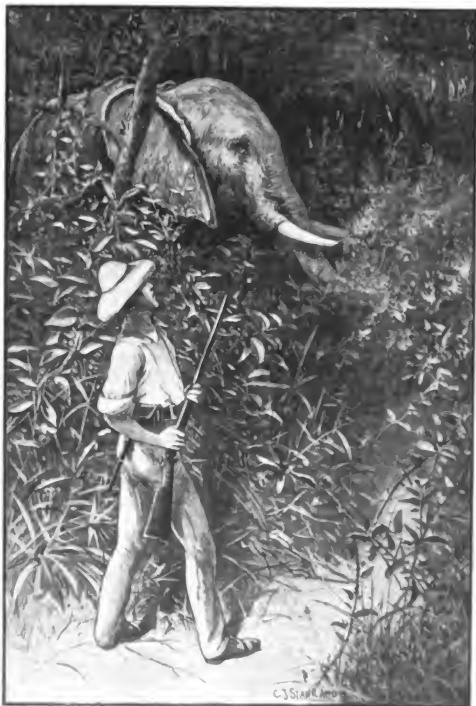
bull elephant, a portion of which we added to our larder.

When we reached M'thara we found a famine in the land, the bean crop having failed for want of rain. To add to our embarrassments we found that the natives of Munithu, who had plenty of food, were hostile, and when we marched over to Munithu for the purpose of buying food for our journey round West Kenia we were attacked, and only after a severe running fight for over five hours did we succeed in regaining our M'thara camp.

During our stay at M'thara we shot another elephant in the thorn forest adjacent to our camp. He was a fine beast, and gave us a three hours' stern chase after receiving the first shot, which, however, ultimately proved fatal. It was probably the same beast which had disappointed me so during our stay in this part of the forest three months before. I was sitting in camp one day when I heard some guinea-fowl calling in the forest outside the camp. Seizing my gun, I sallied forth, intent upon securing a bird or two for the pot. I was wearing a pair of thin rubber shoes, and, creeping quietly through the bush, wandered some distance from camp. Presently, as I got farther into the forest, the vegetation grew extremely dense, and I was compelled to follow a narrow game-track in order to make any headway at all. Suddenly I saw a large, brown, shapeless mass looming through the undergrowth a few yards away. Halting instantly, I gazed upon it, wondering what on earth it could be. I could not make it out, and crept noiselessly nearer in order to get a better

view. When within ten or fifteen yards the object suddenly moved, and an enormous head, flanked by a pair of magnificent tusks, swung into view; and there I stood, armed only with a 20-bore shot-gun, gazing into the face of an old bull elephant. For an instant I stood still, and then, cautiously backing down the path, I made for camp with all speed for a rifle, but when I returned an hour later the elephant had withdrawn into the deeper recesses of the forest and could not be found.

The weather now changed and the long-delayed rains commenced to descend in earnest.



"FOR AN INSTANT I STOOD STILL."



MOUNT KENIA FROM THE NORTH—ALTHOUGH SITUATED ALMOST ON THE EQUATOR IT IS CROWNED WITH EVERLASTING SNOW.
From a Photo.

We had collected a few loads of food for our journey round the inhospitable country to the north and west of Mount Kenia, and only waited for a favourable opportunity to start. At last it came, and we bade farewell to our friends in M'thara. From the first the travelling was wretched. It rained hard day after day, and as we ascended the lower slopes of the mountains the air grew chilly, and altogether matters were as uncomfortable as they could possibly be. We kept doggedly on, however, and put mile after mile behind us as we advanced steadily homeward. Soon the country grew more open, and we traversed vast undulated uplands covered with short green grass. Several herds of zebra grazed about, but they were so shy that it was impossible to get within range, though we tried frequently, as our food supply was again

running low. These uplands were divided by enormous ravines, which radiated from the central peak of Kenia like the spokes of a wheel. They were densely forested. Immense cedars and podocarpus of enormous growth abounded on every side. Several large rivers flow northwards from Kenia, eventually joining the Waso Nyiro, which itself rises in North-West Kenia.

As seen from the north, the central peak of this stupendous mountain presents a magnificent appearance. Though situated only a few miles south of the Equator, its altitude is so great that it is crowned with everlasting snow. The sides of the peak are so precipitous in places that the snow has no hold and falls off, leaving exposed great patches of bare black rock. I managed to secure a photograph of the peak



MOUNT KENIA FROM THE SOUTH-WEST—SEVERAL LARGE RIVERS HAVE THEIR SOURCES NEAR THIS GREAT PEAK.
From a Photo.

from the north side, when for a few moments it happened to be partially uncovered by the drifting cloud-banks, which sometimes conceal it for weeks together.

After ten days' marching we reached the Masai settlement at Kwa Ngombe, or N'doro,

thickly-populated country to Maranga, where we were warmly welcomed by the chief, our old friend Manga. We were detained here a fortnight by the flooded condition of the Tana River, but eventually got across safely with all our impedimenta. We found that the Govern-



From a

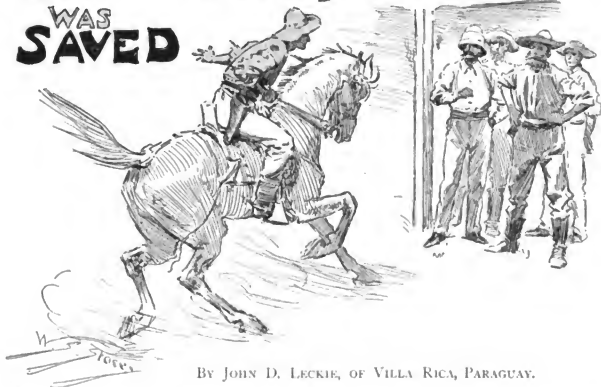
A MASAI CHIEF AND HIS MEDICINE MAN,

[Photo.]

in South-West Kenia, first visited in 1887 by Count Teleki, the discoverer of Lakes Rudolph and Stephanie, who, indeed, is the only other white man who has been there. We were not very hospitably received, as the Masai chief demanded a heavy tribute, which we emphatically refused to pay, and he left our camp in a very abrupt and discourteous manner. At this place we procured guides, who took us through

ment had built a new station and fort at M'biri, a matter of a couple of hours' walk from the Tana, and here, in the person of the officer in charge of the troops, we saw the first white face we had seen for six months. On leaving M'biri a march of eight or ten days took us safely into Nairobi and civilization, and thus ended our expedition to Mount Kenia and the Waso Nyiro.

HOW THE TREASURE WAS SAVED



BY JOHN D. LECKIE, OF VILLA RICA, PARAGUAY.

The writer was formerly accountant of the Yuruari Gold Mine, in Venezuela, and here relates how the officials of a neighbouring mine saved their monthly shipment of bullion, value £6,000, from the clutches of a revolutionary leader.



ABOUT twelve years ago I was fortunate enough to be appointed accountant of the Yuruari Mine, in the Republic of Venezuela. This is one of the smaller States of Spanish

America, where a revolution is always going on, just over, or just about to commence. When I reached the mine, sore all over after a four days' ride on muleback, a revolution had just ended. The rebel leader had succeeded in defeating the Government troops, entered the capital, and proclaimed himself Dictator. But we were not destined to remain long in peace and political tranquillity, as the following incident will show.

Not far from us there was another very rich gold mine known as El Callao, the manager of which was an American. There was a large mill of many stamps attached to this mine, and night and day the heavy pounding of these stamps, as they crushed the quartz rock, never ceased, and could be heard miles away. As the quartz was crushed it was carried by currents

of water over tables inlaid with quicksilver, which retained the particles of gold, but allowed the dross to escape. Once a month the "amalgam," as the mixture of quicksilver and gold is termed, was retorted, in order to obtain the pure gold, which was then cast into bars and in this form dispatched as bullion to the nearest port, whence the mining company's agent forwarded it to Europe.

A small armed escort was sent with the gold as far as the town of El Callao, some eight miles distant, whence a more powerful party conveyed it to the coast, about one hundred and fifty miles away.

One fine morning—it was bullion day—the officials saw a man approaching the mine at full gallop. He evidently had important news to communicate, for in that sweltering tropical climate no one would ever gallop along that hilly road unless there was some very urgent necessity for it.

In a few minutes more he reined up his horse,

all panting and covered with foam, in front of the veranda. "There is not a moment to be lost," he shouted. "A revolution has broken out at Guacipati, and General X—— has seized the town. He knows that the bullion is to be sent down to-day and is preparing to seize it. When I left he was getting ready a troop to intercept the escort!"

For some little time previously there had been rumours of an impending revolution, but in the Republic of Venezuela the air is always full of such rumours, and little importance is attached to them. At any rate, it was never expected that the rising would take place so suddenly, nor in such close proximity to the mine.

General X—— was a well-known local character—a regular fire-eater, who was always to the front in times of political excitement, and was in his element when a revolution was in progress. In times of peace he devoted his energies to editing a small weekly paper, which seemed to exist chiefly for the purpose of virulently attacking his enemies and opponents. The mine officials were now informed that he had obtained the co-operation of the garrison of less than one hundred men stationed at Guacipati, had seized the Government offices, and was now busy impressing men into his service.

The officials knew they were likely to have a warm time at the hands of this man, and that not a moment was to be lost. The amalgamator had just finished packing the gold bars for shipment. There were some fifteen hundred ounces of gold, worth about six thousand pounds, which would form a welcome addition to General X——'s exchequer, if he could get it—which they determined he should not. No doubt even at that moment he was calling for volunteers, holding out as an inducement a share in the rich booty, which in anticipation was already his.

A council of war, composed of the principal mine officials, was at once convened, in order to discuss the best course to be taken.

It was inadvisable to leave the gold where it was, as it would certainly fall into the hands of the insurgents. To conceal it would be scarcely less risky. The only practical method of hiding it would be to bury it in some concealed spot, and this could not be done without taking so many people into their confidence that the burial-place would be an open secret. Neither were they inclined to follow the method adopted by the tyrant Lopez of Paraguay when he wished to conceal his treasure chest, as not unfrequently happened when he was pursued by the enemy in his war with Brazil. His *modus operandi* was to order a few soldiers to dig a trench in a secluded

spot and bury the treasure in his presence. When this was done and the men had returned to camp, a firing-party was told off to shoot these unfortunates, on the principle that "dead men tell no tales."

Various modes of disposing of the treasure were suggested, and all in turn rejected as impracticable. At last the engineer, who had been meditating for some time in silence, suddenly exclaimed, "I have it! I know of a method by which we can cheat these bandits of their prey. What I propose is this: Put all the gold into the safe and then leave it in the engine-room. I can fill the room with scalding steam in five minutes, and I warrant that no one will touch it while it is there."

A shout of approval greeted the suggestion, which was unanimously adopted, and the officials proceeded as one man to carry out the proposed plan. In another moment the gold was locked in the big safe, which was then deposited in a waggon and carried to the engine-room adjoining the mill. The mill was a large structure, its walls principally composed of galvanized iron, but the engine-room was strongly built of brick. As soon as the safe had been lodged in its new quarters the doors and windows were strongly barred up, and the room was filled with superheated steam.

Nor had this been done a moment too soon, for shortly after the officials returned to the house, on looking out from the veranda, they saw a cavalcade appear on the crest of the opposite hill. As it passed over the hill it seemed to grow in numbers until they could see that it was composed of a troop of at least three hundred mounted men. It was not a large force from a military point of view, but it was impossible for the officials to show any active resistance, for, although they had more than four hundred men at the mine, they could not arm more than twenty or thirty, and in any case no reliance could be placed on the majority of the workers. Indeed, as soon as they heard of the approach of the insurgents nearly all the able-bodied men took to the woods, afraid of being impressed into the service of the rebels. There was nothing to be done, therefore, but to await the course of events.

As the cavalcade approached the officials could see that it was headed by the general himself. As he drew near he rose in his saddle and shouted, "Hurrah for the Reds!" this being the designation of the political party he represented, their opponents being known as the "Blues," from their respective colours.

"Good morning, Mr. —," he said, addressing the manager, who was by no means a friend of his. "I have a little business to do with

you. I hear that you have a quantity of gold ready for shipment. It is not safe to send it along the road in the present state of affairs, but I will take care of it for you. You are aware that a revolution has just been proclaimed. In the name of the Provisional Government, which I represent, I request you to hand me the treasure without delay."

The manager, evidently fuming at this impudent speech, nevertheless retained his com-

posure; but it will not be for long. I will find out that safe even though you have buried it in the bowels of the earth."

Meanwhile, the general's troops had been busy "recruiting volunteers," as he termed it, among the workmen employed in the mine. As I have already said, nearly all these had disappeared on the approach of the revolutionists, knowing only too well from former experiences what they might expect. The soldiers, however,



"PATRIOTIC VOLUNTEERS IN THE CAUSE OF LIBERTY," HE EXCLAIMED.

posure, and replied: "You have come a little too late, general. The gold was dispatched this morning early. I knew the danger of forwarding it in the usual way, and sent it by a circuitous route through the woods. The escort must be at least twenty miles off by this time."

This subterfuge did not have the desired effect on the general, who exclaimed, "You cannot deceive me! I know the gold is *here*!" If you do not deliver it I shall take it myself." So saying, accompanied by a numerous following, he made his way to the safe-room, the position of which was well known.

"Ha!" he said, as he noted the absence of the ponderous iron case. "I see that the bird

managed to capture about a score of them, and these were brought in, roped together to prevent their escape.

The general, who had been occupied in organizing two search parties, one to descend the mine and explore its hidden depths, while another party performed the same duty above-ground, now thought it well to step forward and address these new "recruits." "Patriotic volunteers in the cause of liberty," he exclaimed, in a grandiose fashion, "a grateful country will not be unmindful of your noble endeavours. Sergeant, see that these heroic fellows receive their just share of the contribution (!) with which this mine is about to assist us."

As he spoke a troop of horses and mules was driven up. These were the company's property, which had evidently been forcibly "commandeered" from the stables. The manager was about to protest, but the general anticipated him. "We are not thieves," he said; "we require your animals for a little while, but they will be returned to you, or I will give you notes for their value, which will be cashed by the Provisional Government." The manager was apparently not satisfied with this assurance, but protest was unavailing.

But a ray of hope now came from another quarter. A negro boy named Pompey, who had just ridden in at full gallop from Callao,

unaware of the fact. The officials' main object now was to gain time, in the hope that help would arrive before the rebels were able to accomplish their purpose.

Meanwhile the search parties had been busy. The safe was too large to be easily concealed, so that it did not take them long to search every corner. The mill was the last place to be overhauled. As they approached the engine-room and noticed that the doors and windows had been heavily barricaded, they at once jumped to the conclusion that the safe was to be found inside. Seizing a bar of iron from the mill, one of the most adventurous spirits, not without some difficulty, broke open a window. At the



"A JET OF SCALDING STEAM SHOT OUT."

stealthily approached the manager and contrived to hand him, unobserved, a note of which he was the bearer. This was from the company's agent in town, and informed the manager that the Government troops were in pursuit of the revolutionists. An armed body had been hastily collected and dispatched to El Callao, according to telegraphic advices just received, and might arrive at any moment. This was good news, for the revolutionists were apparently

same moment a jet of scalding steam shot out, and with a piercing yell the man fell back, clapping his hands to his face and writhing with pain. His companions drew near cautiously, but all their attempts to break in were unavailing, for they had too great a respect for the scalding vapour to approach too closely.

Cries of rage and bitter imprecations filled the air, as the intruders saw themselves baffled. But only for a moment. A shout of "Dyna-

nite!" was heard, and the suggestion was greeted with loud cheers. There was a large quantity of dynamite at the mine, where it was required for blasting purposes. The store in which it was deposited was about a mile distant, as owing to its dangerous nature it was thought prudent to keep it stored in a secluded spot. Its position, however, was well known to the assailants, and a party was at once told off to obtain a quantity. The hopes of the officials sank once more as they saw the new turn affairs had taken. The only prospect of saving the gold lay in the chance that the Government troops might arrive before the robbers were able to get off with their booty.

In less than half an hour the party returned with several cases containing dynamite. The veranda where the little group of officials stood commanded a complete view of their operations. In a few minutes more the dynamite was laid, and exploded with a dull thud. A large breach was made in the engine-room, one side of it being completely destroyed, while a cloud of mingled steam and *débris* shot skyward. The robbers gave a loud cheer as they saw the success which had crowned their efforts, for they obtained a view of the coveted safe lying on its side inside the room.

But the safe was still intact. It was locked, and required to be "cracked" before they could gain possession of the treasure it contained. Again recourse was had to dynamite; another dull thud was heard, another cheer, and the brigands rushed upon their prey.

All this time the distracted officials had been eagerly scanning the opposite hillside in the hope of discovering some trace of the Government troops, but hitherto without success. For the last few moments their attention had been closely riveted on the operations of the bandits, which, needless to say, they followed with breathless excitement. Then once more they turned their eyes in the direction of the hill.

A squad of horsemen was now seen approaching at a rapid pace. Were they the expected rescuers or were they only another party of General X——'s followers? The excitement was intense, but of short duration. A friendly gust of wind unfurled the flag held by one of the approaching party, and the little band of watchers recognised with heartfelt joy the Government colours.

A loud cheer burst involuntarily from their throats as they saw the welcome spectacle. "Cheer again with all your might," cried the manager, and they gave a shout that must have been heard in the town of Callao. The loud cheering, as had been intended, distracted the attention of the robbers, who at once guessed the cause of it. With muttered imprecations they abandoned the safe, sprang into their saddles, and galloped off in the opposite direction from the advancing troops. In a few minutes more these latter, numbering in all some five hundred, arrived and were warmly greeted.

The staff, as may be imagined, were in a fever of suspense to know if the treasure had been carried off. They lost no time in repairing to the wrecked engine-house, and found to their joy that, although the robbers had succeeded in forcing the outer door of the safe, the inner lid—for the safe had strong double doors—was still intact and the treasure consequently safe. It seems that the robbers had been too liberal in their use of the dynamite, and had exhausted their supply when they forced open the outer door, being apparently unaware that there was still another plate of iron between them and the coveted gold.

The Government troops only remained long enough to exchange a hurried conversation, and then galloped off in hot pursuit of the enemy. These were presently overtaken and a fierce combat ensued, in which General X—— was captured and the remnant of his followers dispersed. So ended an abortive revolution.

A TARDY VINDICATION.

BY MICHAEL KOURIPITZ.

A remarkable romance of real life. Many years ago Count Theodore Kazimoff, a young and wealthy Russian nobleman, quarrelled with his bosom friend about a girl. The two became reconciled, but subsequently, when they were hunting together, the friend disappeared, his lifeless body being afterwards discovered concealed in a snow-bank. Count Kazimoff was accused of the murder, found guilty, and sentenced to banishment for life to Siberia. By the death-bed confession of the real murderer the unfortunate nobleman has been proved entirely innocent, and has just returned to St. Petersburg after fifty years of exile, an old and broken man.



N some respects Count Tolstoy's powerful novel, "Resurrection," is not so dramatic or absorbing as the life-story of a worn, sad-faced old man who recently stepped feebly from the Moscow express at the Central Station at St. Petersburg and, with the help of a young man who accompanied him, entered the sleigh waiting to convey him to the family residence of the Kazimoffs. This old man was Count Theodore Kazimoff, who has just returned from Siberia, whither he was exiled exactly fifty years ago for the murder of his best friend, Count Demetri Dolgorouki.

For fifty long years Count Kazimoff prayed for death in a Siberian penal settlement, crushed by the severity of his punishment and by the knowledge that all his relatives and friends believed him to be guilty of the atrocious crime for which he had been condemned. Now, after all these years of physical suffering and mental agony, it has been discovered that Count Kazimoff was entirely innocent of the murder of which he was accused, and a pardon granted by the Czar has enabled him to return to his old home in St. Petersburg to die in liberty, with every stain removed from his character.

Few lives have been more tragic than that of Count Kazimoff, and few innocent men have had to undergo so terrible an ordeal as that

which he has gone through. Yet, as things have turned out, he must be thankful that his prayer for speedy death was not answered, and that he has lived long enough for his innocence to be established before all the world.

The beginning of this remarkable story takes us back to the year 1852, when Count Theodore Kazimoff was a dashing young officer in the cavalry guards. His father was the head of the

Kazimoffs, one of the foremost of the noble families of the Russian Empire, and, being the eldest son, Count Theodore was the heir to the greater part of the vast estates and wealth which his forefathers had accumulated. The magnificent heritage that awaited him consisted of half a million acres of land in various parts of Russia, thirteen palaces and castles, besides some score of hunting lodges, summer villas, and smaller residences, and a fortune estimated at three million pounds.

He was twenty-five years of age, tall, handsome, and the darling of St. Petersburg society, and his superior officers prophesied for him a

distinguished military career. In short, Count Kazimoff seemed to possess everything required to make a young man happy, and certainly few men can hope to enjoy life more than he did on the eve of the tragedy that was about to overwhelm him.

Count Demetri Dolgorouki, his most intimate



COUNT THEODORE KAZIMOFF AT THE AGE OF SEVENTY-FIVE, JUST BEFORE HIS RETURN FROM SIBERIA.
From a Photo.

friend, was a young man in similarly fortunate circumstances. He, too, was an eldest son and the heir to immense wealth and estates, hardly less extensive than those of Count Kazimoff, on which they bordered. The two had been schoolboys together, had gone through the University, had made a foreign tour together, and were the best of friends till a woman came between them. This was a girl named Fedora Tebloff, the daughter of the house-porter at the club which both the young officers frequented.

Fedora Tebloff was at that time nineteen years old and, according to the standards of her class, beautiful—a fact of which she was perfectly well aware. She was coquettish in the extreme, and always had a bevy of admirers in her wake. Count Kazimoff was her chosen favourite until, in an evil hour for all parties concerned, he introduced his friend Dolgorouki to her. The fickle maiden quickly transferred her affections to the new-comer.

Count Kazimoff spared no pains to regain Fedora's favour, but Dolgorouki did his utmost to supplant his comrade, so that the old friendship between the two young men developed into the fiercest hatred. Many stormy encounters took place between them, and once, when Kazimoff found Dolgorouki in Fedora's company, angry words led to blows and a savage hand-to-hand struggle.

A duel was the inevitable result, and this was fought on the following day in a field on the outskirts of St. Petersburg. Swords were used, and the two noblemen, both skilled in the use of the weapon, fought as only the deadliest enemies fight, with the evident intention to kill. It soon became clear that Count Kazimoff had

found his master, and in the fifth round he received a wound in the right arm which disabled him and caused the seconds to put an end to the duel.

The combatants shook hands at the finish, and Count Kazimoff expressed a desire that their old friendship might be revived and the cause of their enmity forgotten. The reconciliation seemed complete, and not long afterwards Dolgorouki accepted an invitation from Kazimoff to go hunting on his estate at Ljubjana, in the province of Novgorod.

On the third day of their stay came the tragedy that meant death to the one and lifelong penal servitude to the other. Kazimoff and

Dolgorouki were out hunting together, and the topic of Fedora Tebloff seems to have been raised again, for the huntsmen and beaters in attendance on them noticed that the two noblemen were engaged in a hot dispute.

At the height of their quarrel, when both men were beside themselves with passion, they suddenly found they were at close quarters with two wild boars, and started off in haste to get a shot at the game. The attendants were left far behind, but they heard the sound of many gunshots, and concluded that the two noblemen were having good sport.

Nearly an hour later Count Kazimoff rejoined the party of beaters and inquired where Dolgorouki

was. Dolgorouki, however, had not been seen, and as he did not put in an appearance when darkness set in a search was made for him, but in vain. Next day the quest was renewed, and, guided by marks of blood, the



"THE TWO NOBLEMEN FOUGHT WITH THE EVIDENT INTENTION TO KILL."

rescue party found his dead body buried in ten feet of snow about half a mile from the spot where he had last been seen in the company of his host. Count Kazimoff was at once arrested on suspicion of having committed the murder.

The evidence against the Count was overwhelming. The enmity between the two young men, which had led to the duel, the sudden reconciliation, the invitation to hunt on Kazimoff's estate, the renewed quarrel, and the gunshots heard by the beaters, all pointed to

the presence of the officers and men of Kazimoff's regiment. He was brought to the parade-ground in chains, and two private soldiers stripped him of his uniform and dressed him in convict's garb before the eyes of the assembled regiment. This accomplished, they took his sword out of its scabbard, broke it, and beat him with the blunt edge of the severed halves.

Next, one half of Kazimoff's head was shaved clean and the hair on the remaining half cropped close. Finally he was led round in front of the



THE CASTLE AND ESTATE OF LJUBJANA, WHERE COUNT DEMETRI DOLGOROUKI WAS MURDERED.
From a Photo.

Kazimoff's guilt. He was accused of having feigned reconciliation with Dolgorouki in order to lure him to his remote estate, there to butcher him in the woods, confident in the assumption that his own retainers would not give evidence against him. No stranger had been seen in the neighbourhood for weeks, and no one else was in that part of the forest when the crime was committed.

Kazimoff protested his innocence, but his declarations were disregarded, and he was found guilty of murder and sentenced to death. This sentence was commuted to one of lifelong banishment to Siberia, with penal servitude for the first ten years. Before his start eastwards Count Kazimoff had to undergo the terrible ordeal of being formally degraded from his rank as an officer. This ceremony, which is more relentlessly severe in Russia than in any other country—worse even than the ordeal Dreyfus had to undergo in France—was performed in

ranks, while the two soldiers showered blows on his bare back with the dreaded knouts used by the Cossacks. This custom, it is interesting to note, is still practised in Russia in cases of degradation of officers from their rank.

Count Kazimoff broke down utterly before the degrading ceremony was half over, wept bitterly, and toward the end had to be dragged round in a fainting condition. A day or two later he started on his long and terrible journey to Siberia. To put the finishing touch to his misery the last two items of news that he heard from the outside world before leaving St. Petersburg were that his *fiancée* had become the betrothed of another man, and that Fedora Tebloff had cursed him as the murderer of her lover Dolgorouki.

Kazimoff was henceforth "Convict 108," and was dispatched into exile in company with a gang of other unfortunates condemned to the same fate. They were chained together and, as

was customary in those days, did the whole of the journey on foot, goaded by the cruel knouts of the Cossacks sent to escort them.

Their destination was Zistan, some hundred miles north of Tomsk, and on arrival there they were put to work in the mines. Kazimoff was chained night and day to

served out they took care that he received the smallest share. When they found that he would not participate in their coarse conversation, they beat and kicked him "to knock the pride out of him," as they put it.

Kazimoff was not always chained to the same ruffians, and sometimes his immediate companions were kind enough, if rough and far too uneducated to be real company to him; but during the ten long years that it lasted this penal servitude in chains was literally a hell upon earth for the unhappy favourite of high society in St. Petersburg.

It is a mystery how Kazimoff lived through these terrible years at all, for when they were over he resembled a broken-down man of seventy, though he was only thirty-five. Thenceforth he was allowed to inhabit his own little hut, and to do practically what he liked so long as he did not leave the village and reported himself to the authorities twice a day. Rations were served out to him, and he received a small allowance of money for necessary expenses.

Since his condemnation and departure from St. Petersburg Kazimoff had not received any kind of message from his relations and friends, and his heart was bitter against them.

After three years of solitude Kazimoff obtained permission to marry the widow of a workman who had been exiled for a political offence and who had died before his term expired. The woman belonged to the working classes, but she was kind and affectionate, and Kazimoff considered marriage with her to be preferable to the awful solitude which he had been enduring.



"KAZIMOFF WAS DISPATCHED INTO EXILE IN COMPANY WITH A GANG OF OTHER UNFORTUNATES."

four other convicts, all coarse, brutal fellows, undergoing punishment for crimes of exceptional violence. What torture this permanent lack of privacy and this forced association with ruffians was to a man of Kazimoff's stamp may well be imagined.

For ten hours every day the five prisoners had to work together in the mines, and at night they slept together in a miserable hut. When there was work to be done the four plebeian criminals combined to give their aristocratic companion the biggest share of it, and when rations were

On the day of the wedding Kazimoff had a portrait of himself and his plebeian bride taken, and this he sent to his relatives in St. Petersburg, with a reminder that his first-born would be the heir to the Kazimoff wealth and estates. The union, however, was childless, and Kazimoff's wife died five years later, leaving him once more alone.

For over thirty years he dragged on a solitary miserable existence, limited to the society of ex criminals and deprived of everything that makes life worth living. In the earlier years he still entertained hope that his innocence might be established, but as year after year went by without bringing one favourable sign he resigned himself to the inevitable and prayed that death might end his sufferings.



"TEBLOFF SWORE HIS CONFESSION ON THE CRUCIFIX."

The truth of the mystery came out just before the death of a workman named Tebloff recently. Tebloff was the brother of the pretty Fedora, who had been the cause of the quarrel between Kazimoff and Dolgorouki, and on his death-bed he sent for a priest to hear his confession. He stated that it was he who had murdered Count Dolgorouki. The count, he told the priest, had wronged his sister Fedora, and he, the brother, had sworn to avenge her. He had, accordingly, followed Count Dolgorouki to Ljubjana, had

waited for his opportunity, and then murdered him in the wood and buried his body in the snow. He had come and gone without seeing anyone and without being seen, and after the crime was committed escaped from the neighbourhood without attracting attention.

He heard that Count Kazimoff had been condemned for the murder, but had not had the courage to come forward and admit that he himself was the real culprit. He desired, however, to unburden his mind of this secret before his death and to obtain forgiveness for the double sin which he had committed. Tebloff swore his confession on the crucifix, and it was considered sufficient to justify Count Kazimoff's immediate pardon and release.

Count Kazimoff returned to St. Petersburg only to find that nearly all his old companions had preceded him to the grave. He is now the head of the family again, but he has

willingly renounced his rights in this respect. He has even declined to live permanently in the palatial family residence, preferring to occupy a modest apartment where he can dispense with all formalities and ceremonies. He totters about the streets of the capital and is glad to be a free man again, but justice has been done too late to be of much value to him. He is broken down in health and in spirits, coarsened by hardship and suffering, unable to enjoy the luxuries that surround him, and with only a short span of life before him.

Rambles in Macedonia.

By HERBERT VIVIAN.

Now that the eternal "Balkan crisis" is once more looming large on the political horizon this article will be found of especial interest. Mr. Vivian's experiences in Macedonia were entirely pleasant, and he found the alleged lawlessness and turbulence of the people to be largely mythical.



HE French appropriately use the same word, *Macédoine*, for a holocaust of sodden fruit and for that Turkish province which remains the last cock-pit of Europe. Nearly all the Powers, great and small, covet Macedonia, and there seems every probability of serious disturbance there before long.

Considerable experience as a traveller has taught me that places with the worst reputation are usually the safest. I have wandered at night among the gipsy quarters of Seville and Granada; I have crossed Somali deserts where marauding bands were expected at every turn; I have visited Russian townships where cholera numbered thousands of daily victims. But nowhere has the danger compared with that of police-ridden cities like London and Paris.

To judge by the papers, you may only visit Macedonia if you are content to carry your life in your hand. A few inquiries, however, sufficed to convince me so completely of its security that I was even ready to take my wife thither. As a matter of fact, though I did not know it at the time, this was probably the greatest safeguard I could have devised, for the Albanians, who are the only turbulent persons in the region, are so chivalrous that they will never attack a party which includes a lady.

Salonica is, perhaps, the most interesting town in the province, but Uskub is the most romantic and charming. About nine-tenths of the Thessalonians are Jews — and quite a different type of Jew from the prosperous persons of Europe or the down-trodden, fugitive beings of Tunisia and Morocco. They are descended from the Spanish Jews, and still

talk Spanish as an alternative to Hebrew. Their leading newspaper is printed in Spanish with Hebrew characters. Its editor interviewed me, and put such surprising sentiments into my mouth that three-quarters of the article were struck out by the censor. The Jews of Salonica control everything. They dress in a strange, far-away garb of their own, adapting the Ottoman fez to long chintz overcoats and weird baggy breeches. They are neither apologetic nor aggressive; they are considered honest in trade, and they submit loyally to the Government. What most delighted me about them was the originality of their butchers' shops. A Thessalonian does not go round to his tradesman and select a chop or steak, but waits at home until a horse comes round. This horse, seen in the first photograph, has two boards across his back, decorated with succulent joints, so that a housewife may choose her dinner at her very door.

Uskub—dreamy Uskub—the capital of Old Serbia and of the vilayet of Kossovo, is a far less busy, practical place, but entirely idyllic. Nestling with forests of minarets and minaret-like cypresses beside the silvery Vardar, it



From a

A TRANSLOCATING BUTCHER'S SHOP IN THESSALONIA.

[Photo.

delights the eye and arrests the imagination at all seasons. It is the last rampart of the old Servian Empire, and the bulk of the population is Servian. Your first expedition thence will probably be to the historic battlefield of Kossovo (the blackbird meadow), where the last Servian Czar and the flower of the Servian nobility fell victims to the advancing Turk. All the best songs and legends of Servia are wrapped up in that great disaster. According to the bards, black crows came from the combat to announce the result to the Czarina Militsa, who sat watching in her tower at Krushevats, the capital. Sultan Murad, the Turkish conqueror, also fell on that fatal day. A Servian hero crept into his tent in the hour of victory and slew him. The Sultan's tomb, shown in the second photograph, remains a place of Moslem

back lanes. The roads in Macedonia are not so bad as timorous people pretend, for the officials take great trouble to perfect communications between towns, and, as they can commandeer labour, they need not tax a denuded exchequer.

But once out of the beaten track, the traveller must take care of himself. There are bridges over the rivers, but no one dreams of using them. As a matter of course, your Jehu drives straight into the water, even when it swamps the wheels and the horses' legs; and the horses seize the opportunity for rest and refreshment. Sometimes, of course, you have an anxious moment. When we went to Prishtina we had our courage put to the test. From the station we proceeded at full gallop across the downs for twenty minutes, bumping and rattling over hillocks,



THE TOMB OF THE SULTAN MURAD—A PLACE OF PILGRIMAGE FOR PIUS MOSLEMS.
From a Photo.

pilgrimage where he fell, and, though his body has been transferred to Asia, his heart is here, where he fulfilled the destinies of his race.

Another favourite expedition from Uskub is to one or other of the Servian monasteries which nestle among the neighbouring hills. We were lucky enough to visit one—named Pobuzhie—on the occasion of the annual festival. The drive thither was a strange experience, rattling at full gallop over roads like ploughed fields, mild precipices, and alarming goat-tracks. However, I have always found that the worse the roads are in any country the better are the horses. You hear of accidents on slippery macadam, but never in wild switch-

with soldiers (armed to the teeth) canicolling beside us. Then we had a steep descent over a very stony road into the town. A prudent person would have driven at a foot's pace. Our cabman was not prudent. He preferred to drive for all he was worth. At the steepest and narrowest place, where the precipice at the side was sheerest, a wheel came off. By every law of probability we ought to have been flung a mile. As it was, the loss of the wheel merely acted as a drag, and we alighted with scarcely an emotion, half ignorant of what had happened. Next day the same carriage arrived to take us to the battlefield. It had a brand-new wheel, but the driver remarked carelessly that the other three were rickety and that, with the luck of



From a]

THE MONASTERY WHERE THE FETE TOOK PLACE.

[Photo.

another accident, he might find an excuse for further repairs.

To return to the Servian monastery. After an exciting drive through parlous places, we espied a mountain dotted with white figures. In the foreground was a strange, barrack-like

packed like sardines. In the open spaces they were dancing the Servian *kolo*, a majestic and mediaeval exercise. Long strings of them took hands and wound gracefully in and out among the mob, dancing to the strains of an old-world bagpipe. The women wore glittering

edifice as thickly populated as a newly opened ant-hill. We had the Servian Consul-General with us, and were accordingly welcomed with enthusiasm. After a short visit to the chapel, where we kissed images and lighted candles, we were admitted to all the fun of the fair. Thousands and thousands of Servian peasants, all dressed in the most gorgeous and brilliant raiment, were



From a]

PEASANTS ON THEIR WAY TO A FETE AT A SERVIAN MONASTERY.

[Photo.



"THOUSANDS AND THOUSANDS OF SERBIAN PEASANTS, IN GORGEOUS RAIMENT, WERE PACKED LIKE SARDINES."
From a Photo.

aprons of silver cloth and endless collections of coins as hair-ornaments, breast-plates, and coats of mail. These are the dowries which every maiden displays until she is married, when she must put them away until her daughters are old enough to wear them. The effect is exquisitely barbaric, and you feel yourself hundreds of miles and years away from this sober, practical century. The *kolo* looks the easiest and stupidest dance imaginable, but when you have tried it you find it intricate and exciting. I believe that, if it could be introduced into England and America, it would soon cut out the cake-walk and the *pas de quatre*. There are endless varieties of steps and measures, each with some symbolical significance. And the dance has this advantage, that it can be danced anywhere, without preparation or polished floors or spacious halls. I have seen it danced with equal zest in a forest, in a crowded market-place, in the garden of a Consulate, and in the ball-room of a Queen. This was near Biarritz, at the villa of Queen Nathalie. I chanced to remark to the lady-in-waiting that it would be a missionary enterprise to introduce the *kolo* into Europe. She ran off to the Queen and said, "Mr. Vivian asks for a *kolo*." The Queen took up the idea at once and herself hummed a tune to the musicians. Three or four Servians set the example and the dance was soon in full swing. The uninitiated were clumsy at first, but soon mastered the *motif* and rivalled the vigorous energy of their teachers.

Perhaps the most exciting of our experiences

in Macedonia was our journey to Kalkandele (known to the Slavs as Tetovo), some thirty miles from Uskub, though much of the excitement was due to the fact that it was our first venture into the interior. Mrs. Vivian was only the second "European" lady to visit it within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. (All over the Balkans it is customary to speak of passing north of the Danube and Save as "going to Europe.") There

were plenty of alarmists to discourage our expedition, and dreadful tales were related of battle, murder, and sudden death by the way. The whole length of the road was said to be flanked by Albanian villages with the most villainous reputation, and we set out half-persuaded that we should carry our lives in our hands. A friend of mine, however, had assured me that he often travelled thither without escort, and only once met with a disagreeable incident.

An hour before Kalkandele there is a dark wood beside the road: it is called "Assassins' Corner," for robbers are supposed to lurk there constantly. As my friend was passing it towards twilight a couple of wild-looking ruffians jumped out of a thicket and seemed about to stop his carriage. Just then, in the very nick of time, a clatter of hoofs was heard behind and two *zaptiehs* (mounted police) were seen arriving in a cloud of dust. The ruffians hesitated for a moment, calculated their chances, and then retired hurriedly into the woods. It is no doubt probable that they meditated violence, but, on the other hand, they may have had innocent intentions. The *zaptiehs* had been sent on by the vali (governor) directly he heard of my friend's departure, but they had only now had time to catch him up. It is by no means certain that an escort is necessary for travelling in Macedonia, but the authorities always prefer to furnish it, in case of accidents.

I found that, whenever I drove in the country

without warning the authorities, zaptiehs were sent after me, sometimes only joining me when I was half-way home. When I was starting for Kalkandele I was advised to let the vali know, and, accordingly, two zaptiehs travelled with me all the way. Opinions are divided as to their usefulness at a critical juncture, but at least they afford moral support, and they look very imposing, with their long guns slung over their

that the Albanians never molest strangers, I saw no need for hurry. But when I reached the carriage the dragoman was so much alarmed that I had to agree to drive off. When we had proceeded a little way Mrs. Vivian wanted to stop and see the fun from a safe distance; but he reminded us that the guns carried six hundred yards, and implored us to go on at full gallop. After about ten minutes the zaptiehs



From a

DANCING THE SERVIAN "KOLO," A MAJESTIC MEDIEVAL DANCE.

[Photo.]

backs. Sometimes, however, they are a source of danger rather than security.

Thus, the only disagreeable incident during this drive was provoked by their presence. We had stopped at a wayside inn, and I had got out to stretch my legs. Suddenly I heard angry shouts, and I saw the zaptiehs engaged in a brawl with eight men at the door of the inn. At first there was only a great deal of loud threatening and rough pushing, but presently revolvers were drawn, the zaptiehs were overpowered, and their guns were taken from them. Then I discovered that our dragonian had rushed back to the carriage and was calling frantically to me to run for my life. As I had been told very often

came clattering up, roaring with laughter over their exploits.

It appeared that one of them owed the innkeeper a halfpenny for some oats, and that the innkeeper had threatened to kill him if he did not pay. But an Albanian zaptieh does not willingly yield to force, and he refused indignantly. There might have been a serious fight, but one of the bystanders said to the innkeeper, "Do not hurt him while he is in attendance on strangers. That would be an inhospitable thing to do, and the kaimakam (prefect) would take a great revenge. Wait till he comes again and then kill him if you like." "So," said the zaptieh, with a very fine bow, "I owe my life to



THE MARKET-PLACE OF KALKANDEER.—MR. VIVIAN WAS TOLD THAT HE WOULD PRACTICALLY TAKE HIS LIFE IN HIS HANDS IF HE DARED TO VISIT THIS TOWN. [Photo.]

you, *chelebia*, and I shall never cease to be profoundly grateful."

"But, you foolish fellow," said the dragoman, "you ought not to have engaged in a brawl when you were escorting strangers. Why did you not give the man his halfpenny and have done with it?"

The *zaptieh* made very merry over the idea. "You know how we Albanians are," he replied. "We think nothing of a fight, and we are always ready to take a man's life when we quarrel with him. If it is not about a halfpenny it may be about a dog."

The dragoman, however, being of a timorous turn, saw little humour in the situation. Throughout the journey he had kept pointing to various spots and relating in awestruck tones the various calamities that had taken place there. At this bridge a woman had been murdered; in that defile there had been a fight between the police and the Albanians, with so many casualties; by yonder mill a peasant had been waylaid and held to ransom. On cross-examination, however, many of the stories proved to be very old ones, and the others became either commonplace or improbable.

Half-way to Kalkandere we met the *kaimakam*, who was inspecting the repairs of the road. He bade us share his lunch under a shady tree, and then invited us to travel with him the rest of the way. It was very interesting to watch his administrative methods, and even the most discontented peasants admitted that, if all

officials possessed his energy, there would be very little room for complaint in the district. Whenever he met a group of peasants he stopped them and asked to see their passports.

Two men, driving a large flock of sheep, were treated in this way. They had a long story, to the effect that they were travelling by slow stages to Salonica, where they intended to ship

the sheep to Constantinople. But the passports did not bear out this account, and presently it appeared that they were notorious robbers, whom the police had been seeking for a long time. They were told to give up their revolvers, which they did with some reluctance. Then they were told to consider themselves under arrest, and the *kaimakam*'s two *zaptiehs* rode up to them. They were inclined to resist, and tried to hustle the *zaptiehs*, protesting loudly.



A ROADSIDE COURT OF INQUIRY.—THE KAIMAKAM INTERROGATES TWO WAYFARERS AND DISCOVERS THAT THEY ARE NOTORIOUS ROBBERS.

From a Photo.

When I last saw them they were being compelled to collect and drive back the stolen sheep, while the *zaptiehs* followed them with drawn revolvers. Afterwards I learned that they were bound and cast into prison.

Farther on the *kaimakam* stopped a group of a dozen peasants and, being dissatisfied with their passports, ordered them all to return to *Kalkandele*. As he took away their passports and they could not go on travelling without them they had no choice but to obey, and so could be safely left at large.

"See," exclaimed the dragoman, triumphantly, "how dangerous is the state of the roads."

"See, rather," I retorted, "how energetic the *kaimakam* is in maintaining their security."

"Ah!" was the reply, "while he is here no one dare do anything, but he cannot be everywhere at once, and in his absence no one can travel without risking a murderous assault."

From time to time we passed long files of peasants, men, women, and children, with carts full of merchandise, driving cattle, sheep, pigs, and poultry to and from the market at *Uskub*. In most cases they had to travel all through the night, yet they had no military escort. I drew the dragoman's attention to this tangible evidence of public security. "If they could only travel at the peril of their lives," said I, "you would surely not find them like this in such numbers every week."

"But," he retorted, unconvinced, "many do perish by the way," and he fell to recapitulating romances of outrage, locating each one with suspicious precision.

At *Kalkandele* I was the guest of the Servian *protá*, or archdeacon, the most voluble man I have ever met. His house was like a fortress. A high wall protected his smiling little garden, and huge doors were heavily barricaded at sun-down. If invaders forced these defences they would still be confronted by a second line of fortification: for the ground floor was merely a granary, and the dwelling-rooms could only be approached by a ladder-like staircase which

led to a veranda and was isolated at night by letting down a trap-door. I asked the cause of all these precautions, and was told much about the fanaticism of the population, who might at any time wish to raid a Christian household. I could not, however, elicit any definite instance of such conduct within recent memory, and the population seemed perfectly benevolent whenever we drove about the streets. In fact, I thought it quite unnecessary that we should have an armed escort for every stroll, but my Christian friends were very firm on the subject.

Kalkandele is even more beautiful than most Turkish towns. Every house has its garden and a rippling rivulet, tall poplars and cypresses rise up beside the glistening minarets, storks' nests are poised upon the chimneys, weather-beaten wooden dwellings of fantastic shape are relieved by the gay arrangement, always artistic, of Turkish shops, and the women are among the most gorgeously attired in all Macedonia.

Perhaps the most idyllic spot is the *tekki* (monastery) of the *Bektashis*, a heretical Moslem sect. Unlike any other Moslems, they drink wine and spirits. This is so great a heresy that the *imam* (or Mohammedan priest) may not even speak to them. They are very tolerant to Christians, some of whom are actually admitted to their sect. They believe in the transmigration of souls, and are accordingly most kind to every animal. They are especially fond of birds, cats, and horses, but do not care for dogs. Their rules for good conduct are very strict, and any member who misbehaves himself is at once turned out.



THE SERVIAN ARCHDEACON OF KALKANDELE, WITH WHOM THE AUTHOR STAYED—"HE WAS THE MOST VOLUBLE MAN I HAVE EVER MET."
[Photo.]

Beautiful peacocks, lordly storks, and many strange birds strut about a wonderful wide garden around an open-air mosque. At the corner of a low veranda sits the baba, or abbot, cross-legged upon a divan, an old man of

singularly benevolent aspect.

He wears a fur-trimmed coat, and reminds us of a picture in "Lalla Rookh."

He rises to receive us, and the prota kisses his hand. Then we are plied with cigarettes made of the finest monastic tobacco, with enormous

peaches and luscious grapes, also cups of fragrant coffee, and all the delicacies of the season. Our

talk is of birds and beasts, of the pleasures of life and other restful topics, and we envy this peaceful retreat as we turn again to the narrow streets thronged with armed

men.

The people of Macedonia lead a mediaeval life in their work, in their play, in their religion, and in their semi-feudal system.

The various estates are ruled autocratically by a chifji, or seigneur, who enjoys extensive authority over his peasants. They are, however, to all intents and purposes owners of their homesteads, except that they owe him one-third of the yearly crops in lieu of rent. I visited

the house of one of these lairds in the neighbourhood of Uskub — a strange, dreamland palace surrounded by stout, high walls and looking as though it were in a chronic state of siege. I give a photograph of the harem, which

looks more like a prison than a ladies' bower. One reason for the gloom was the absence of the master, a very famous Albanian chief. He was summoned to Constantinople some years ago and has not been allowed to return here since.

The story goes that he tried to turn his domain into a little independent principality and steadfastly refused to pay any taxes. That is a frequent aspiration in Turkey,

but is rarely found to pay in the long run. It is, indeed, typical of Macedonian lawlessness, such as the correspondents love to describe. The Macedonians are accustomed to fight their own battles, as other people did four or five centuries ago, and this gives them a different attitude towards each other and the authorities, but it does not necessarily mean that they are dangerous people. Indeed, I found them without exception courteous and hospitable, and I have no hesitation in recommending anyone who is tired of the ordinary tourist track to pay them a visit.



THE ABBOT OF A CURIOUS HERETICAL SECT OF MOSLEM MONKS WHO DRINK WINE—THIS IS SO GREAT A HERESY THAT OTHER MUHAMMEDANS MAY NOT EVEN SPEAK TO THEM. [Photo.]



THE HAREM OF A CHIFJI, OR FEUDAL LORD. [Photo.]

Attacked by Wolves in the Desert.

By J. K. M. SHIRAZI.

The author is a Persian gentleman who acted as interpreter to a Russian scientific expedition in Persia. While crossing the desert of Mayan in mid-winter the party were attacked by a ferocious pack of starving wolves, and had to fight for their lives until help arrived.



IN the year 1891 Professor Makaroff, of the University of St. Petersburg, was sent on a scientific mission to the north-western districts of Azerbaijan, in Persia. I accompanied him as interpreter. We went straight to Teheran, the Persian capital, where we remained for a few weeks in order to complete our preparations. From Teheran we travelled to Ispahan, across an arid plain, and again stopped for some weeks in the neighbourhood of the Karun River, which rises in the mountains to the south of Ispahan. Leaving Ispahan we travelled west, visiting Khoi, Salmast, and Maraghi.

Then, turning our faces homewards, we reached a place called Urmi, situated in a plain watered by four rivers, flanked on one side by Lake Urmi, forty-seven miles long, and on the other side by a chain of mountains extending as far as the Turko-Persian frontier of the Khoi-van-Salmast districts. Here, at the village of Geo-Tepe, the professor stopped to study the ruined temples of the Zoroastrians. Many of the inhabitants live by tending immense herds of sheep and goats. This is a task fraught with considerable danger, as the plain is infested by the smaller wild beasts, such as the Caspian cat, the hyena, the jackal, and, most dangerous of all, the common wolf.

Travelling in the East is very pleasant in spring or early summer, but we found it an arduous task in mid-winter. There are no railways of any kind; indeed, our superstitious natives would look upon steam power as the direct work of Shitan (Satan), and the roads are so bad that they seem rather to separate than to unite the villages.

Before leaving Urmi to return to St. Petersburg, *via* Tabriz, we hired six horses for our journey—two for ourselves, two for our servants, one for the baggage, and another for Mushadi Ali, our charvador (proprietor of the horses), who was also to act as our guide. This man was a sociable person, and although very religious, with the name of each saint at the tip of his tongue, he was always ready to talk, sing, or tell a good story—in fact, he represented a most characteristic Azerbaijanee type.

On the 24th of February, after spending the night with an Armenian merchant, we left the village of Geo-Fatali Khan escorted by soldiers,

who took us as far as our first halting-place, the village of Gavilan, which is inhabited chiefly by Nestorian Christians. This military honour we owed to the professor's letter of introduction to Amir Nizan, the Governor-General of Azerbaijan. As we had spent fourteen hours in the saddle, riding through very rough and bleak country, we were glad on reaching the caravanserai to dine, warm ourselves at the fire, and go to bed. Next morning, after rubbing ourselves with snow by way of washing, and eating a substantial breakfast, we set forth at about four o'clock in the most intense cold. The professor and I walked on a few miles to warm ourselves. That evening, without adventure, we reached our second halting-station, the village of Tascich, which was so small a place that the best caravanserai could afford us nothing better to sleep upon than the floor, with a bearskin covering. Next morning at about four o'clock we started for our last halting-station but one, a place called Dizai Khalil.

In the evening, before we had finished supper, one of the village officials came to warn us not to cross the desert of Mayan, which lay between Dizai Khalil and Tabriz, on account of the ferocity of the wolves, which were in a starving condition owing to the intense and protracted cold. Mushadi Ali also joined his entreaties to those of the villager; but the professor was determined, in spite of the cold and wolves, to travel next day the eighty-four English miles which still lay between him and the capital. The night was exceptionally dark and it snowed incessantly; the natives called this tempest a boran (devil's storm), and I have never seen a blizzard in Northern Russia to equal the violence of that hurricane.

We were joined at this place by a Moham-medan Dervish whose name was Bulbul. He was dressed in a multi-coloured aba (rock-coat), with an arakhehin, a peculiar cap worn under a big hat, and his hair fell over his shoulders in curls. He was going to Tabriz, and asked permission to join us, to which request we readily consented.

We were up next morning before three o'clock, and found that snow was still falling in fantastic wreaths. Mushadi Ali and the servants could be heard saying their prayers through the chill darkness, emphasizing lustily the word Shitan (Satan). The professor had

not changed his mind concerning the continuance of the journey, and in half an hour we were all in the saddle.

I could not help noticing that, in the event of the wolves attacking us, the party was badly armed. The professor had a pair of revolvers, with about fifty cartridges, while the servants had very primitive iron tapanchas, or pistols. The Dervish Bulbul possessed only a huge club, as it is against the rules of his sect to carry firearms.

We had not travelled two hours before a

mass advancing towards us far out in the desert. We hoped that it might be a caravan, but were soon undeceived by the howling, snarling noise, which betrayed the presence of a pack. As they came nearer it was a very remarkable sight to see the great brutes—there were sixteen or eighteen of them—leaping, rolling, and biting at each other in the newly fallen snow, and yet all the time rushing towards us with characteristic eagerness. They made straight for our snow barricade, and although we began to fire when they were about twenty paces from us, not a

single shot told, and the whole pack leapt like lightning straight into the thick outer wall of snow. For the next two or three minutes we poured a deadly fire into them at close quarters, and then they turned tail and were out of sight in a minute. Looking round to see if anyone was hurt, I found the body of a huge she-wolf lying dead at my feet, grasping in her clenched teeth one of the gold-shoes of Professor Makaroff, who was kneeling



"BLINDED AND CHOKED, WE COULD NEITHER GO FORWARD NOR BACK."

terrific snow-cloud overtook us. The snow, lashed by the wind, rose from under our feet in whirling eddies, while it fell faster and thicker from above, encompassing us like the waves of a great ocean, so that, blinded and choked, we could neither go forward nor back.

On consultation we resolved to halt for a few hours in the hope that the weather might improve in the meantime. We accordingly scraped a space clear of snow, and surrounded it with a snow barricade. Unpacking the baggage, we raised an inner wall, behind which we might seek protection if attacked by the wolves. Whilst piling the saddles one upon another and listening to Bulbul, who was relating a storm adventure of his own, the servant holding the horses turned our attention to a huge greyish

ing beside her on the snow examining her body with a zoologist's curiosity.

We were not destined to rest long, for just as we had more securely fastened the horses to prevent them breaking away in their fright we saw the pack returning.

This time they changed their tactics, for, instead of bursting in a mass through the snow wall, they spread themselves out and tried to leap it singly. I had just succeeded in hitting a beast that was making for the horses when my attention was arrested by a terrible cry, and, turning round, I saw poor Dervish Bulbul lying under a wolf. I instantly rushed to his help and fired into the animal's chest. As I only wounded him, enraging him still more, he turned and leapt on my breast, tearing away the

front of my thick Russian fur coat and sending me sprawling on to my back. Before he could jump forward to finish me, however, the professor struck the wounded animal to the ground, where he was quickly dispatched. We found



"HE LEAPT ON MY BREAST, SENDING ME SPRAWLING ON TO MY BACK."

that Bulbul was badly wounded on the chest and right side, and the skin of his arms and legs was cruelly torn by the beast's claws. Not only did we lose his assistance, but he also added greatly to the confusion of the scene by screaming like a child from the pain his wounds caused him.

Things were now looking very bad for us and we held another consultation, with the result that it was decided to send Mushadi Ali back to Dizai Khalil for help. In order to allow our messenger to get clear of the wolves it was necessary to distract their attention, for they were now posted about thirty yards from the encampment and watched our every movement with the greatest eagerness. After we had discussed various plans we agreed, by mutual consent, to give them the donkey which belonged to Dervish Bulbul.

So, while the horse and man were equipped for their hazardous gallop and dispatched in one

direction, the ass was driven forth in front of the wolves, who at once rushed eagerly on the poor beast, literally tearing him limb from limb before our very eyes. It was a horrible sight, and we deplored the necessity of sacrificing the

poor brute; but we had no alternative. We were now a party of five men and five horses, surrounded by a dozen or more hungry and ferocious wolves. All our cartridges were exhausted except three, which the professor still had, but the powder was so moistened by the snow and general atmospheric conditions that it was very doubtful if they would be of use. The servants were shouting, crying, and praying to all the saints they could remember, while the Dervish, between his cries of pain, muttered

long passages from Saadi, the moralist poet of Persia. The professor grumbled between his teeth, cursing in one breath both the weather and the wolves for having obstructed his journey in such a rude manner.

We were aroused from our unpleasant reflections by another attack from the wolves, and almost before we could realize it they were among us again. I was thrown violently to the ground, with the paws of a great beast planted on my chest and its hot breath striking my face. The professor saw my terrible struggles and discharged a shot through the wolf's head. The brute rolled over in its death agonies, but when I tried to rise I found that I was unable to move my left leg from the acute pain that had seized it. Blood was pouring from my knee, and I presently realized that the shot which had released me had passed through the neck of the wolf and entered my leg, shattering the bone. The professor and the others came and bound

up my wounds as best they could, but while my companions were attending to me the wolves attacked the horses and three of them broke loose and rushed madly about. They had, however, no chance against such terrible odds, and we saw them pulled down and devoured in an incredibly short space of time. Soon after this I fainted from pain and exhaustion, whereupon my companions surrounded me like a barricade in order to keep our four-footed foes from reaching me.

How long I lay unconscious I cannot tell, but when I came to myself I found that Bulbul

professor thought of setting fire to the saddles of the horses that had been devoured, hoping that while they blazed the wolves would not attack us.

This plan we carried out, but the moment the flames died down the pack, now greatly increased in number, once more fell furiously upon us.

The attack this time was so prolonged and the fight so deadly that the professor in the extremity of our danger loosened one of the horses and drove him out of the camp. The poor animal in its terror galloped round



"WE SAW THEM PULLED DOWN AND DEVoured."

and I were lying together propped up by the saddles. The Dervish was blowing a big horn he carried in the face of a wolf that had leapt unperceived into the back of the encampment—greatly to our alarm, as neither of us could do more than roll from side to side when we wanted to move. Fortunately, however, the unexpected sound of the instrument frightened away all the wolves for a few minutes, and we reviewed our forces on the chance of hitting upon some plan of campaign. We were now a party of three able-bodied and two wounded men, and we had only two horses left. The

and round the outside of our snow wall, and nothing was heard but the thud of his hoofs, scattering snow on every side, and the rushing, snarling sound of the pursuing pack, whose white, gleaming teeth were painfully visible to our horror-struck gaze. The professor then suggested, rather than part with our last horse and last hope, that we should fling to the wolves first our baggage and then our fur coats—anything, in fact, to gain time, until our messenger could fetch a rescue party. This we did, but the wolves returned upon us in such overwhelming numbers that we were obliged to drive out

the last of our horses, and he shared the fate of the others. We were thus reduced to the desperate necessity of parting with our clothes, and were actually taking it in turn to give up a garment when the welcome bark of a dog was heard, and in a moment some splendid hounds came racing up, followed by a party of well-mounted horsemen from the village, who quickly drove our enemies away. They were, however, only just in time. We had killed altogether eleven wolves, and had sacrificed five

We remained at Dizai Khalil for a fortnight, during which time the professor nursed me as if I had been his son, and never ceased to blame himself for the shot which so nearly cost me my life. Mushadi Ali also stayed on with us to cheer the party with his lively presence and help to dress the lacerated limbs of the Dervish Bulbul, who, however, had begun to recover the moment the wolves were out of sight. The opinion of the Dervish as regards the sanity of Russian professors had undergone a

material change, and he vowed he would never again join a scientific party, however erudite they might appear.

During our stay in the village we heard that the wolves had become a terrible pest. No domestic animal was safe if left unprotected, and so fierce and bold had these animals become that a young child was stolen out of its cradle and partly devoured by a wolf before the beast could be overtaken; this happened the night before we left the village!

Our adventure not only delayed the professor's journey very much, but he



"WE WERE TAKING IT IN TURN TO GIVE UP A GARMENT."

horses and a donkey with their saddles, and all our baggage and coats.

The excessive pain that I suffered from my wounded leg made me again lose consciousness, and when I came to myself I was lying in a room at the caravanserai in Dizai Khalil, with a few villagers gazing at me as though I had returned from another world. A telegram was sent by Professor Makaroff to Tabriz, and soon a doctor and two Cossacks from the Russian Consulate arrived.

had to pay for all the horses destroyed and for Dervish Bulbul's donkey, not to mention a reward to the men who came so opportunely to our assistance. The professor took six wolf-skins back to Russia with him as a souvenir of the event; I have nothing to show for my share in the adventure except the wound below my left knee. Although it is now quite healed, yet a sudden change of weather causes me much discomfort, forcibly recalling to my mind our terrible experience with wolves in the desert of Mayan.



A TRAMP IN SPAIN

By BART KENNEDY

After leaving Guadalajara the author set out for Brihuega, the next point on his tramp northward. Stress of weather drove him to spend the night at a wayside village, and he relates his experiences in the strange underground cellars of the Posada Anastasio.

and what appeared to be his daughter, and a squat-looking waiter. I suppose that to them I lacked distinction of look. And so I wandered through the up-and-down and this-way and that-way streets of Guadalajara till I arrived at another fonda. Here as before my luck deserted me the moment I got inside the door. The fonda was full, said the landlord, after the searching look, and the pause—the pause laden

with ripe significance. Around and around I wandered, till I met a young man who piloted me to the Fonda Espanola. Here the scene was changed. The propietario of the fonda and his wife welcomed me with such effusion—when compared with the way that I had been welcomed at the other places—that I was frozen with the horrible thought that perhaps the effusion would figure with largeness in the bill. But such turned out not to be the case. They were simply kindly Spanish people who seemed to be captured with my mud-splashed appearance. And so I slipped off my knapsack— forbore to ask what the tariff was—explained that I was an Englishman of much importance—and asked to be shown to a room. And very soon I was seated at dinner with the three Spanish officers and the two priests.



THAT night in Guadalajara I sat down to dinner with three Spanish officers and two priests. It was at the Fonda Espanola, where I had been welcomed with what might be called comparative enthusiasm. I had found it rather a hard job getting accommodation in Guadalajara. The people of the first fonda into which I went did not seem to be at all impressed with my appearance. I suppose I wore a trampish air—a come-day go-day God-send-Sunday sort of air. The man who kept the fonda looked me up and down and seemed to take my measure from many view-points. Then after a pause—laden with the ripest significance—he let me know that the fonda was full. I came sadly away after running the gauntlet of the eyes of himself and his wife,

The room was long and rather low and lit up with big hanging oil lamps. The food was food that I hardly understood, but it was good food. And the wine was excellent. It was a claret—a full-bodied claret—and it was there before you on the table to take as much as you wanted.

I liked the priests much better than I did the officers. The officers had the air of carrying the earth on their shoulders—the air that belongs the world over to gentlemen of the military persuasion. I could not make out the regiment they belonged to. At first I was under the impression that they belonged to the band, because of the fact that the sleeves of their uniforms were adorned with trumpets worked out in gold lace. But they were neither trumpeters nor bandmen. Their carrying-the-earth-on-their-shoulders air forbade so lowering an assumption as this. And after dinner the propietario told me that they were the officers of a crack Spanish regiment.

The priests had the look of jovial, jolly, easy men of the world. They slapped the officers on the backs, and laughed and joked and made things hum. And one of them began to ask me questions. He was a man of about thirty-five, with a round, red face and clever, shrewd eyes. I answered his questions as well as I could, and then I asked him what sort of a country it was between Guadalajara and Zaragoza. He explained at some length, but the only part of the explanation that I grasped was that the country was mountainous. He seemed surprised when I told him that I was going to walk there. I would have to pass through many mountains (*mucha montes*), he said. And then one of the officers asked me—or I think he asked me—why I was going a pie (*on foot*) through the country. He seemed to get rather vexed at the answer I gave him, but the priest with the round, red face said something to him that soothed him. An argument now ensued as to England and her methods of extending her Empire. And Chamberlain's genius as a diplomat came into question. "Diplomatico siniestro!" ejaculated the priest. And the officer, who a moment before had got rather vexed, looked at me hard and asked me something concerning our great statesman. But I shrugged my shoulders and looked blank. "No intender" (I don't understand), I said. And after that the topic veered round to the safer one of bull-fighting. Here I came in a little. My knowledge of, and enthusiasm for, the sport won for me the good graces of the officer, who had seemed inclined to carp at me whenever he got the chance. His eye now beamed with fraternity.

After dinner I went out to have a look round

the town. I turned to the left and walked up a narrow street that led through an arch into a wide plaza. The plaza was well lit up and filled with a crowd, composed nearly all of men.

These men of Guadalajara! There were as fine a looking lot of fellows as I ever saw in my life. They were very different from the people of Andalusia, and, indeed, different from the people of Madrid. Powerful, middle-sized, dark fellows with broad, rather hard faces—as a rule. Broad-headed men of the absolute fighting type. They suggested the Scotch, and still they were not like them. Neither were they like the Irish. Their gestures were abrupt and their voices were deep. Square, strong, well-set men. It struck me that the country that could produce such men was in no sense a "dying nation." I would have liked the English statesman who had been guilty of uttering this foolish phrase to have seen these men here in the plaza.

The next day I went on my way to Brihuega, after bidding good-bye to the people at the Fonda Espanola. Brihuega was thirty-six kilómetros from Guadalajara, and my intention was to make it that night. But luck was against me. It came on to rain again. And the wind blew it steadily in my face for hours. There is nothing so bad for making time in walking as facing a steady rain-laden wind.

When the afternoon came I saw that it would be impossible for me to make Brihuega that day, and I concluded that I would put up at the posada of the first fair-sized village I came to. It was not that I was tired or fagged. It was rather that the day had dispirited me. It was a dull, wet, heavy, darkish day such as one would never expect to find in a country like Spain.

At last, after I had walked eighteen kilómetros, the road took a sudden bend around a great high mass of rock and before me was a village. To the right of it was a most wonderful ruin of a Moorish castle. It was strange that I had not noticed it when coming along the road. But the wind had been driving the rain into my face steadily for hours.

A grand, high, strange-looking Moorish castle. It stood before me hewn out of grey stone. The greyness of the day and the rain and the wind added to its effect. It was as high and as massive-looking as a cathedral. And it had the nobility and grandeur of look of a cathedral. It was there—something Moorish, something Arabic, something Eastern. There on a grey day in the midst of the rain and the wind. Its lines had the power and the freedom and the strength of Gothic lines, and still there was in it the subtlety and the strangeness and the mystery of the East. I had seen nothing that could be at



"THE WIND HAD BEEN DRIVING THE RAIN
INTO MY FACE STEADILY FOR HOURS."

all compared with it in the Alhambra—nothing that possessed either its magnificence, its beauty, or its meaning. The Alhambra was but a place of effeminate marble pillars and courts and baths and gardens. But this ruin was of a time when the Moors were men—when they were strong in the land. It was a castle, simple, splendid, and strange. And it was here in a place of three hundred souls—a place called Torija—a place not even on the map of Spain.

To the side of it stood the village. It was also in grey stone. But the meaning of the village was not as the meaning of the strange, wonderful castle. The castle told of another time, another life, another race. And still it was of the place and of the scene as the village was of the place and of the scene. It was here in the greyness of the day—and the rain and the wind.

I went to the posada in the village. It was a weird, dark-looking place in the middle of the narrow street of the village, and was called the Posada Anastasio, after the man who owned it. Anastasio was a gnarled-looking old Spaniard of over seventy. He had a curious habit of continually turning his head to look behind him.

His wife was about as old as he was. But she was a stronger character and had a better

grasp of the powers of her mind. Anastasio's attention wandered quickly from one thing to another. He was really old.

A fire was soon blazing in the chief room of the posada. I was sitting there with Anastasio and his wife. She was asking me the usual questions—where had I come from, where was I going to, and who was I? I was answering her questions and wishing that I was anywhere else than in the posada. The old man's habit of continually looking round had got on my nerves. And I was thinking of the sullen expression that I had seen on the faces of the men who were standing about in the narrow street of the village as I was coming up to the posada. They were fine-looking men. But they looked sullen. And it all at once occurred to me that the people of Castile looked sullen generally. Whilst I admired them I could not say that I liked them—as I did the Andalusians.

The room of the posada was gloomy-looking and weird. There were black-looking objects hanging from the roof. They might have been wine-skins, but I was unable to make out their shapes in the gloom. The strong light of the fire threw them into a deep, almost black, shadow. And a sudden resolution came to me. I would leave the posada and walk on to the next village!

I could see that it was still daylight through the narrow chink at the top of the chimney. I would still have time enough to get from the village well out on to the road. After that it

did not matter much. The road was good. I could find my way along it even in the darkness.

I picked up my knapsack and asked how much I owed for the jug of Argando that I had just finished. But the old woman would not hear of my going. It was dark—I would lose my way—many things might happen. I was not to go!

Anastasio said nothing. He did not seem to care in the least whether I went or stayed. And this attitude of his finally made me decide to stay. After all there was no good reason for my nervousness. I was well able to look out for myself. But still, knocking round the world amongst all sorts of people had put caution into me.

I had learned from hard experience that craft and caution, combined with a little bravery at the right moment, make together the finest armour that a man in danger can possess. Men who are in the habit of rushing point-blank at danger usually do it through cowardice. They are afraid of being thought afraid. And even if they have got the straight, real stuff in them they are not effective fighters. A dead man is but a dead man. It is the man who outlives the fight who

counts. No, there is the time to retreat and the time to advance—just as in sword-play. And there is the time to be afraid—to run away.

Things now wore a cheerier aspect in the posada and I was feeling better. The Argando was mellowing me up and taking the pessimism out of me. It was a good wine—better even than the wine I had had the night before at the Fonda Espanola in Guadalajara. The company, of course, was not quite so lively, but I suppose it

was as good as could be got in Torija. Anastasio's two sons were now seated before the fire. They were two powerfully-built young men with the sullen underlook in their faces that seemed to belong especially to the men of the village.

Anastasio had improved considerably under the genial influence of his own Argando. His mind had stopped wandering and he was telling me all about the posada. He said it was more than



"THE OLD MAN'S HABIT OF CONTINUALLY LOOKING ROUND" HAD GOT ON MY NERVES.

five hundred years old. It looked it.

I tried to find out something about the Moorish castle. "Ah!" said Anastasio. "La Castillo Moro." But his tone was the tone of one who was touching a subject that did not interest him. He could tell me nothing of it—save that it was old. Was it older than the posada? I asked. Yes, it was older than the posada, he answered, after a pause. But it was in no way so remarkable—at least not to him—for he went on to tell me at length again about the posada. He was human, was old Anastasio.

At last the time came for us to retire, and I was offered my choice either of having a bed or of sleeping on the bench by the fire. I chose the bed, because I thought it would be the safest in the event of anything out of the way happening. Whilst we were all in a pleasant humour by this time I still thought it as well to keep my weather eye open.

Anastasio got up slowly from where he was sitting and lit a small oil lamp. It was made of tin, and the wick came up through its spout. I had seen such lamps stuck in men's hats when years before I had been working in the heading of an underground tunnel. They were worn by the men who ran the machines for the drilling of blasting holes in the solid rock.

The old man slowly led the way out of the room. I followed him with my knapsack in my hand. I was wondering slightly as to what part of the posada he was going to take me.

The glare from the naked light of the lamp revealed a flight of stone steps. I followed Anastasio down them, and we stood in what seemed to be the cellar of the posada. Anastasio held the light high over his head and waved it round as if to show me the size of the place. It was a huge cellar, and had a door in each of its four walls. In the centre of it was a strong pillar, on the top of which rested supports for the roof.

Anastasio led me through one of the doors, and I found myself in a still larger cellar. Off in a corner of it was a heap of grain. We crossed the floor of this and Anastasio led me through another door. At this I began to get nervous. The cellar that I found myself in now was circular, and was lower in the roof than the other cellars. He went across this and opened the door that led into the room where I was to sleep for the night.

"Buenos noche" (good night), he said, as he set the lamp down on a small table that stood close to the bed. He turned and left me, and I could hear him going slowly across the floor of



"ANASTASIO HELD THE LIGHT HIGH OVER HIS HEAD."

the circular cellar—opening the door—and then going slowly across the floor of the large cellar. Then the sound of his footsteps stopped suddenly. I wondered why. He had still another cellar to cross before he came to the foot of the flight of stone steps that led up into the chief room of the posada. His steps had sounded out so distinctly, and then they had stopped suddenly. I wondered what could be the meaning of it. But it might have been my fancy. The posada had made me nervous. The chief room of it seemed to be but the entrance to a labyrinth of dungeon-like cellars opening one into the other. What could be the size of the place in all—the place where I was—the place underground? In the first cellar I had noticed a door in each of the walls.

They must have opened into underground places which went off in other directions. I wondered what was the reason of it all. Why was the posada of such a curious construction? I could not help feeling nervous. How easy it would be to kill a man in a place like this! I was sorry now that I had stopped in Torija at all. I should have left the posada that time at the fire when the impulse to leave it had come upon me. It would have been better to have gone along the road in the darkness and in the rain than to have stopped in a place such as this. A strong, dark place in which hung an atmosphere sinister and evil.

The room in which I was now was rather small. And the roof was lower even than the roof of the circular cellar. I could almost touch with my hand the big single rafter that ran right across the roof. There was no window in it.

I turned and examined the door. It had no lock. All that there was was a latch. The door could be opened as easily from the outside as it could from the inside.

I pulled down the coverlet of the bed. The sheets were very damp. It had evidently been a long time since anyone had slept in it. I would have done much better to have slept in my clothes by the side of the fire. The frame and headboard of the bed were made of dark wood. It looked as old as the posada itself.

I pushed the bed over to the end of the wall that fronted the door. Then I laid the table lengthwise on the floor between the head of the bed and the door. My object was to make it

impossible for anyone to come in without smashing the door. But the table was not long enough. The door could be still opened wide enough for a man to get in. I was at a loss what to do. But at last I thought of the plan of shoving the head of the bed right up against the door. I was safe now so far as being surprised in my sleep was concerned. If anyone

came I would at least have a run for my money. There might, of course, be other ways of getting in on me than by the way of the door. But I had done all I was able to do.

Then I took the cartridges out of my revolver and snapped it several times to see if the cylinder revolved easily. I was afraid that it might have

got wet in my pocket as I was walking along from Guadalajara. It was all right, and I put the cartridges back and lay down on the bed without taking off my clothes. I would just as soon have thought of sleeping out in the rain as of getting between the damp

sheets. Of the two the rain would have been the least dangerous.

When I blew out the light the darkness actually seemed to press down upon me. But I was not quite so nervous now as I had been before. I lay with my feet towards the door. The fact of having the head of the bed jammed up against it reassured me. A man need never



"I TOOK THE CARTRIDGES OUT OF MY REVOLVER, AND SNAPPED IT."

feel nervous if circumstance deals him out anything of a hand. It would be my own fault, I reflected, if anything happened and I muddled things up.

But the darkness began to bother me. And I got up and groped towards the table for the little lamp. I found it and lit it. Had there been a window in the room I would not have minded it so much. But one felt that this dungeon-like room was always dark—dark even in the middle of the day when the sun was shining. And the air was damp and heavy—the air that belongs to a place that never sees the sun.

I was lying on the bed again watching the flame that came from the lamp. There was not much oil in it. It was getting lower. And soon it was out and the darkness was on me again.

I lay with wide open eyes.

In the densest kind of darkness there is a curious, faint suggestion of greyness. Why this should be I don't know. But I have noticed it. The darkness of the darkest night is not as the darkness of a mine—of a place down beneath the earth. I have been in darkness in a place far down beneath the earth, and it seemed to me that there was around me a greyness—a threatening greyness that surrounded and enclosed and in the end made one afraid.

Such was the darkness that was here in this room beneath the posada. Had anyone knocked suddenly on the door I would have felt relief. I would have felt relief had the door been suddenly smashed. I was in no way nervous now about men. Men I could deal with.

Light came. The room was filled with it. I wondered how it had come to pass that I had thought that the room was as dark as the dark cell of a prison. The light was streaming in through a window to the right of my bed. Either I was dreaming or I was mad. I got up from the bed. I was not dreaming. There was my revolver. It had been lying close to my hand. I picked it up, pressed down on the thumb-piece, and opened up the cylinder to see if the cartridges were all right. They were there—six of them. No; I was surely not dreaming. Perhaps I had been dreaming, and the daylight had come and the cover of the window had been taken off from the outside. But the night before I had seen no sign of a window. I got up off the bed and went over to it. But just as I put my hand on the frame darkness came down upon me.

I was lying on the bed.

There was a knock on the door. But I kept still. And then there came another knock, and I heard the voice of Anastasio. He knocked

again. And after a pause I heard the sound of his footsteps as he walked back across the circular cellar. I heard his footsteps as I had heard them before, going, going—and then seeming to stop suddenly.

It seemed to me as if there were some difference in the darkness of the room. And I got up, pulled the bed over, and opened the door.

It was daylight. Anastasio had come to call me. I went quickly up to the chief room of the posada and I saw him bending down over the fire. He was blowing some twigs into a blaze with a bellows. I put my hand on his shoulder, and it was in my mind to ask him questions. Why was the room where I had passed the night without windows? Why were there so many underground places beneath the posada? Why did the sound of his footsteps stop suddenly when he got to a certain point? These questions were on my tongue, but it was useless for me to try to give utterance to them. I did not know enough Spanish.

"Buenos dias, señor," he said, raising himself up and looking at me. A moment after his wife came in and placed a pot of water on the fire to boil. And then one of the sons came in.

The room of the posada looked different now in the light of the morning. The gloomy, weird look of the night before was gone from it. Its look was curious and odd rather than picturesque. And it wore a damp, discoloured air—such an air as might have belonged to a place where no one lived. The fire was burning and there were people in it, but still there was a strange effect of lifelessness in it. Dust was over everything. The wine-skins that hung from the roof were coated with dust. They might have been hanging there through hundreds of years. The only thing in the room that seemed free from dust was a picture of the Virgin. The frame and the glass in front of the picture had been lately cleaned.

And about the room there was no air of comfort. It seemed to express but the idea of being a place of shelter—a place where men might come after fighting—a place where men might hide and wait. It gave one no impression of ever having been intended for a place where life could be lived. It was just one of the rooms of a strong place of shelter, built in a time of battle and foray and murder.

Anastasio's wife put some bread and a mug of coffee on a little low table and brought it over to me. I drank the coffee and then asked her how much I owed her (*que quanto?*).

"Dos (two) pesetas," she answered, putting up two fingers.

I paid her and left the posada.

(*To be continued.*)

MY EXPERIENCES AT KANO,

And What I Saw on the Way.

BY THE REV. A. E. RICHARDSON.

II.

Until the British troops under Colonel Morland planted the Union Jack on the walls of Kano in February, only three living Englishmen had visited this mysterious Mohammedan city during recent years. Three years ago Mr. Richardson accompanied Bishop Tugwell's mission to the "Manchester of the Soudan," and he here recounts his experiences during that memorable visit. The excellent photos. illustrating the article were taken by the Rev. J. C. Dudley Ryder.



E made all haste we could to Zaria, for the rainy season might come upon us at any moment. Our car-

riers walked well. The Hausas are enormously powerful, yet, strange to say, they cannot stoop and pick up heavy weights. Each man carries with him a long pole, well shown in the photograph below, where-with he props up his burden. Resting one end upon a forked stake or tree he supports the other by means of his "loko," as the pole is called. This obviates the necessity of stooping



A HAUSA "LOKO"—A CONTRIVANCE WHICH ENABLES THE PORTER TO TAKE UP HIS LOAD WITHOUT STOOPING. [Photo.]

HAUSA CATTLE—WHEN AN ANIMAL IS KILLED ITS HUMP IS THE KING'S PREROGATIVE. From a Photo.

to pick up the load on resuming his journey. Thus the distance a man can walk between two successive rests is called a "loko." That is the Hausa idea of locomotion.

Their cattle are very fine creatures and are usually milk-white. The above picture depicts some typical specimens. The Fulanis herd them outside the cities. Huge droves of five hundred head may be seen grazing peacefully. They are "dromedarian" in appearance—i.e., they possess a hump on their backs. On the slaughter of an ox the King gets the hump. That is his prerogative. Hausa beef, however, is a trifle tough. In fact, false teeth

of cast-iron would be invaluable in many ways in this country.

Singularly enough, we found it most difficult to procure new milk. Sour milk is the more valuable, and the native cannot be brought to sell you new milk without an effort, offer what price you will. It is strange, too, that the African sees no objection from a military point of view to the near neighbourhood of a hill to his cities.

The next photograph shows the inside of a small fortified town built at the foot of a knoll,



THE INTERIOR OF A FORTIFIED TOWN—THE BUILDERS DID NOT TAKE INTO CONSIDERATION THE FACT THAT THE HILL BEHIND COMPLETELY COMMANDS IT. [Photo.]

which entirely commands the place. The original builders, of course, did not meditate the use against them of modern weapons. There are, by the way, usually large tracts of cultivated land within the walls.

At length it became evident to us that the city of Zaria was not far distant, as for miles well-cultivated country had been traversed. In accordance with Hausa etiquette we sent forward a mounted messenger with a letter to the King—certainly the first letter in his own language yet written by a white man ever received by that monarch.

But it must not be supposed that the epistle commenced in the orthodox English way. "Dear Sir" would never do, for the language has no word for "dear," except "not cheap." Nor would "Your Royal Highness" serve its purpose. The great Emir would certainly imagine you were calling him names! The

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custom of the country is to give the sender's name first. The Hausas, however, are Mohammedans, and therefore God's name is as often on their lips as it is seldom in their hearts. Because of this all letters must begin with that Name.

"We send you greetings in the Name of the great God and of His prophet Mohammed." So runs their letters. Ours, too, a faithful copy, commenced: "We send you salutations in the Name of the great God and of Jesus Christ our Saviour." Then followed the purport of the note: "Wonan ya fito daga hanun bature"

("This thing comes out of the hand of the white man"). "We are five peaceful men coming to your city. We ask your permission to sit down there."

You cannot say in Hausa "I lived in London twenty years." You must declare "I sat down in London twenty years." The epistle finished up with "A thousand thousand salutations"—thousands "har abada" (i.e., without limit); and the usual kingly greeting, "Allah ya baka sawan rai" ("May God give you long life"). Away went our messenger, the faithful Bako, a Nupé Christian, who unfortunately met with a violent death last June when plying his work as an evangelist.

The evening closed in with its usual accompaniment of vivid lightning—like the

sparks from the great fire of day flashing out from the smouldering remains before their total extinction.

At six next morning we were off, to get a little nearer the city. But although the sun rose higher and higher in the heavens, no news of Bako came to hand. We waited not a little anxiously. Evening fell once more, but ere the hasty twilight fled a messenger galloped into camp with a letter from Bako and a present from the King. The Emir professed to be delighted at our advent, and still more charmed by the letter in his own tongue.

Early the next day our carriers began their toilets. They heaped upon their graceful bodies all the garments they possessed. It was so hot, they declared, that many robes were a necessity to keep the heat out. Added to their other ornaments were rings on their fingers and rings on their toes (if they ran to them).

Thus they felt it becoming to enter the great city. It was an anxious time for us, not that we feared danger ahead, but because so much depended upon our reception and our acceptability to the King and his people.

Our anxiety was soon allayed. Presently a horseman hove in sight. Surrounded by a cloud of dust he galloped down the pathway. Dressed in silk and velvet robes of many colours, his feet resting in stirrups of beaten silver, his horse half-hidden by magnificent leather trappings, this rainbow-like warrior rode up. Waving his spear he gave us welcome, and we fell in behind him in our march through the streets.

Very few spectators were to be seen outside the city—seen in the annexed photo.—but

The procession through a mile and a half of streets was amusing in the extreme. In front of my hammock solemnly walked a lame carrier, bearing aloft a huge axe, with the edge significantly pointing towards me.

I might have been a prisoner condemned for treason in the days of Queen Elizabeth.

The sight of the hammock raised the people to the very verge of madness. Cries of "Minene?" ("What is it?"), "Gāshi!" ("Just look at him!"), gave place to the yells of "Kai!"

"He's an elephant!" shrieked a wag, and with uncontrollable mirth everyone was seized with a consuming desire to explore the elephant's inside. The heads of the venturesome ones

suffered much, however, for two loadless men took upon themselves to beat off the intruders with stout sticks.

The utmost good humour prevailed.

The palace was at last reached, and a right cordial welcome was accorded us by the cheery King. He bade us "sit down" in his city with cool hearts, assuring us that a good house was at our disposal. And a kinder wish you could not ask for in a country where—unfounded rumour has it—the inhabitants keep their fowls in re-

frigerators to prevent them laying hard-boiled eggs.

The Emir then expressed perplexity as to our identity. "You are not soldiers—you are not traders—you are not globe-trotters—who can you be? I know," he shrewdly continued, "that there are many kinds of white men, and if I were to visit your country I dare say I should find a good many heathen!"

We declared our mission and departed to dwell with "cool hearts."

It may have been with the intention of helping us in this difficult task that a basin of dirty water was flung over our back-yard wall, fairly drenching one of our party. But the crowd declared the aggressor to be mad; and on every hand kindness and goodwill were shown towards



From a

THE GATES OF ZARIA—THE CITY HAS EIGHTY THOUSAND INHABITANTS.

[Photo.

within the gates what a wondrous spectacle there was!

Zaria has some eighty thousand inhabitants, and it was a gala day for them. We marched in through the city gates—white men first, on horseback, then a long line of carriers with their loads. Last of all came myself, the sick man of the party, riding in a canvas hammock well protected from the sun's fierce rays.

Thousands upon thousands of excited people rent the air with the expressive exclamation, "Kai! Kai! Kai!"—an utterance of greatest astonishment.

In their excitement they shook hands with each other. This they do if a remark in a sermon or in conversation strikes them as good!



THE LANE LEADING TO THE WHITE MEN'S DWELLING—IT WAS USUALLY
CROWDED WITH CURIOUS NIGHTSEERS. [Photo.]

us, although everyone knew we were religious teachers.

The Emir even invited us to witness the prayers of his people on the great feast day. This we excused ourselves from doing, and the Emir was quite satisfied with our reason. Our house was not excessively large nor excessively clean. We made it habitable, however.

The above photo. was taken from our door, and shows the lane leading up to our porch. We were objects of curiosity all day long. At night there was peace, for the King had issued a proclamation that all pedestrians after dark were to be regarded as thieves. "Honest men walk in the day," said he.

We lost very few things. One night a camera was stolen and found next day over the wall, with its interior torn out. No doubt some would-be scientist was bent on discovering the secret contained within the small black box.

Zaria is a well-kept city and very beautiful. The houses usually consist of discon-

nected buildings of mud enclosed in a high wall. The only entrance to the "house" is through the "zauri" (porch), built in to the wall and having one door leading into the street and one into the yard or "house." The lower illustration shows a street in Zaria.

The market-place was not very grand. We saw three hundred slaves sitting in rows awaiting purchase. They scarcely noticed us, so little interest did they seem to take in their own existence. This was in 1900. Yet now we are delighted to say the slave-market there is a thing of the past.

We were detained in Zaria just a week, for our carriers refused to budge during the feast. At length we were able to depart on our way to Kano. We informed the King of our intention.

To our surprise a messenger arrived that same afternoon.

With serious face and solemn tones he cried: "Ku ji maganan sariki" ("Hear the word of the King"). "'I thank you,' he says, 'for the way in which you have dwelt at peace in my town. Your stay has done nothing but good, and I have absolutely no cause for complaint. I wish you God-speed. May



FROM A] A STREET SCENE IN ZARIA. [Photo.]

God be with you. But let me warn you. The King of Kano will not receive you as I have done. He will treat you coldly. He will keep you at a distance.' So speaks the King."

The next day we waited upon the King at sunrise. Amid a deafening roar of beaten drums we were ushered into his presence.

We wished him farewell and laid before him our parting gift—two penny lead-pencils! Meanness wasn't the motive, however. The monarch had requested fountain pens, but we had no spare ones, and, therefore, bade him accept two pens with solid ink inside—they were less likely to go wrong.

Then the King turned to his courtiers. "Ku tashi, ku teffi duka," he cried ("Get up and go away, all of you").

They walked off with stately mien. Then, turning to his messenger of yesterday, he said: "Did you tell them? Did you tell them?" When the affirmative was nodded, he reiterated the warning with all earnestness.

"I would rather keep you here than mischief should befall you," he added.

Then we were informed that a messenger had gone on to Kano to say that we were travelling through Faki to that city. But on reaching Zaria city gate our carriers refused to take the Faki road.

Had not we heard the news? The slave-raiders were devastating that district—our lives would be imperilled and their freedom endangered. Nay, it was certain death to us.

Although we gave no credence to the rumour, nothing would induce the men to move. So our course was suddenly and unexpectedly altered, and we travelled by another of the three routes between Zaria and Kano.

How much depended on that move! The news of our coming had already spread far and wide. Richly-dressed couriers were galloping hither and thither bearing the latest tidings. Envoys sped between city and city. "What was to be done? Peaceful white men were coming, and coming unharmed."

Then there was the recent proclamation heralded by the Sultan of Turkey—the King of the World, as they call him—warning Sokoto and Zaria, Kano and Katsina, not to favour the white man.

We learnt later that the greatest excitement prevailed at Kano. The King called a hasty council and asked advice of his courtiers.

They clamoured for our lives. In fact, circumstantial accounts of our massacre were carried down to Lokoja.

But, interrupting their imperious demands, there spoke the Waziri—the old man next in rank to the King. "Zāki! Zāki!" ("Lion! Lion!") he cried. "Touch not these men, or evil will befall you. They have done nothing. Their friends are powerful. Do not imperil our nation."

"Your words are good words," cried the King. "But those men shall not come here." Pen, ink, and paper were called for and a hasty letter was written. The King's courier galloped along the Faki road with orders to stop our approach.

Meanwhile, we were peacefully journeying along by another route. Keffi—a photo. of which is here given—was reached and passed, and then we knew that we were almost at Kano's gate.

On we went along the sandy path, the scorching sun literally roasting the parched-up land,



From a

THE CITY WALLS OF KEFFI, NEAR KANO

[Photo.

till the walls of Kano were seen reaching up to the blue vault of heaven.

What a city to be planted in the heart of Africa!—perhaps the greatest city in the whole of that continent; certainly by far the most important of all native centres.

It is the meeting-place of great caravans and merchants from the Mediterranean and the Nile

in the far north, and from the mighty rivers of the Niger and the Zambesi in the south. From the Atlantic in the west and Wadai and Lake Tchad in the east stream a ceaseless throng of traders. Millions pass through that city every year bearing their merchandise, which includes the "souls of men."

From out its gates, one of which is shown in our next illustration, there passed cruel slave-raiders in quest of booty and of tribute-men—for even Kano is but a vassal State to Sokoto, the religious centre.

After an unaccountable delay at the gate we were led through some two miles of streets, until the house assigned to us was reached.

"To-morrow," said the Maaje, or Prime Minister, "you will see the King." Whereupon he withdrew and left us to ourselves.

At last Faniso was reached. What an uproar! Guns were being fired off; innumerable drums were being beaten, as though it were a matter of life and death; long brass trumpets blared forth; and the strange "algaita"—a three-noted horn—made weird reverberations. All or any of these "musical" instruments went off at once—neither time nor harmony, neither rhyme nor reason, was considered. But as for the metre, of that there was no doubt—it was long.

For three hours we were treated to this minstrelsy—this concert of discords. A vast crowd had gathered round us. At length there came a lull in the storm. Then arose a low murmur on the outskirts of the crowd. From lip to lip it passed until every mouth voiced the cry, "Waziri! Waziri!"

A clear pathway opened out in the throng



From a

THE EXPEDITION ENTERING KANO.

[Photo.

Early next morning we mounted our horses and, escorted by a cavalcade of brilliantly-attired equestrians arrayed in finest silks and mounted upon richly-caparisoned steeds, we rode out to Faniso, where the King has a country seat.

This town is situated some six or eight miles away from Kano. The broad road between the two places was alive with people. Horsemen galloped to and fro, caravans slowly wended their way; sightseers mingled with merchantmen; statesmen "passed the time of day" to each other, indifferent to the clank of the chains of men led off to execution, or, what may be far worse, life-long slavery.

and up galloped that famous statesman. Nimble jumping to the ground, he flung the reins to a slave and cried, "Come—the King awaits you."

Into the palace we pressed. The onlookers were solicitous for our behaviour in the King's august presence. All manner of advice was showered upon us. We must take off our boots! No; we were in the habit of removing our hats instead!

Then our umbrellas were snatched from us, and one councillor advised me urgently to be sure and hold my head on the floor for six hours when I saw the King! But surely even a tyro

at phrenology could not regard with equanimity the bumps on the head of a visitor for six long hours! All the instruments of music(?) burst forth once more, and we were ushered into the King's presence.

He was in a nine-arched chamber thronged with well-dressed warriors. The King himself wore a black turban, only showing his eyes, for men veil their faces here. In compact rows sat the courtiers.

So our journey was ended and we were preparing to state our request, when suddenly the Emir spoke.

"Who are you?" he cried, gruffly. "Are you soldiers?"

"No."

"Are you traders—have you come to buy and sell?"

"No, we have not."

"Have you, then, come to see the world?"

"No, indeed; that is not our object."

"Then who can you be?" he cried.

"We are religious teachers. We are Christians, and we have come to ask permission to teach your people."

"Then I tell you this, whoever you are. You have dared to come here without permission."

"We sent you notice of our approach," quietly replied the Bishop.

"And I—I wrote forbidding you to come; and then I hear you knocking at my door. Now, get up and go back!"

"No," cried the Bishop. "Listen to us. Have patience. We have come from a far-off country. We have travelled many months. The whole country knows we have come here——"

"Yes, and the whole country will know you have gone back," interrupted the King.

"We are your friends," urged the Bishop. "We ask you for a house. Appoint men to watch us. Let them spy upon us night and day. If we do well, let us stay; if ill, then punish us."

"No. You cannot stay," answered the King. "If you wish to live in my city you must first

go to Sokoto and get a written permission from the Sultan. Now go!"

A chorus of approval greeted this statement. "Zāki! Zāki!" they cried, delighted at the Emir's sternness. There was nothing left to be done but to retire. Once again we were outside the palace, awaiting the news of our fate.

Another three hours' delay and at length the Maaje came, looking very serious.

"Listen to the word of the King," he slowly said. "You are allowed three days to do your business, and then you are to go."

An extension of seven days was eventually granted us. Nothing would induce the King to see us again. On our return to Kano we found our carriers alarmed at our prolonged absence. They had believed the rumour circulated in the city that we should never be seen again—that we had gone forth out of the town to meet our doom. They had packed up their goods in readiness to flee.

We took our full seven days and then made our way back to Zaria. The King, however, absolutely forbade our residence there, although he still asserted his friendship.

So, after some months' delay at Gierko, thirty-four miles to the south of Zaria, the party returned to the River Binuē, followed by the kindly cries of Zaria's multitudes. "Sai ku dawo!" ("Until you come back again!").

And so ended our journey to Kano. But let it be carefully noted that these Mohammedan people were not influenced so much by religious considerations as material ones. They gave us every opportunity of explaining our creed.

On every hand the verdict was, "You white people are good; your religion is good. But we cannot allow you foothold in our country or you will abolish that which we value above all else—the slave trade!"

Although our expedition was an apparent failure, yet one thing of value we learnt, that both priests and people were ready to listen to and welcome gladly the news of a prophet greater than Mohammed.

The Detective in the Barrel.

BY FREDERIC LEES, OF PARIS.

Sous-Brigadier Poignet, the hero of the following little story, is one of the most daring members of the Paris Detective Department. Mr. Lees here describes one of his most recent exploits, an exciting night adventure at the Bercy wine warehouses, where, by hiding himself in an empty cask, the detective succeeded in bringing to justice a number of dangerous thieves. The photographs illustrating the narrative are careful reconstructions of the incidents described and were taken at the places where the adventure happened.



FICTION has glorified and considerably embellished the deeds of the skilled detective. We know, when we read a detec-

tive story, that if the wretched criminal has left as much as a thumb-mark on a dusty window-sill his detection and arrest will only be a matter of time—unless he chooses to commit suicide, as he frequently does in literature of this class.

The more modest, though equally meritorious, arts of the ordinary detective, however, "the plain-clothes constable," as he is usually termed, are passed over as not being sufficiently interesting to attract readers. Yet the criminals he has to hunt down are more dangerous in every respect, both to society in general and the police in particular, than the clever scoundrels who strut through the pages of the average detective romance.

The plain-clothes constable on night duty in certain parts of large cities often runs great

risks. The criminals with whom he has to contend are like rats—cowardly whilst there is any chance of escape left, but fighting desperately when cornered, as many a brave officer of the law has found to his cost.

In Paris there are still several quarters where crime with violence is only too rife. One of the worst of these is Bercy, a district lying to the extreme east of the city. In some respects it resembles the East-end of London, being close to the river and the great southern railway line—the Paris, Lyons, and Mediterranean. All the wine which comes to Paris by rail or river is stored here in long, low, dingy ware-



SOUS-BRIGADIER POIGNET IN PLAIN CLOTHES.

From a Photo.



houses, which cover some eighty acres of ground. In this "City of Wine," which is divided into streets and courts, all the leading wholesale wine merchants have their offices. Probably they are too wise to leave money in the little one or two roomed wooden buildings which serve them as counting-houses, and burglaries are rare; but there are thousands of casks, full or empty, lying around—a constant temptation to the dishonest, who may be pardoned for imagining that a few would never be missed.

discipline rather than modesty which seals his tongue. Physically he is a little above the medium height, but powerfully built, and there is a grip of steel in the stubby, spatulate fingers of his hands. Muscle and nerve are, however, common enough in the police force, but it is not always that shrewdness, patience, and a love of the profession are allied to them, and it was this combination of qualifications which induced the police authorities to remove M. Poignet from the centre of the city, where he



[From a]

THE WINE WAREHOUSE WHERE MOST OF THE ROBBERIES OCCURRED

[Photo



The full ones are not often stolen, for a barrel of wine weighs nearly five hundredweight, and would not be an easy thing to dispose of even if it could be taken; but empty casks are quickly handled and can readily be sold again for a few shillings.

So many complaints of thefts of empty casks reached the Commissaire of Police, whose office is close to the gate of the *entrepôt*, that he recently instructed one of his most active and intelligent officers—Sous-Brigadier Poignet—to take up the case and try to discover the thieves.

Sous-Brigadier Poignet is a good specimen of the French policeman. He is a Gascon, and has the ready resource and cool courage of his great countryman, D'Artagnan. In only one respect does he differ from the typical Gascon, for he does not boast, and it is difficult to get him to talk of his exploits; but perhaps it is

was performing ordinary police duties, and send him to a less law-abiding district.

On receiving his instructions, Sous-Brigadier Poignet went to examine the premises of the firm who had suffered most from the robberies. There were dozens of casks of all sizes lying about. Close to the roadway was a large barrel, the head of which had been knocked out and placed inside. The detective studied this barrel closely. Several of the staves were slightly sprung, and it immediately struck Poignet that, if he concealed himself in this cask and put the head on, the cracks in the barrel would afford him sufficient air to prevent suffocation, and perhaps enable him to see the thieves sufficiently well to be able to identify them afterwards.

Shortly after midnight, therefore, Poignet, dressed in an old suit of clothes, and with his

inseparable companion—a small “bulldog” revolver—in the side pocket of his jacket, strolled down to the wharf and crept into the barrel. The lid was, fortunately, loose, and he kept it in place by pressing against it with his hand and knee.

There is small choice of position inside a barrel. No one but Diogenes ever recommended a barrel as a place of residence, and he did not care for comfort. M. Poignet, though a philosopher, did not appreciate his domicile. His knees were pressed against his chin, and besides incipient cramp he was not altogether sure of what was going to happen next. The thieves might not come, and he would have all his discomfort for nothing; or they might discover his presence, and flee ere he was able

detective could just make out the shape of one of the long two-wheeled drays used in Paris for conveying wine. Three shadowy forms stood near it. Presently the watcher saw two of the men walk stealthily towards the row of casks, and then he heard a soft swish as the barrels were rolled towards the cart. The third man had meanwhile let down the end of the long dray, the barrels were soon slid on, and the men came back for another couple of casks. Then something occurred on which Poignet had not reckoned.

“Let’s have this one,” whispered one man, placing his hand on the barrel in which the detective was concealed. “It’s twice as big as the others, and ought to fetch twice as much.”

“All right!” growled his companion. “You’re



A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AFTER THE EVENT TO SHOW HOW DETECTIVE POIGNET ENTERED THE BARREL.

to disengage himself from his wooden prison. The alternative which would have suggested itself to the average man—that they might kill him whilst he was in a position that made it impossible for him to defend himself—never seems to have entered his head. Poignet has a supreme contempt for what are called “the dangerous classes.”

After he had been in the barrel for three-quarters of an hour, as nearly as he could guess, Detective Poignet heard a slight sound, and soon knew that a horse and cart were approaching as quietly as possible. The cart came nearer and nearer, and then stopped almost opposite him. Peering through a chink, the

a cooper and ought to know what’s best. It’s all the same to me.”

The idea that his hiding-place might be carried away by the thieves had not entered the detective’s mind for a moment. He had expected to catch a glimpse of the men, or, failing that, to have emerged from his tub as soon as they had left and follow them. But this accident, although somewhat disconcerting at first thought, was an unexpected piece of good luck, for he would now be able to find out where they stored their stolen goods, besides being able subsequently to arrest the whole gang, which he could not hope to do single-handed.



From a HOW THE CASK THIEVES WENT TO WORK.

(Photo.

Whilst Poignet was thinking this the two men began to roll the cask. The cart was some eighteen or twenty yards away, and locomotion inside a barrel consists of a series of somersaults—a mode of progression as unpleasant as it is undignified; but Detective Poignet had been a sailor before he was a policeman, and being rolled head over heels half-a-dozen times did not affect him greatly. At last the uncomfortable journey came to an end and the two men began to push at the cask to get it on the dray.

"It's precious heavy," said one.

"It feels as though it were full of wine," said the other.

"A good job if it is," growled the third man, who was evidently one of the porters employed at the *entrepôt*. "But there's not much fear of that. It would have needed something more than a couple of rats like you to roll it through this mud if it had been full of wine. Of course it feels heavy, because it is twice as big as the others, and because you do not know how to handle a cask. Let me come."

Being a big man, with strength as well as the knack of experience, the barrel was soon lifted on the dray; and then the three men retired a few yards and held a whispered conference. What was it about? wondered Poignet. Had they discovered him, and were they now deliberating what they should do with him? The river was not fifty yards away, and they might decide to tip him into the Seine and leave him

to sink or swim; or they might take him off to their haunts and serve him as Morgiana did the Forty Thieves, by pouring a cauldron of boiling water through the bung-hole of his prison.

But the sous-brigadier is not the sort of man to let such thoughts trouble him long. He reflected that it was far more likely that the thieves never suspected his presence, and were probably only discussing the question whether they should take any more casks or be contented with what they had. This supposition proved to be correct. The men eventually decided they could take one more, and this having been placed on the dray the journey commenced.

It was slow and apparently circuitous, but after about half an hour the dray stopped, the barrels were unloaded, and the one containing the detective was rolled another dozen yards or so and then placed on end, the men again grumbling at its great weight.

By this time M. Poignet had had quite enough of his cask, for he had been in it more than an hour and a half—all the while in a painfully cramped position. But it would have been dangerous to emerge before the men were gone, and they seemed in no hurry to leave. Fully a quarter of an hour elapsed before they separated, and then, after waiting a few minutes longer to make sure the field was clear, Detective Poignet, revolver in hand, stealthily raised his head above the edge of the barrel. No one was about, and

he clambered out of his cask and walked about for a few minutes to shake off the cramp.

He struck a match, and saw that he was in a kind of wooden shed or warehouse. There were two or three dozen casks, a few coopers' tools, and one or two bales of goods—unconsidered trifles which the precious trio had managed to pick up at various times.

Groping his way through this collection of stolen property, Poignet at last reached the road, and, as soon as he was able to take his bearings, found that he was in the Avenue Saint Mande, a very little distance from his own district.

The rest of the story is speedily told. The next night a *souricière*, or "mousetrap," was laid for the cask-stealers. Half-a-dozen policemen were hidden in ambush, and when the dray appeared with its cargo of stolen casks the

officers rushed out of their hiding-places and the thieves were secured red-handed. The ringleader of the gang was a cooper, who defied competition by selling goods which had been stolen ready-made. One of his accomplices was a wine-porter, and the other one of those loafers who do not much care how they make a living so long as it is dishonestly.

This exploit, needless to say, brought considerable *kudos* to Sous-Brigadier Poignet, but it is not one of the feats on which he most prides himself, for there was no mental skill in it—pluck and patience being the only qualities required.

That he is thought well of by his superiors will be obvious from a remark made by one of his officers. "With five hundred Poignets," he said, "I would make Paris the safest city in Europe."



HOW THE DETECTIVE LOOKED WHEN HE
EMERGED FROM THE BARREL IN THE
THIEVES' STOREHOUSE.

From a Photo.

The Last of the Bushrangers.

BY HERBERT SHAW.

An account of the brief career of Andy Flick, a notorious Australian desperado. Having broken out of gaol, Flick, with the police hot upon his track, made for the station where the author was employed as a stock-rider. Mr. Shaw graphically describes the stirring events which followed the arrival of the visitor.



AUSTRALIAN posterity has enveloped in a halo of romance the deeds of the earlier "knights of the bush," and tales of the cold-blooded, ferocious cruelty of Gardner, Hall, and others like them have given place to legends of the milder and poetically-named "Captain Starlight," "Moonlight," and the imposing "Thunderbolt," around whose memories lurk no greater crimes than the occasional playful shooting of an overbold policeman on capture bent, deeds the average bushman is apt to condone on the ground that "there's lots of spare 'traps,' anyway."

The subject of my story was unfortunate in that he was born a generation too late, and owing to the consequent spread of civilization, telegraphs, police service, and other deterrent circumstances his career was cut short in the midst of his opportunities, and a name that might have been as historic as any of his forerunners now dwindles towards oblivion with no more imposing record than one manslaughter, a few horse-stealings, some minor eccentricities, and the final delirious outburst when, previous to his own demise, a white policeman, a station manager, and a native tracker fell, two of them never to rise again, victims to a Colt's revolver, backed by a nasty, vindictive temper.

Andy Flick was the outcome of a union between a white father and an aboriginal mother, and, like most half-castes, inherited the vices of both parents and the virtues, if existent, of neither. Certainly his youth was of great promise, unfulfilled (it pointed directly towards the gallows, but it happened he was shot), and at the age of eighteen we find him undergoing an enforced detention in Her Majesty's gaol at Tarcoomba, in Queensland, whither he had been led by a train of circumstances commencing with a misunderstanding with a miner

on a point of ownership of certain portable property. This treatment apparently did not have the desired effect, for shortly after his release Mr. Flick was unfortunate in his selection of a steed, and being caught red-handed in the act of "faking" the brand of a missing horse he became for five years an inmate of another West-country gaol. During that period property in the immediate neighbourhood was more secure and horse-owners slept serene. Our hero when released was evidently sobered by his experience, and no doubt considering his passing years had brought in their train a

degree of discretion and seriousness that entitled him to take a wife, he did so, and we next find him united to a full-blooded aboriginal woman, whose pride in her semi-white man did not deter him, when tired of matrimony, from killing her in cold blood. A mistakenly humane jury took the more lenient view of his crime, and, instead of ridding Australia of him for ever, sentenced him to ten years in gaol. It was while lying in Normanston Prison, *en route* to St. Helena, the island gaol of Queensland,



THE AUTHOR, MR. HERBERT SHAW.
From a Photo. by Hana.

that the final scenes in our hero's career commenced.

Space being limited in consequence of an influx of law misconstruers from the Croydon, then a new "gold rush," Andy Flick's cell was shared by a gentleman named White, who was undergoing a ten years' sentence. These two choice spirits, finding the inaction of a cell residence irksome, set about devising a method of escape. So well was their industry rewarded that, aided by the architectural peculiarities of their prison, a very primitive structure, they were enabled to prise up a slab in the flooring, tear a hole in the galvanized iron sheathing below, and gain the open air. Here the apparent certainty of recapture seems to have disheartened White, who resolved to make

capital out of being the first to inform the police of Flick's escape, which he did, and was promptly hauled back to another cell. In the meantime, however, he had given Flick an hour's start, and that astute worthy had made such excellent use of his time as to steal a horse, saddle, and bridle, with a revolver, from the police themselves, and had taken to the trackless bush south-westwards, his idea being to gain that district in the Gulf country known as the Tableland, then the resort of half the notorious police-sought characters in North-East Australia.

A number of Queensland Mounted Police, assisted by native trackers, were at once dispatched in chase, but so skilfully were the fugitive's tracks laid amongst the numberless cattle and horses that roam the stations thereabouts that organized pursuit was rendered hopeless, and it was not until some sixteen days had elapsed that a solitary trooper, accompanied by one black tracker, came in sight of their quarry just as he reached the homestead buildings of Dawn Hills cattle station, about four hundred miles south-west from the scene of his escape.

The writer was a stock-rider on Dawn Hills at the time (1890), and can therefore speak of the last achievements of Mr. Flick with authority as an eye-witness. The boss had gone to a back creek that morning, taking with him the two other stockmen and a couple of blacks. I being down with fever and ague had remained at home, and sat with the cook, a Chinaman with ablutionary prejudices, beneath the bark veranda of the boss's hut. It was past four in the afternoon and the fever had left me for the day. I was reading a book from the boss's library, which consisted, as

is usual in the bush, of about half-a-dozen coverless volumes with most of the essential pages lacking. Presently I was disturbed by Ah Foo, who up to now had been sucking vigorously at an opium pipe. "Tlaveler," he laconically remarked, and looking up I saw riding towards us a man on a bay horse which showed evidences of having come far. He rode up and, greeting us with a "Good-day," swung his right leg over and sat side-saddle fashion. I noticed he was a half-caste, and remarked that he seemed to be lacking the usual paraphernalia of a travelling bushman. "Are you the boss?" said he. "Just now," I answered. "S'pose you can spare me a bit of tucker?" he asked. "Yes," I said; "go down to the hut with the cook and he'll give you some. What's become of your swag?" "Oh, I left it in my camp yesterday an' somebody shook* it," he answered. Ah Foo had started towards the men's hut, a new galvanized iron building about fifty yards

* Stole.



"THE SHOT RANG OUT AND THE TROOPER STRAIGHTENED UP IN HIS SADDLE."

away, and the traveller followed him. I had turned away to replace my book when suddenly I heard a scurry of hoofs, and a voice shouted, "Flick, you're my prisoner!"

I jumped round, and there two new arrivals appeared. A mounted trooper and a uniformed black tracker were galloping towards us. Like a flash the traveller had slipped from his saddle and was fumbling at his holsters.

"Surrender!" called the trooper as he galloped up.

"Go to the deuce!" shouted Flick, as he levelled a pistol.

The trooper stooped over his horse's neck and reached for his weapon. He was too late. Bang! The shot rang out and the trooper straightened up in his saddle. It was all over in a second. As the men came close together as the horse raced past, bang! again went the revolver, and the trooper's body fell to the ground. The riderless horse stopped short some distance off, and Flick ran for the hut, entered, and slammed the door.

At the first report Ah Foo had rushed behind the nearest tree, and now, seeing the coast clear, he scuttled for safety, his pigtail flying behind him, to where I stood astounded at the scene. I was weak with the fever and sank exhausted on a stool. Ah Foo, trembling in every limb, brought me a rifle standing in the hut. It was one of the old Sniders, and would blow a hole through a stone wall. Just in front was a tall tree-stump, into which we had driven hooks to tie our horses up. Ah Foo carried a stool and placed it behind the tree, and I dragged myself to it and sat down, with the rifle resting on one of the hooks.

Out in the open the policeman's body lay motionless, and in the distance I could see the black trooper catching his master's horse. I called to the man in the hut: "Hey, you there!" He appeared at the door, with a loaf of bread in his hand.

"What's up?"

"What d'you reckon you're going to do? And who are you, anyway?"

"I'm Andy Flick; I got away from Normanton 'jug,' an' that cove has tracked me up. I'm going to have a feed, take some blankets an' a fresh horse, an' make tracks; an' if you ain't a fool, you won't try to stop me."

"Well," I said, "I'm considered a good shot, and just now you're covered by a '450-bore Snider. Walk one step out of that hut and you're dead."



"'WELL,' I SAID, 'WALK ONE STEP OUT OF THAT HUT AND YOU'RE DEAD.'"

He gave vent to an ejaculation and jumped inside, slamming the door.

I had sat there for about ten minutes when the boss and his party cantered up.

"Halloa!" he said; "fever better? What are you up to? Kangaroo shooting?" Then his eye travelled over the open to the trooper's body. "Good heavens! what's this you've done?" he asked. I explained matters. "The cold-blooded scoundrel!" he said. "We'll have to take him and send for the police"; and he rode off to the hut.

"Flick!" he called.

"Halloa!" said Flick, from inside; "what are you going to do?"

"Look here," said the boss, sternly, "your game's up. You'll have to answer for this job, so come out of that and give up."

Flick's face appeared at the opening in the iron wall that acted as a window, and he saw we all had him covered.

"All right," said he; "come round to the door an' I'll open it." The boss dismounted and walked to the door, standing waiting outside. Slowly the door opened, then, without a moment's warning, Flick bounded out, fired a revolver point-blank at the boss, and ran for the bush. We were taken so completely unawares that I was the only man nearly ready. Sighting quick along the barrel I fired, and Flick spun round and fell to the ground, but, almost immediately springing up, he gained the shelter of a clump of pandanus bushes near at hand and disappeared.

In the meanwhile the boss had fallen and lay across the threshold of the hut. The excitement had given me strength and we all ran to him, picked him up, and laid him on the table in the hut. He was shot in the left side, the bullet having apparently gone straight through him, coming out under the shoulder.

Subsequently we found it had deflected on the ribs and run round, doing him but little injury. While we were attending to him the trooper was also brought in; he was quite dead, being shot through the body and head.

Night was now approaching, but we were all keen on revenge. I was certain Flick could not carry my Snider bullet far, so, headed by the native tracker, we started on his trail. Here and there a gout of blood showed the fugitive was well hit. Through the first clump of pandanus palms we followed easily, every man hand on trigger and alert. Then came a denser clump, and the blood gouts were brighter in colour. Suddenly the tracker stiffened up and, pointing, cried, "Yowi, boss, there!" Those were his last words.

"Curse you all!" a snarl came out of the bush, and as the revolver crack echoed away the tracker sprang in the air and fell on his face dead. In the hurry of the moment everyone broke for cover, leaving the body lying there. Then bang! bang! bang! the shots rang out into the bush as each man fired away as fast as he could load. Crack! came the answer back, the ball passing me unpleasantly close with a vicious little zipp. Guided by the shot, we rained the bullets in. Once more the revolver spoke, harmoniously; then all was quiet, and dusk settled down.

At daybreak next morning we crept to the spot where the native's body still lay stiff and cold. I called "Flick!" All was silent, save when somewhere up the gully a magpie's joyous warble saluted the rising sun. From the bush a sneaking dingo bounded away at our approach, and we walked cautiously in. The leaves were stripped and torn by bullets, and amongst the shreds, face down in a patch of dried blood, with fourteen wounds in his body and the empty revolver beneath his outspread hand, lay the last of the bushrangers, while overhead, its white eye cocked inquisitively at the scene below, an early crow uttered his requiem.



"FACE DOWN, WITH FOURTEEN WOUNDS IN HIS BODY, LAY THE LAST OF THE BUSHRANGERS."

Prisons of Many Lands.

BY CHAS. COOK, F.R.G.S.

The author, following the example of John Howard, has visited the prisons of almost every country in the world, doing his best to alleviate the sufferings of the inmates and to cheer their lot. In several cases he has been instrumental in securing the release of unjustly-condemned men. Mr. Cook here relates some out-of-the-way experiences in connection with his visits to foreign gaols.



ANY scenes have I witnessed and varied have been the experiences I have passed through since I first became interested in the criminal world.

Some thirty years ago I was engaged in finding employment for, and otherwise helping, discharged prisoners, and in connection with this work was given permission by the Home Office to visit all our convict establishments and also many of the local gaols. When travelling abroad I have made a point of seeing something of the working of the prison systems of other lands, where I have discovered many things which appalled me, besides meeting wrongs that needed righting and starving prisoners who needed feeding.

During my twenty-five years' wanderings through foreign prisons I have been obliged to protest against the filthy condition in which I found the dungeons of some countries, and against the awful injustice of keeping prisoners (as in one country) *six years and nine months* awaiting trial! For countless numbers of prisoners the authorities made absolutely no provision in the way of food. Last, but by no means least, there is the inhuman "penal code" of Russia, which permits of men, without the shadow or semblance of a trial, being kept in a fortress cell measuring seven feet by four feet eight inches or being exiled to Siberia.

Gentlemen known to me, who have visited Russian prisons, have sung their praises and eulogized the system sky-high; but, unfortunately for the value of their testimony, it must be added that these gentlemen hobnobbed with the chief officials, and even, in some cases, lunched with the Czar and Czarina at Peterhof Palace. One of them, after his return to America, unpacked and showed me a magnificent gold and enamel tea-service—a present from St. Petersburg. Under these circumstances criticism is apt to become praise.

With these few remarks by way of preface, I will proceed to relate some of the experiences I have met with among those in "durance vile" in different parts of the world, whilst visiting these gaol-birds in their cages.

"Is Mr. Charles Cook at home?" asked a caller at my house one day.

"No, he is at the seaside," was the reply.

Within a few hours, however, an elderly lady had found me out and had told me her reason for travelling over five hundred miles to see me.

"You see," she said, "I am interested in a young man who is incarcerated in a French convict prison, and, as I am aware you have visited many of the prisons of that country, I think you may be able to help me in getting him released. I am indebted to him for kindness done to one who is dear to me, and, as I feel he has been unjustly sentenced, your influence may be of use to him. He was arrested at an hotel in Paris while in company with a friend, and charged with the unlawful possession of property belonging to a certain lady of title; and as a number of Englishmen had lately been arrested who belonged to a 'long firm,' the judges who tried him, thinking he was probably in league with them, sentenced him to three years in a convict prison."

I listened attentively as the good soul warmed to her subject. She assured me the young man was not guilty. His friend might possibly be the thief, but he himself was quite unaware that the property belonged to anyone save the friend he was with at the hotel.

It seemed a hard sentence, if the facts were as stated, and as my petitioner gave me proofs of her sincerity, and mentioned many well-known ministers who knew of her own mission work, I promised her I would write to the French Government on behalf of the prisoner.

True to my word I wrote, and was permitted to write to and afterwards visit the young man, who was confined in Loos Prison, near Lille.

I found he bore an excellent character, had served about half his sentence, was in high favour with the governor, and had, like Joseph, been put in authority over other prisoners.

In the same prison were several important English criminals who had been concerned in some very big diamond robberies in Paris. These men my young friend (if I may so call him) was daily brought into contact with. As will presently transpire, these men were to play an important part in his career.

After a time I returned to London. A few weeks later there came a peremptory wire from the lady: "Go to Loos Prison. B—— is in danger." Being very busy, I replied: "Impossible to leave England." But the following day a second telegram came, still more urgent in tone: "Imperative, go immediately." On the Saturday I received a third, from France: "Come at once."

Thinking I might be able to get back in time for my Sunday preaching work, I caught the morning mail train, crossed the Channel in a storm that left most of the passengers prostrate, passed through Lille and on to Loos, saw the prisoner B—— and had some conversation with him. Then I had a long interview with the governor, took the train back to Calais, and arrived at Charing Cross after another terrible crossing, having been away from London less than twenty-four hours. I preached three times that same Sunday, went home to bed, and slept the sleep of the just.

A few weeks passed away without incident. Then one day, had the reader been at the railway station at Lille, he might have noticed two well-dressed gentlemen closely observing all the arrivals from Calais. Presently two unmistakable Englishmen descended from the train, hailed a cab, and drove to an hotel, followed closely in a carriage by the two watchers.

The two Englishmen engaged a bedroom and the others did the same, being particularly careful to secure the apartment next to the one taken by the Englishmen.

The following morning the two detectives—for such the watchers were—arose somewhat early, but their quarry had flown, or, rather, been driven rapidly off in a carriage. Here I must leave them and describe another chapter in this strange story.

Let us go back to the Loos Prison, a little later in the same day. Every

morning it was customary for a pair-horse waggon to drive into the prison yard and take away two very large hampers full of boots, which had been made by the convicts, and which were dispatched daily from the gaol consigned to a neighbouring tradesman.

As the clock of the prison was striking ten one bright morning the vehicle left the prison as usual. When about half a mile from its starting-place it was abruptly stopped by two men, who appeared to be labourers. The two detectives I have previously mentioned also appeared, and getting into the van cut the strings of the hamper. These should, of course, have been filled with boots, but on this occasion they were found to contain two prisoners who had attempted to escape in this unique fashion.

The crestfallen convicts were immediately handcuffed by the "labourers," one of whom guarded the prisoners while his comrade was



"THE HAMPER WAS FOUND TO CONTAIN TWO PRISONERS."

busy in packing the two detectives into the same hampers which had contained the convicts—whose surprise at this manœuvre was intense.

The waggon, having completed its change of freight, once more pursued the even tenor of its way; whilst the two "labourers" conducted the chagrined prisoners back once more to the safe custody of the gaol.

Between Loos and Lille there is a lonely avenue of trees, and when the waggon had entered this somewhat dark lane, where the trees almost meet overhead, the driver was again startled by seeing two more men jump through the hedge. Whilst one stopped the horses the other jumped into the van, and cutting the strings of the hampers cried, excitedly, "You are saved! You are saved!" To his horror and disgust, however, instead of his friends the convicts there stepped out the two detectives, who promptly seized both men.

"Although we lost you this morning," said the officials, "we knew where we should find you. If you will be good enough to come with us to the prison, you may be able to see your countrymen whom you expected to find in the baskets."

The solution of this curious comedy of errors is simple. The English prisoners referred to earlier

in my story were undergoing lengthy sentences. By certain channels they were in correspondence with friends in England, and were expecting soon to escape. By reason of my young friend B—— being made gatekeeper, however, all their plans were frustrated, as he had the examining of everything that passed out.

At first they attempted to bribe him, but without success. They then threatened his life, telling him several of the warders were in their pay, and that they meant to escape even though it might mean murdering him.

It was at this time I was summoned from England and tendered my advice. When next B—— was approached by the conspirators they offered him eight hundred pounds if he would pass the boot-baskets out without examining them, and this offer he pretended to accept. The convicts actually handed to him the following morning half the stipulated amount in English bank-notes.

The morning of the escape came, when both parties fulfilled their several parts of the contract, with the curious results I have shown. My readers will readily fill in the several details.

B——, of course, had unfolded the scheme to the governor, who had communicated with the detective force in Paris. B—— must not be blamed for the seeming treachery of his action, for his compliance with the convicts' schemes was literally a question of life or death. As a matter of fact, it was necessary to remove him to Lille Prison directly afterwards.

The elderly lady now suggested to me that this would be a good time to write to Paris and petition for B——'s release. I confess that more than once I marvelled at the great interest she took in the prisoner. "She was sure," she said, "that if I could get him employment in England the French Government would set him at liberty," and I blamed myself as uncharitable when she added, "I would adopt him as my son." For a suspicion had crossed my mind some weeks previously when she asked me if I "would take a little note into the gaol," which, of course, I refused to do.

A few weeks later Miss A—— (the elderly lady) and Mr. B—— arrived in England. The French authorities had answered my petition by discharging the prisoner. I wrote a letter thanking the Minister of the Interior for his kindness, and said that B—— should be "carefully looked after." He was, with a vengeance,



"THEY THEN THREATENED HIS LIFE."

and without my aid! He was soon doing well as a shipping clerk, his linguistic abilities making him very useful to a certain firm in Glasgow.

Six months passed away without my hearing anything of the old lady or the young gentleman. Then I heard from both of them—the tidings taking the form of a small piece of pasteboard, elegantly printed in silver, announcing the wedding of Miss A—— and Mr. B——! I was completely staggered. Had I been utilized to get a lover out of prison? Or had the motherly feeling ripened into a warmer affection when the gaol-bird had assumed a more becoming plumage?

"And so the story ends?" the reader may inquire. "I suppose they lived happily ever afterwards?" Did they!

The honeymoon and a few more weeks passed away, and then I received a letter from Miss A——, now Mrs. B——. I append one question it contained:—

"Could Mr. Cook tell her if Mr. B—— had ever been in any other prison abroad or in any English prison?"

It is the unexpected which always happens. My answer was very guarded:—

"All that I know of the person mentioned I know through you. You must know far more of him than I do."

A week or so elapsed and then I received another communication, this time from him—a wire: "Meet me at Euston Hotel, ten p.m."

I did so, and heard his side of the matter. They had parted, it appeared; could not possibly agree. He was doing very well in a large firm and had a good position, but feared he would lose it through her.

I hardly dared to offer advice. My sympathy and judgment leaned towards the young man. He had been sincere and transparent all through, and my faith in him remains unshaken to this day.

Concerning the lady, I felt she had not fully confided in me, and had, more or less, deceived me throughout. Since wishing B—— "Good night" at Euston some years ago, however, I have never seen or heard of either of them since.

If this little story has a touch of comedy about it, the following is tremendously tragic.

On reaching Morocco, with the intention of visiting the penal establishments there, our Ambassador told me that "The prisons of Morocco are hopeless and heartbreaking; the Sultan once said to me, 'It is cheaper for me to let my prisoners die of starvation than pay the butcher's bill to have them killed!'"

You constantly meet with people in the towns of Morocco without feet, crawling miserably along the ground, and others without hands; these limbs have been lopped off as a punishment for theft. In some cases the palm of the hand is gashed in several places, and the hand

filled with salt and closed, a skin being bound tightly over the whole, till the hand is permanently stiff and useless. Lime is sometimes used instead of salt, and the hand dipped in water, whilst the arms are so fettered that the sufferer cannot touch it.

There are two prisons at Tangier, and once inside them it was only with difficulty that we could distinguish the prisoners in the dark dungeons. In many cases the poor wretches were chained to the wall, and they were well-nigh starving!

Thanks to the kindness of the passengers on board our steamer, I was enabled to satisfy the hunger of all the inmates in both prisons; but when I had done so there was not another

loaf to be bought in all the city.

One prisoner's sad case was brought under my notice, and, after a good deal of palavering, I was enabled to pay his debts and thus redeem him.

There are no such things as roads or wheeled vehicles in this strange land, and travelling into the interior means "roughing it." The farther one goes south the more awful are the scenes witnessed in the prisons.

At one city we visited the poor prisoners were ravenous. In some cases the poor, starving captives were so bare of clothing that they literally wore only the massive chains and



THE AUTHOR, MR. CHAS. COOK, F.R.G.S., WHO HAS VISITED THE PRISONS OF ALMOST EVERY COUNTRY IN THE WORLD.

From a Photo.



"THE POOR WRETCHES WERE CHAINED TO THE WALL, AND WERE WELL-NIGH STARVING."

iron collars which fastened them to the slimy walls. In many instances men had been imprisoned for some trifling offence by a governor who had travelled away and forgotten all about the prisoners, who remain for years until death mercifully releases them.

One of these men had been chained in a dungeon for six years, quite unable to get free, whilst two companions in misery had died by his side, possibly poisoned by the foul air.

In many cases like these the prisoners have been entirely forgotten. No list of names is kept and no accusations are registered. For these unfortunates there is no hope of a trial or of a definite sentence—to live and die in these noisome vaults is all they can hope for, separated for ever as they are from the outer world. To be able to carry to these poor creatures any ray of hope—"to give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death"—is work the angels might envy.

The awful irony of the whole business in these "habitations of cruelty" in the dark places of the earth is that when you are able to release a poor wretch you must needs first pay the soldiers who arrested and the warders

who guard him for the hire of the dungeon in which he is incarcerated and for the chains that bound him!

I am thankful to be able to state that there is at least some little hope of prison reform in Morocco. The young Sultan has been approached on the subject, and he appears to be willing to do something, though this may set some of the more fanatical of his followers against him if they deem he is yielding to European influence. I hope to return to Morocco almost directly to see if anything can be done for those who languish in its dungeons.

I had preached in the Tombs Prison, New York, had heard the prisoners applaud the lady soloist, had visited the "murderers' row"—a corridor where only those charged with homicide were domiciled—and had been told by prison officials that if I was in prison they could get me out if I had money, and that if I had enough they could even get me off the gallows! But I was hardly prepared for what I was to see on the following Sunday, when I was due at the great Sing Sing Convict Prison on the banks of the Hudson.

Some thirteen hundred men were facing me on that Sunday morning; at least two bankers were in my congregation, besides others whose friends in the outside world were known, if not as millionaires, at least as men who could figure in a "trust" or a "combine."

Little did I think that some of those gaul-birds were even then growing their feathers, so to speak, and preening their plumage, with the hopes of a speedy flight from that frowning tortress overlooking the Hudson River.

A splendid band and a trained choir led the singing, and when I had finished the sermon

there was applause, and a request that I would again occupy the pulpit on some future occasion. But my real surprise began when I visited the prisoners in their cells.

The first man I found lying in bed, smoking his pipe and reading his daily paper—Sunday edition. The second man I saw was making "after-noon tea." He had all the usual requirements in his cell, though this, I learned, was against the regulations. The third prisoner was playing with a diamond, of all things in the world, and asked me if I would value it for him!

The fourth man was passing a note to the convict in the next cell as I approached the door, and, having dropped the length of wire he was using to convey the message, asked the chaplain, who accompanied me, to be good enough to pick it up for him! By this time I had seen all I wished of Sing Sing Prison and quietly left.

A week or so later a mysterious, but successful, escape was made from this very prison by two well-known and daring prisoners, who had, in the darkness of early morn, broken out and scaled the walls before the alarm was given.

As the warders hurried to the river's edge they could just see a boat containing the two prisoners in mid-stream. There was no other boat in which they could follow, and in the hope of having them caught on the other side they shouted with all their might. Whether this alarmed or frightened the runaways the officers never knew, but a piercing shriek rang out, and the officers saw the boat overturn and the men sink in the water.

The next day, some miles below, the caps of the two prisoners were picked up at the edge of the river.

Three weeks later two bodies in convict garb—their faces quite unrecognisable though having been so long in the water—were discovered, and the story of the two prisoners' end was told in Sing Sing as a warning to other convicts.



"THE OFFICERS SAW THE BOAT OVERTURN."

Whilst travelling down in the "prisoners' boat" to Blackwell's Island from New York I got into conversation with two detectives and expressed my surprise at the recent escape and the sad end of the men.

"I guess that story is not ended yet," said one of the police. "I'm not supposed to know what don't concern me, but don't you just think that those bodies belonged to the two murderers that escaped."

Shall I be "telling tales out of school" if I say I now know that the upsetting of the boat was a ruse, and that, after diving, the convicts swam ashore on the farther side of the river? Willing hands helped them to change their clothing, which was speedily put upon two corpses specially procured from a New York hospital (money can do nearly everything in America), and these were sunk in the river lower down, and found when required some three weeks later, when, of course, the "hue and cry" ceased.

Whilst visiting Finland and her prisons I was introduced by the Baroness Wrede to a famous criminal called Harpoja, known as "The Terror of Finland," who was under sentence of death.

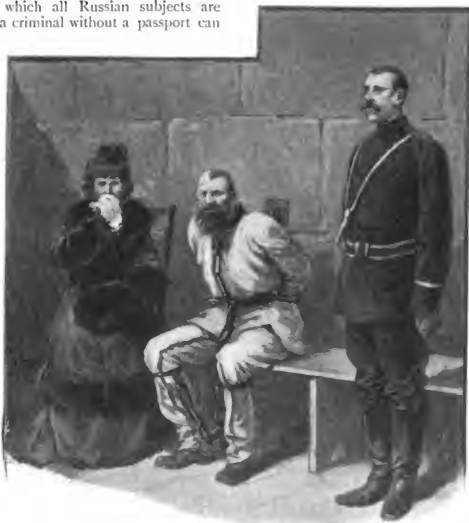
Sentenced to Siberia for many years, he had escaped and returned to Finland, where a number of murders were soon committed, and at last the murderer—no other than Harpoja—was captured. The whole of Finland rejoiced when he was confined in the strong prison of Kakolo at Abo.

The happiness was short-lived, however, for one morning his cell was found to be empty—the bird was flown! But such is the network of the Russian criminal system, and the daily espionage to which all Russian subjects are exposed, that a criminal without a passport can

Sheppard, this marvellous "prison-breaker," was at liberty again in less than a fortnight.

He was again recaptured, and yet, despite still heavier irons and stronger chains, for the fourth time he escaped from this grim granite fortress and, freeing himself from his fetters, made good his escape.

I have no time to tell of the influence the Baroness Wrede acquired over him, and of the kindness with which she won this criminal to



"HE WAS CHAINED TO THE WALL OF THE COURT."

hardly escape arrest; and soon Harpoja was retaken, conveyed back to Kakolo, more heavily ironed, and put in a stronger cell. Marvellous to state, in less than a fortnight the gaol-bird had again flown!

The secret police, being put upon their mettle, left no stone unturned, no city unsearched, and no means untried to recapture him; and eventually Harpoja, whose name had become a real terror to law-abiding people, was again under lock and key. It seemed useless to detain him, however, for this modern Jack

respect the laws, but such was the fear of the judge who finally tried him, after Harpoja was again recaptured, that he absolutely refused to have him appear in court unless he was chained to the wall of the court and the Baroness would promise to sit between Harpoja and the judge. When I last saw him he was more heavily ironed than any man I have ever seen in my life at home or abroad. Harpoja's many escapes prove that the prison has never been built which can hold a desperate, cunning, and resourceful prisoner, determined at all costs to free himself.

The Solving of a Mystery.

By OCTAVIUS BARTLETT.

A tea-planter friend at Darjeeling complained to the author that night after night his fowls mysteriously disappeared, although kept under lock and key in a strong house. Mr. Bartlett undertook to discover the thief. His investigations culminated in a most extraordinary adventure, which is here narrated.



WAS stationed in the Darjeeling district of India for some years, and during that time made the acquaintance of several of the tea-planters, with whom I used to go shooting round their estates. One day while passing through Ghoom, a small village near Darjeeling, I met one of my tea-planter friends who had a small estate on the other side of Ghoom, about three miles away. He asked me to come and have tiffin with him, and as I had plenty of time on my hands I went. On the way to his place he told me that during the last two or three weeks a number of his fowls had mysteriously disappeared and he could not make out who or what took them. When we arrived at the bungalow, as tiffin would not be ready for half an hour, he took me and showed me over his fowl-house. I had a good look round, and then told him I did not see how any prowling animal could take the fowls, as it was a strong house, built of stone and mud, and with a strong wooden roof. It must, I said, be some of the native servants. But this the planter refused to believe. "It cannot be they," he said, "for the door is always kept locked and no one goes in but myself. Every night when the birds have gone to roost I go in and count them as they sit on the perches, and yet during the last week, every other day or so, when I let them out in the morning I find one of them missing. It can't be rats, because they are all big fowls, much too big for a rat to tackle, and I keep my chickens and small fowls in another house made of corrugated iron. It's a most mysterious business!"

Continuing my inspection of the place I saw that on the outside of the fowl-house there was

a kind of ladder made of bamboo, leading up to the roof, where there was a small hole for the fowls to go in and out during the daytime. This, however, was too small to allow any animal, such as a fox or jackal, to get in, even if they could climb up the ladder, which rose about fifteen feet from the ground. Close to the fowl-house and partly overhanging it was a big banyan tree, some of the branches of which hung down quite close to the roof. But no animal could get up the tree and into the house from the roof, as it slanted too much, and, moreover, the hole where the fowls went in was under the wooden eaves. I therefore dismissed the idea of a four-footed thief, and after a final look, both inside and out, we went in to tiffin. After the meal I searched all round to see if I could find any feathers or other traces of the missing fowls which would give me a clue to their fate, but I could find absolutely nothing.

Three, or four days later I called on my planter friend again. He told me he had lost two more fowls since my last visit, and although he sat up and watched all night he had not seen anything come to take them away. The thing was most puzzling and irritating. I told him that if he liked I would sit up that night and see if I could catch the thief, as I had a suspicion one of his servants must have a key which fitted the lock on the fowl-house door, and knew exactly the best time to come and take the birds. I therefore instructed my friend not to let any of his servants know of the arrangement. Dinner over, I got up and said good-night to my friend, and apparently set off for home. After going some little distance, however, I stopped and turned off the small path into the

jungle, intending to see if any of the servants had been following me. Waiting for half an hour, and seeing and hearing no one, I very quietly retraced my steps, keeping as much out of the moonlight as possible. Going round the back of my friend's bungalow I made my way

daylight, when I heard the servants beginning to move about, and then I went to the bungalow and saw my friend having a cup of coffee. He greeted me heartily and inquired if I had seen or heard anything. I related how I had passed the night, and assured him that on this occasion



"LIGHTING MY PIPE, I SAT WATCHING."

into a small shed, which stood exactly opposite the fowl-house. I shut the door and opened the little wooden window, from which I could see the fowl-house door quite plainly in the moonlight, without being visible myself. I hoped to catch the thief or thieves red-handed.

I made myself as comfortable as I could, and then, lighting my pipe, sat watching. I had my gun with me, one barrel loaded with very small dust shot, which I used for small birds, and the other with a shell. The dust shot was intended for the thief if he saw me and tried to run away before I got to the fowl-house, and the other barrel for any large animal which might come prowling about. For my friend had told me that very often leopards, cheetahs, and bears came round the bungalow at night to see if they could get anything for supper.

I sat at my post all through the night and only saw some jackals and a couple of porcupines, although once I fancied I heard the fowls making a noise as if something were disturbing them. But as I could see the door plainly and there was nothing near it, I dismissed the idea as an idle fancy. I waited until

at least he would be sure to find his fowls all right, as to my certain knowledge no living creature had entered the door.

After I had had a cup of coffee with him we went over to the fowl-house and he unlocked the door. All the fowls were sitting on their perches, and as they came out to be fed we counted them. To my amazement, however, we found that one was missing! The night before we had counted sixty-four, and now, although we both went over them two or three times, we could only make sixty-three!

I felt more mystified than ever. No one had been near the door all night, of that I was certain, so that the bird could not have been taken out that way. How, then, had it vanished? We went into the fowl-house and searched all round, but there was no hole, save the one near the roof, big enough for even a rat to get in at—and a rat could not possibly kill and carry a big fowl out that way, as he would have had to jump up about three feet with it in his mouth. Whatever it was, however, the fact remained that another fowl had disappeared—gone without leaving a trace—making eight in all that

had been taken away. I felt distinctly annoyed at the result of my vigil so far, and informed the planter that I would sit up inside the fowl-house itself that night and solve the mystery at all costs. "How about the insects?" he asked. "I don't care for the insects," said I. "I'm not going to be beaten like this; I mean to find out who or what the thief is."

As I did not now think that any of the servants were concerned in these mysterious thefts, we talked about the matter in front of the "bearer"

(house-servant), and I asked him what he thought about it. But he shook his head and, looking very frightened, said, "Shitan! Shitan!" (Devil! Devil!) "sahib," "Yes," said my friend, laughing, "they all say that, and, although I have offered five rupees to any one of them who can find out the thief, they won't venture out of their huts after dark. So we must try and find out ourselves."

That night we again counted the fowls and saw there were only sixty-three. After late dinner we sat in the veranda and had a smoke and chat for an hour, and then I took a small bull's-eye lamp and went off to the fowl-house. I had the key, and after unlocking the door went in and shut it behind me. Turning the shade of the bull's-eye round I saw that all the fowls were on their perches, roosting quietly enough. I counted them again just to make quite sure, and saw they were all right. Then I took a small empty box and put it against the wall for a seat. After turning the shade of the lamp round, so as to show no light, I put it down beside me and, holding my gun across my lap,

sat waiting for the mysterious visitor. The hole where the fowls went in and out was opposite me, at the other end of the fowl-house, and I could just see it, but the big tree outside kept the moonlight off, so that I could not observe it very plainly. Inside it was pitch dark. The insects did not trouble me much, and I sat on patiently all through the night without hearing or seeing anything. When daylight arrived I went out and had a look round, and then proceeded to the bungalow for a cup of coffee,

telling my friend we should find the fowls all right, as I had had no visitors. We found on counting them that they were all there—sixty-three—just as I had counted them overnight. The planter said they did not disappear regularly every night, but every second or third night one would go. "Very well," I said, "I will sit up every night till I find out what it is that takes those fowls, even if it takes me a month."

The following evening, therefore, I again took up my post in the fowl-house. I had been sitting watching for about an hour when I fancied I heard something moving on the roof, and sat up, watching the

hole in front of me intently. As the wind was blowing a little, however, I thought the noise might possibly be the branches of the tree rubbing against the roof.

What little light came through the opening kept going out altogether as clouds passed over the moon, so that the light was even worse than usual. I knew that the fowls would make a noise if anything disturbed them, and also that none of them could be molested without



"HE SHOOK HIS HEAD, LOOKING VERY FRIGHTENED."

making some little noise, and so putting me on my guard.

I was just looking down to see if the lamp was burning all right when I heard the fowls begin to move about as if something was disturbing them on their perches. Yes, there was something there, sure enough, for they began to get uneasy and shift about. I had noticed when I came in that they had left the perches under the hole near the roof free, and were all roosting as far away from it as possible, as if they knew the direction from which their enemy came. "So, whatever it is," I muttered, "will have to come right in—and I shall get a shot at it before it can get out, I fancy."

Ah! It was at them now, for I could hear them shifting about more and more, and presently one came fluttering down to the ground. It was time to act! I reached down and picked up my lamp. Turning the shade I threw a ray of light upwards, rising to my feet at the same time and holding my gun at full cock in my right hand.

I beheld a most extraordinary spectacle. A little above me, the light shining on its glittering body, was a huge rock-snake! I could

not see its head, but throwing my gun up I fired both barrels, the shell and the small shot, right into him, fancying at such a close range it would kill him. But I found I had made a great mistake, for the next minute I was seized by the arm and swung irresistibly round. Then, mixed up with fluttering, squawking fowls

and broken wood, dust, and dirt, I was battling desperately for dear life to keep out of the coils of the terrible monster, who had seized my arm in his mouth. My gun and lamp were both dashed out of my hands, and we fought on in utter darkness. But not in silence. For as we dashed hither and thither and fell about, the horrible reptile ever striving to encircle me with his awful coils, the hens fluttered and squawked wildly, while I shouted and yelled at the top of my voice to try and make my friend hear. I had got the snake by the throat with my right hand, while he had

fixed his teeth firmly in my left arm; but, although I knew I must have wounded him badly, if I could not keep out of his coils until help came he might be able to crush me to death. Once or twice he succeeded in getting one coil of his huge body round my legs and brought me down heavily as he lashed himself about. But so far I had kept his coils off my body. How long I could do so was a question, for I knew I could not stand the strain much longer.

The snake had just got my legs in another coil and brought me down again,

and I could feel him rolling me over and those relentless coils getting higher up my body, preparatory to crushing out my life, when the door was flung open and I heard my friend and some natives outside. I summoned up all my strength and shouted, "A big snake has got me! A knife, quick!"



"THROWING MY GUN UP I FIRED BOTH BARRELS."

My friend, dropping his gun, snatched a big knife his bearer had luckily brought, and with great presence of mind knelt on me and the snake, and cut away at its neck behind the head till he had hacked the head clean off. Then, with the help of the men, he unwound the great brute from me and pulled me out into the open, more dead than alive.

It was some time before I could get the numbness out of my legs sufficiently to walk,

house door open in order that the fowls might go back again if they liked.

We took the dead snake and the two fowls with us, and after a good brushing down and a stiff peg of whisky I went to bed, feeling somewhat exhausted after the knocking about I had received. The next morning I was stiff and sore and covered with black-and-blue bruises. Where the snake had seized my arm in his mouth there were a lot of little punctures like



"MY FRIEND KNELT ON ME AND THE SNAKE AND CUT AWAY AT ITS NECK."

and the planter and his men had also received one or two nasty knocks before the big snake was finally vanquished. I asked my friend what made them so long coming to help me. "From the time you fired the shot till we came to you," he said, "was not above two or three minutes."

But it seemed hours to me.

As for the fowl-house, it was an absolute wreck. All the big bamboo uprights for the perches were torn down and the perches broken, and on the floor lay two dead fowls, while the remainder all vanished outside directly the door was opened.

After we had found my gun, which was not very much damaged, and the lamp, now broken, we went back to the bungalow, leaving the fowl-

pin-pricks, and these smarted a good deal. Fortunately, however, rock-snakes are not poisonous; their power lies entirely in the strength of their awful coils.

We measured the snake and found it was twelve feet three and a half inches long. But for being wounded so badly with my shot I am afraid he would have done for me long before anyone could have come to my rescue. He must have entered the fowl-house by means of the small hole under the eaves, gaining access to it from the branches of the banyan, which touched the roof.

We had solved the mystery, but I am not at all anxious to tackle a rock-snake again, especially under similar circumstances.

The "Meistertrunk" at Rothenburg.

By WALTER DEXTER.

A description of a remarkable play—two years older than the famous Passion Play of Oberammergau—which takes place every year on Whit-Monday at the ancient city of Rothenburg, in Germany. The play is acted by the townspeople, and commemorates a wonderful feat accomplished by one Burgomaster Nusch, who gave his life to save the town.



If the thousands of people who go to see the Passion Play at Oberammergau many must have travelled through the charmingly situated and ancient little town of Rothenburg-on-the-Tauber, about eighty miles from Oberammergau and one hundred and twenty miles from Munich.

But few of the visitors, however, who pass through this picturesque, old-world town *en route* for the most realistic play ever performed are aware that in its old Rathhaus a play, every bit as realistic and remarkable as the famous Passion Play and in origin two years older, is performed once a year on Whit-Monday. It is, indeed, surprising that the "Meistertrunk," for

In October, 1631, the forces under Count Tilly, commander of the Catholic League during the first part of the Thirty Years' War, and, after the retirement of Wallenstein in 1630, also commander of the joint Imperial and Catholic forces, laid siege to Rothenburg.

Greatly incensed at the stubborn resistance offered by the townspeople, Count Tilly made a vow that, when at length the town should fall, he would set it alight in three places and put all the members of the town council to death.

The people of Rothenburg, however, determined to fight to the bitter end. They made a most gallant stand against the Emperor's army, but at eventide were compelled to surrender, and Tilly, at the head of the Holy Army, entered



From a] THE RATHHAUS OF ROTHENBURG, WHERE THE PLAY IS PERFORMED. [Photo.

such is the play called, has not yet become world-famous. It is even known to but few Germans, and they are, for the most part, Bavarians, for Rothenburg is situated in the kingdom of Bavaria.

Like the Passion Play, the "Meistertrunk" is enacted by the villagers; it is played to commemorate the act of one who, in 1631 (two years before the great plague at Oberammergau, which gave rise to the Passion Play), by the achievement of a wonderful feat, saved the town from the ravages of the enemy. The origin of the play is essentially historical, and the story is as follows.

the city gates and marched to the Rathhaus (town-hall), where the town council was sitting.

Tilly's anger had not abated. He upbraided the council for their stern resistance to their Emperor, and finished by making known his vow to put all the council to death because of their treason.

It was a particularly hot day, and the council had been refreshing themselves with delicious wine, which only that district could produce. Whether they offered the wine to Tilly, or whether he, as victor, seized it as his right, is not recorded; but we know for a fact that Tilly

drank of the wine and was mightily pleased with it.

The wine was served in a large glass bowl, which, needless to say, had to be filled again and again by the steward of the council, as it passed from Tilly to his officers and staff and back again to Tilly.

The more he tasted of the delicious beverage the stronger was he in his declarations that he had never before drunk anything half so fine. Eventually the general was in that state of good humour that is only vouchsafed to those who drink deep and long from the wine-bowl. Seeing that now was the time when, if ever his decision was to be altered, one might plead for mercy and be granted the request, the burgo-

master in amazement. Not one of them dared think that the other would volunteer to perform this seemingly impossible feat, for the bowl, as they knew full well, contained over three quarts of wine!

Greatly to the amazement of the council, and to the still greater amazement of the general himself, the burgomaster, Nusch by name, stepped forward and accepted the task which had been set, and upon which the fate of the council rested.

Knowing that the attempt to thus relieve the council and the town would, in all probability, result in his death, Nusch took an affectionate farewell of his wife and fellow-townsmen.

Raising the bowl to his lips he then took this



THE BURGOMASTER ABOUT TO TAKE THE FATAL DRINK.
From the historical picture by F. Birkmeyer.

master's wife came forward, and flinging herself on her knees in front of the commander begged for the life of her husband and the other members of the council. But Tilly was obdurate.

However, the wine was surely, if slowly, doing its work; at length Count Tilly relented somewhat and offered to give the council one chance for their lives.

He filled the bowl that had lately passed from mouth to mouth with the rich, sparkling wine, and announced that he would spare the lives of all the members of the council and spare the town if one of them could drink the contents of the bowl without making a pause.

The members of the council looked at one

"Meistertrunk"
— the longest
drink on record.

For a minute and a quarter he drank, and the astonishment of everyone was exceedingly great. At length Nusch reached out the bowl to Tilly. It was empty, and the burgomaster had saved the town! But his own life was the forfeit, for hardly had he shown the general that the bowl was empty than he fell to the ground—dead.

Such is the story of the "Meistertrunk" (the Master-drink), in remembrance of which the people of Rothenburg enact the play annually on Whit-Monday.

A visitor to the little town of Rothenburg on



THE PROCESSION OF MEDIEVAL TROOPS ROUND THE WALLS OF THE TOWN WHICH PRECEDES THE PLAY.

From a Photo.

the day this play is presented would be led to suppose that he had been transported to the days of the seventeenth century. Not only do the buildings, several of which are a thousand years of age, lend colour to the illusion, but inside the walls are to be seen a number of armed men dressed in the picturesque costume of that day. These represent the defenders of the gallant city at the time when Tilly besieged it.

At the Rathaus, the same town-hall in which the incident occurred, the play, "Der Meistertrunk," is performed by the townspeople.

The play opens with the meeting of the council in the morning before the fall of the town. All signify their determination to fight to the end. The next scene is the evening, when Tilly has marched into the town. He enters the council

chamber, upbraids them for their resistance, and makes known to them his decision to put them all to death.

Then comes the drinking of the wine, offered to Tilly by the steward of the council and contained in a large glass bowl, the identical one used on the memorable occasion.

Tilly drinks, praises the wine, and circulates it amongst his staff. Then appears the wife of the burgomaster.

Her touching appeal for her husband's life, as well as for the lives of the rest of the council, is almost invariably well rendered, and the audience are roused to a high pitch of emotion and excitement. At first Tilly refuses to go back upon his word, but the burgomaster's wife still persists, and in a short time Tilly relents, offering to spare all their lives if any one of them can



"COUNT TILLY."

From a Photo.

drink up without pausing all the wine that the bowl can contain. Astonishment is written on all faces as Burgomaster Nusch steps forward and says he will save the council. He takes a touching and affectionate farewell of his wife and fellow-councillors, and at this point of the play, which is exceedingly well acted, the tension of the audience is very great, and the silence causes the scene to be all the more impressive.

Nusch raises the bowl to his lips and drinks. He takes one and a quarter minutes to empty the bowl, and as each succeeding second goes by the surprise of Tilly, his staff, and all assembled, increases. At



last Nusch stops and holds out the bowl to Tilly. It is empty! The feat is accomplished, and, having reminded the general of his promise, the brave burgomaster falls down dead.

Such is the play of "Der Meistertrunk," and anyone in the near vicinity of Rothenburg on Whit-Monday should make a point of being present to witness it. After the play is over the actors make a parade of the town in their costumes.

It is, perhaps, needless to remark that in




the play the bowl is empty, and the actor is not under the necessity of repeating the great feat of Burgomaster Nusch, which would probably end in an equally tragic fashion.



The Shrine by the Nujha Bridge.

By ROBERT D. RUDOLF, M.D. (EDIN.), M.R.C.P. (LOND.).

Dr. Rudolf relates the curious history of an unfinished bridge across a river in Northern Bengal. The European contractor laid sacrilegious hands on a native shrine which stood in the way, whereupon the priest in charge cursed him. The tragic fulfilment of the curse is unfolded in the story.

HEY are afraid to be there by night, sir. With your honour's permission they will remain here until daylight."

Such, being interpreted, was the unwilling reply which I at last extracted from my bearer, Siree, as to why my servants should be stretched on the veranda outside my bedroom, snoring in different keys and spoiling my chances of sleeping. I did not put the natural query, "What are they afraid of?" well knowing that the superstitious mind of the average native of India is afraid of most things at night, and that it fancies every shadow peopled with spirits. Hence I accepted his answer, and once more commenced to toss about on the hard, uneven bed.

But what with the noisy creaking of the punkah overhead, and the grunting and snoring outside in the veranda, sleep fled still farther away, and soon I lay acutely awake and listening intently—for what I knew not. The night was perfectly still and hot almost beyond bearing. I lay in the Government dāk-bungalow, which had been built some years before for the accommodation of the occasional traveller who might have to pass through this barren, sun-scorched district of Northern Bengal.

I believe that several years previously I had spent a night here on my way to the cool heights of the Himalayas, a hundred miles farther north, but a raging fever then blurred my senses and the place now struck no familiar chord in my memory.

Being quite sure at last that sleep and I were divorced for the night, I arose and woke my bearer, who lay in the doorway, rolled up in his white *chuddar*, looking like a mummy. I dressed myself and, bidding him follow me, picked my way through the sleeping forms on the veranda, and so out into the moonlight

night. It was almost as bright as day, and the great full moon cast sharp-cut shadows of striking intensity upon the white ground.

My old bearer had often been here before—in fact, was born near the spot—and he led me across the dry, dusty grass to the still more dusty high road, which stretched north and south straight as a sunbeam. A few scraggy palms lined the road like telegraph posts. Across it, to the east, a native village, flanked by a grove of mango trees and a leafless tamarind or two, lay silent in the moonlight except for the dismal howling of a wakeful pariah. At the back of the dāk-bungalow were the servants' quarters, which had recently been run up by a native contractor and had never yet been used. Beyond them the land sloped gently to the wide river-bed, which Siree informed me curved so sharply to the north that the great road crossed it about a mile from here. We turned north on the road and trudged along in silence. It was cooler here than indoors.

"Sahib," said Siree, suddenly stopping and turning to me in his abrupt way, "shall I tell you why your menials fear to dwell in the huts provided for such as they by the great Government?"

"Go ahead," I said, waking from a half reverie of far-off, cool, green England.

"Then be pleased to follow me, sir," and with that he struck off the road sharply to the left and along a pathway leading to the river. At first he went quickly, some ten paces in advance of me, but as we neared the sloping bank he seemed to become uneasy and cautious and slowed his pace so that we were close together. It was not physical danger that he dreaded, for when a snake glided off the foot-path only a yard in front of him he scarcely started, although seldom could he have been so near to death as at that moment.

"What is it, Siree?" I whispered, as his ill-defined dread presently infected me.

"Do you see that white object there, sir? That is where *He* is buried, and that is why no man has dared for years to be, by night, where we now are."

Yes, certainly I could see a white stone structure, standing by itself in the sloping ground

muffled in the warm, deep dust. Siree seemed to have forgotten his promised tale, and neither of us spoke. Soon we reached the spot at which the road struck the river, and I noticed that, becoming narrowed to a mere bullock-cart track, it curved down to the left and across the almost dry river-bed, and then, climbing the opposite bank, continued in its former line. Several



"DO YOU SEE THAT WHITE OBJECT THERE, SIR?"

between the servants quarters and the river—the grave, evidently, of some European. But such was, alas! only too common a sight near these lonely dāk-bungalows, and I remembered with a shiver how nearly I had needed one when here before.

"Let us return to the road, for honour, and I will continue my tale," said Siree. We almost ran back to the highway, and both of us heaved a sigh of relief on gaining it; it looked so safe and matter-of-fact in the bright moonlight. North again we went, our footsteps sounding

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stone buttresses, half ruined, stood in the river-bed and a stone projection jutted from the far bank. These were evidently the remains of the bridge which the Government had years before commenced. I had understood that the work was begun many years before the Mutiny, and had been abandoned, when almost completed, for some reason known only to those in power. Certainly it seemed a most necessary work.

On the near bank, under a large peepul tree, was one of those little, half-ruined Hindu shrines which one sees so constantly in such localities.

Travellers crossing the river would naturally pause just here and might give alms to the priest in charge while waiting. And the priest or his relations usually work a clumsy rope-trickery during the rainy season.

"This is the scene of my story, your honour," began my bearer. "Here it was that the fakir who tended this shrine worked his great miracle."

I had seated myself and fallen into a reverie again, but the old man, continuing, soon caught my attention. The following is the gist of his narrative, shorn of the wealth of detail which lengthened it through the remaining hours of the night.

In the early part of last century, when "John Company" still ruled over India, the road beside which we were now seated was made. It extended for hundreds of miles and was meant chiefly for military purposes. When the engineers reached this river (which the local natives insist on calling the "Nujha," Government maps to the contrary) a bridge became necessary, and a Scotch contractor, noted even in those days for the violence of his language, was entrusted with the work.

The road, running due north, would strike the river-bank exactly at the spot where stood, and still stands, the insignificant Hindu shrine already mentioned. The road-makers, on reaching within a few yards of this edifice, had stopped operations until such time as the bridge should be completed, and, crossing the river, continued their work in the same line beyond. The bridge-builder, McTavish by name,

summoned his hundreds of native employés, with all their paraphernalia, and gave his orders for the commencement of the work forthwith.

But a difficulty arose. The native overseers explained, hesitatingly, that the work on the south bank must involve the destruction of the little shrine, and this they dared not do. They begged him to deflect the road ever so little, so that the shrine might remain. McTavish's language on the occasion is still proverbial. But, frightened as his

native inferiors were, they remained firm, and all he could do was to temporize. They consented to build the buttresses in the river-bed and on the far bank, and with this compromise he had, for the time, to rest content.

Day by day the structures grew under the skilled hands of the builders, who had, as the road stretched ever northward, conquered many greater rivers than the Nujha.

McTavish's rule was of iron, and woe be to the gang of men who failed to complete their day's work, for, if he were sparing of praise, he was lavish in punishment, and no day passed with-

out some exhibition of his temper.

The little temple was much frequented by the workmen and their camp-followers, for the fame of the aged priest who had watched over it for a lifetime was great. Furthermore, even the dullest labourer realized that the day must come when the bridge and shrine could not both survive, and it was well to propitiate the priest. Hence the shrine itself was covered with marigold flowers, little offerings of food and silver ware, and even money. Had the



"LITTLE OFFERINGS OF FOOD."

holy man not been far removed from sordid avarice, he must have blessed the coming of the bridge and soon eased his declining days with riches.

Every morning, when the workers rose at the first streak of dawn and shivered round the embers of their fires, they would see the holy man already at his devotions or performing his ablutions in the fast-dwindling stream. And, as they passed to their work, they watched him standing by his shrine and looking, first south along the already completed road, then north to where it now stretched for miles, and it was clear to them that he was cursing the work, which, when finished, must blot out the shrine.

But they had not much time to indulge their curiosity or fears, for soon the drive of the day would commence, and, when the sun set, they were too tired for much more than a frugal supper and then to sleep.

At last all was completed except the buttress on the near bank, which must involve the destruction of the shrine. The season was growing late, and the heat was so great that every day the native doctor dreaded more and more to report the ever-growing list of heat casualties. He came at last half to think that he was to blame for the sun's work, and McTavish acted as if he thought so too.

The engineer sent notice to the priest, through a subordinate, that on a certain near day he would commence the work. It chafed him to be so considerate, but he had orders not to give offence.

The day arrived, a late one in May, and dawn showed an unusual amount of stir on the banks of the river. It had been noised abroad for days before that on this day the will of the aged priest and that of the dreaded engineer would be pitted one against the other. So the people from far and near left their villages and, travelling with their women and children through the night, were already here to witness the duel.

In the engineer's camp little sleep had prevailed, and the voices of excited men and women had risen and fallen the whole night long. The workmen were in a dilemma: if they obeyed their master and started to pull down the little temple, then what evil night the curses of the priest not bring upon them and their families? On the other hand, dared they disobey the iron will of their master? What would become of the accumulated pay of months, for which they had striven so hard and borne so much? Hence, when the fevered night passed and a burning day promised, tumult prevailed in the camp.

There, as usual, was the tall, emaciated old man, performing his devotions as was his wont,

and then looking now south and now north and raising his hands as if to supplicate the help of the god of his shrine. The tension grew. McTavish could be seen breakfasting as usual in front of his little tent, and afterwards smoking a cigar as he shouted orders to those around.

The two champions were easily visible to all the vast multitude, and were watched with much the same interest as would be accorded to wrestlers, for natives are keen sportsmen and dearly love a trial of strength or skill. But this was no mere struggle for position or a prize. It was, in the eyes of the spectators, a trial for life—a fight betwixt the god of the shrine and the sahibs—between the East and the West.

McTavish continued to issue his orders, but was apparently meeting with passive resistance, as his servants could be seen salaaming low and backing away from the fast-angry man, but doing nothing to obey him. The shrine must be pulled down at once and the old priest sent about his business, he said. Already they had lost two hours, and the day was getting hot and nothing had been done.

Threats of punishment and actual beating of one or two of the overseers, who were thus degraded in the eyes of their workmen, produced no further result.

The old priest stood there—alone, by his shrine, calmly waiting.

Already, to many, the victory seemed to be with the holy man, and the workmen were glad that they had not gone to work and that they had spent a little on the shrine. McTavish saw then that something must be done or the day would be lost. Taking his heavy, well-worn riding whip, he strode over to the shrine, followed by hundreds of anxious natives.

Was he going to strike the priest? they wondered.

"No, not even a sahib would dare to do that," murmured the crowd.

Reaching the shrine, McTavish addressed himself to the holy man, and in even louder tones, in his broken Hindustani, bade him leave the shrine to its fate.

The old man, trembling with age, but with a steady eye, stepped a few paces away and apparently waved to McTavish, as if challenging him to approach the shrine. The engineer turned triumphantly to the nearest workmen and ordered them to commence the work of destruction. But they only backed away and left him alone.

Then McTavish, infuriated, threw off his coat and himself started to pull away brick after brick. And now the excitement grew intense. The tall, gaunt old priest stood with raised



"THE TALL, GAUNT OLD PRIEST STOOD WITH RAISED HANDS AND CURSED THE MAN WHO WAS DESECRATING HIS SHRINE."

hands and in slow, rhythmical tones cursed the man who was desecrating his shrine. And the man himself, unaccustomed to manual labour and growing ever angrier, became redder and redder, until he seemed as if on fire. Brick by brick the slow destruction went on, McTavish throwing the stones disdainfully from him.

"The sahib wins!" "The god of the shrine is no god, and the old man is an impostor." Such whisperings began to be bruited about, and the fickle crowd edged away from the priest and moved as if to help the white man.

Suddenly cries arose: "See, the sahib staggers!" "He falls!" "He is struck by the god of the shrine!"

And, sure enough, the man had fallen back, still grasping tightly a sun-dried brick; and there he lay, beside the little pile of *débris* which he had removed—dead! And there still stood the priest, calm and erect, looking at his late opponent.

A babel of voices arose: the struggle was over, and soon the crowds melted and went their various ways, to spread far and wide the story of the great miracle.

The native overseers hired some low-caste men to remove the body of the unfortunate McTavish to his tent, and that night a few of his countrymen—engineers on the road—came and buried him and erected a nameless tomb over the spot.

"And ever since, sir," concluded Siree, "the spirit of the sahib is said to wander near his grave at night, and men say that it may often be heard exhorting others to pull down the shrine."

As the old man finished his story the first gleam of the short dawn was tinting the eastern sky, and just then an old, white-bearded man issued from a little hut near the ancient shrine and tottered down to perform his ablutions in a pool in the river-bed. He was, I learned, the priest now in charge of the shrine, and a descendant of the great fakir.

"Of course," I argued to myself on the way back to the bungalow as the sun rose, and men and women thronged the road passing to their work for the day—"of course, the man died of heat apoplexy, probably precipitated by anger and exertion. But——"



The Buriats are a strange race of nomads living in the little-known region called Trans-Baikalia, to the north of Mongolia. They possess "living gods" and perform remarkable mystery plays. The author here describes a visit he made to the head-quarters of the tribe.



I MET my first Buriat in Manchuria. At that time Englishmen were not allowed to travel on the, as yet, uncompleted Manchurian railway, and I had slipped through in disguise as book-keeper to a merchant travelling up to Kharbin. My train, a construction one, proceeded at a leisurely pace through practically uninhabited country, dropping telegraph posts by the side of the line and pulling up for two and a half days at a time to allow of the Chinese coolies to prepare the line in front of us, or for three times as many hours for the engine driver to indulge in a game of cards at a "potential station." From Kharbin to Manchuria, the western terminus of the railway, is a distance of five hundred and eighty-one and a half miles, and this we accomplished in ten and a quarter days. Food grew scarce at times, and among the Khingan Mountains a crust of black bread four days old and water tapped from the engine when the driver was not looking had to suffice for a meal, with a temperature outside of sixty three degrees of frost (Fahr.).

Nine miles beyond Manchuria Station the train crossed the Siberian frontier. Here I was in the region called Trans-Baikalia, and between this and Lake Baikal is the home of the Buriats. They are great nomads, and, like other Mongols, almost live on horseback. Many a time have I seen them coursing like the wind over the boundless steppe for the pure love of a race. As winter approached, the northern slopes that border the steppe were peopled by their herds of Siberian ponies—sturdy little, sure-footed creatures—shaggy camels, and black cattle. It seemed strange that these could get any sustenance at all in this snow-clad country, but, used as they were to roughing it in an extreme climate, they were pawing up the snow to get at the grass, just as the reindeer, in more northern latitudes, do to obtain their beloved lichen.

Their masters live on their flocks and herds, and an ordinary meal consists of millet mixed with sheep's tail fat, and an infusion of brick tea cooked with butter and milk. Their dress, excepting that of rich Buriats, is not remarkable.

A long, full ulster and cap of Manchu shape are worn by the men, while the women dress in a tunic adorned with beads and charms. In winter both sexes use furs. Their homes are great circular felt tents, with convex roofs. Inside, in the centre, is the fire, and around this are strewn strips of felt. The walls are of double thicknesses of felt, supported by laths.

Their homes are therefore easily moved from place to place, for they love the freedom of the far-reaching steppes and return with reluctance to the shelter of hemmed-in valleys. Where else than on the steppe can one see such glorious sunsets, or, squatted at the tent door, watch the luminous stars steal out one by one,

family sends a son to a *Datsan*, or monastery, to be educated as a Lama or monk.

There can be little doubt that before the beginning of the eighteenth century the Buriats — at any rate, those to the east of Lake Baikal — were Shamanists: that is, believers in the powers of witchcraft and sorcery of a Shaman or medicine man, and given to demonolatry; but about this time they were converted to Buddhism, or, rather, to Lamaism. The

difference between these is seen in the contrast between the simpler religion of Burma and Siam and the ritualistic form in Tibet.

The religious centre of the Buriats is the *Datsan* or *Lamasery* on "Goose Lake," as the



From a

A BURIAT NOMAD ON THE STEPPES.

[Photo.



From a

THE TEMPLE OF THE BURIATS.

[Photo.

invaded by a sense of mysterious melancholy, not without its charm?

The ordinary Buriat is a wild nomad, but I have met several who were rich in herds of cattle; and, curiously enough, nearly every

Russians call it, or "Gelung nor" ("the Lake of Priests"), as it is known among the Buriats. This sheet of water is near the south-eastern end of Lake Baikal. Coming from Manchuria through Tchita one descends at Verkni Udinsk.



From a] THE GRAND LAMA OF THE BURIATS. [Photo.

Posting south for one hundred miles, Novi (New) Selenginsk is reached. Taking a track westwards from here for sixteen miles, winding through low hills, we come to the Goose Lake, at the south end of which rises, backed by the blue mountains thirty miles distant, a curious white temple surrounded by log huts.

One of my photographs shows this remarkable temple, and around it the dwellings of the Lamas and seminarists, of whom there are about one thousand five hundred. The prospect of becoming a Lama has all the attractions that the ministry has for the Scotch widow's son. The boy is handed over at an early age to a Lama, in whose hut or *yarta* he lives, going through a course in the *Datsan* lasting for no less than ten years. This course consists of religious dogmas, Tibetan theology, literature and medicine, and Buddhist philosophy, astronomy, and astrology. Notwithstanding this the Lamas are not, as a body, educated men, even judged by their own standards. They learn to write Tibetan characters and to recite their scriptures, but understand

very little of them. It is different with the Khamba Lama, the head or Grand Lama of Siberia, who is shown in the photo. herewith. He is a man of considerable reading and intellectual power. Earlier in the year he had preceded me as the guest of a friend of mine in Colombo. He is here seen in a gorgeous yellow silk robe, with a wide scarlet silk scarf thrown over his shoulder, and wears a cap of yellow felt, the lining embroidered with gold thread.

It will be news to most people who have not travelled in these parts that the Buriats possess to this day a number of "living gods." There are some hundred and three in all of them, and they render sacred by their presence monasteries throughout Tibet, Mongolia, and China. They, like all the Lamas, are celibates, but they are regarded as sinless and, together with the Dalai Lamas, enjoy the distinction of re-incarnation at death as distinguished from transmigration. Their presence brings many a pilgrim and much wealth to the *Lamasery*. Believers



ONE OF THE STRANGE "LIVING GODS" OF THE BURIATS—THERE ARE OVER A HUNDRED OF THESE BOY "GODS," AND LARGE OFFERINGS ARE MADE TO THEM. [Photo.



From a]

THE ORCHESTRA OF THE TEMPLE SUMMONS THE FAITHFUL TO A SERVICE.

[Photo.



From a]

THE INTERIOR OF THE TEMPLE.

[Photo.

flock to consult them as to oracles and fortune-tellers. A prayer offered to these "living gods," the touch of their hands, or their benediction, are regarded as great blessings, and large offerings are made to them.

My friend, M. Labbé, who was armed with credentials from the French and Russian Governments, had an interview with the "living god" represented on page 95. The day was far advanced when the traveller arrived, and

quarters were found for him in the village. The next morning, after due ceremony, he was ushered into the presence of the *Gegen*, or "god," *Taranatha* by name, a youth of pleasant countenance and splendidly arrayed in silks. The interview that followed was eminently characteristic both of the Buddhist ecclesiastic and of the Frenchman. The one was all dignity, the other all suavity and politeness. The *Gegen* expressed the hope that his distinguished visitor from a far-off land had found his accommodation in the village to his taste. M. Labbé replied with ceremonious thanks, but could not refrain from mentioning that he had been tormented by fleas. "However," he added, "I killed about thirty of them." "I regret it," said the *Gegen*, gravely; "it was a sin to have done so. How do you know but that in your next existence you may yourself become a flea?" "Then," replied M. Labbé, with true French politeness, "I should never attack you!"

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I fear that the *Gegen*, all things considered, has a very poor time of it, surrounded as he is by Lamas, and not allowed to do this, that, or the other. His development is checked, and he becomes a tool in their hands. He is a Pope, but a boy Pope, with all that that means in the hands of the cardinals of Lamaism. Like the Dalai Lama of Lhasa, who never dies, his spirit is supposed to enter into the body of a new-born infant; but in point of rank he is one of many

who are inferior to the Grand Lama of Lhasa, the Panchhan Rinbochhi of Tibet, and the *Gegen* of Urga.

On the preceding page is represented the summons to a grand service at which the *Gegen* and the Khamba Lama were present. Ascending the steps of the temple one passes through the gaily-coloured porch to the scene depicted below the above illustration. A broad nave with stout wooden pillars separates the two aisles. The pillars and winged capitals are painted in red, blue, green, and yellow, harmonized as only the Orientals can, and resembling those in the audience



ONE OF THE SACRED FIGURES OF THE TEMPLE—IT REPRESENTS A WHITE ELEPHANT.
From a Photo.

halls of the Imperial Palace at Peking, within the Forbidden City. Strung across and hanging on the walls are votive offerings, Oriental lanterns, and paintings of saints (*Burkhans*) and temples.

The Lamas were seated in rows down the nave and aisles, in their brilliant yellow and scarlet silk robes, while the Khamba Lama and the *Gegen* were in the places of honour at the

farther end. The strange, monotonous chanting and intoning, which I had heard before in the great Lama temple of Peking, hardly fell in with my Western notions of music. Imagine, if you can, what it sounded like when aided by the "musical" uproar caused by the striking of triangles, the roaring of conch shells, the clashing of cymbals, the blowing of eight-foot trumpets, and the banging of great drums. Fortunately, as one would think, for the walls of the temple, the service lasted only a quarter of an hour.

Mystic plays called Tzam, or "the dance of the Burkhangs," are given on special occasions. To the sound of the big drums and blasts on the eight-foot trumpets and conch shells, several strange figures wearing most extraordinary masks appear, and whirl about in apparently fierce affray. Some have on what appear to be death's head masks, one has a stag's head and antlers, another a grinning demon's head adorned with flags, while yet another looks uncommonly like Father Christmas and Neptune rolled into one.



View a]

A BURJAT MYSTERY PLAY.

[Photo.

Surrounding this central temple are smaller ones called *sumé*, dedicated to a special Burkhan, or sacred figure. Offerings are made to these Burkhangs, but the Lamas deprecate the idea that they regard them as deities, looking upon them rather as saints.

Another illustration shows one of these "sacred figures," and represents a white elephant. It was carved out of wood and painted by a native sculptor, who had most likely never seen a living elephant. His creation does him credit, though its tusks are set at a remarkable angle and its trunk suggests an ant-eater's snout.

Once a year, in July, hung with gorgeous trappings, the elephant is harnessed to a car bearing a beautiful miniature temple, and a great procession is formed to the strains of music.

A few have no masks, but wear a splendid golden head-gear of filigree work. It is a brilliant scene. The flashing of jewels and the rapid mingling of golden brocades, scarlet silks, purple velvet, and cords and tassels of all hues produce a wonderful kaleidoscopic effect.

The spectator, dazzled by the brilliancy of the scene and dazed by the din of musical instruments, at last makes out that the persons without masks and armed with daggers, who appear to typify the good spirits, have vanquished the death's heads and the miscellaneous demons and monsters of evil, and have been left victors on the field. That, at least, is a possible solution; but if the *raison d'être* is difficult to discover, its origin is even more doubtful.

Probably Shamanism with its witchcraft, in the north, and Hindu magic with its Sivaic

mysteries, in the south, are responsible for this curious development in Buddhism. It is certainly true that the Lamas have adopted many of the native good and evil spirits, in order that the Buriats may look upon Lamaism as only an extension and development of their own religion. In connection with this I may narrate a little story.

A friend of mine, an Englishman, was ex-

the other side half-drowned, yet alive and safe. Turning to his guide, who was a kind of deacon of his village temple, my friend said: "But I thought you were a Buddhist?" "Yes, master," replied the man, "but it is always well to keep on good terms with the local god!"

The last photograph shows the picture of an old Buriat doctor who is weighing out drugs for his weird concoctions. A carriage and pair



[From a]

A BURIAT MEDICINE MAN.

[Photo.]

ploring for the Chinese Government in a little-known part of Northern Mongolia. He had crossed from the north the Sayansk range and the Tannu-Ola, and was making for Kobdo. Again and again he had had to swim rivers on horseback, and coming one day to a larger one than usual he found it in flood. The current was alarmingly swift, and it was a case of touch and go in mid-stream. His Mongol guide had begun by muttering prayers, but as he neared the middle his supplications to the presiding deity or demon of the rivers grew louder and louder, and his free hand rose higher and higher in entreaty, until his voice ended almost in a scream.

Fortunately for my friend the genius of the river was favourably disposed, and they reached

would be of little use to this remarkable old "general practitioner." A "ship of the desert" or a pony would be much more to the point. His nomad patients are here to-day and forty miles distant on the steppe to-morrow.

His art is a mixture of the lore of ancient Tibetan medical works and the strange customs of Shaman sorcerers. For instance, he will disperse gouty swellings by beating them with small rods. He decocts strange herbs for internal use, and will apply externally portions of particular animals, even to their fur.

One wonders how soon his "practice" will be disturbed by the relentless onrush of civilization, for I met in my hotel at Moscow a half-caste Buriat who has a large practice and a considerable reputation in that city.

ADrift ON A RAFT.

By H. A. HAMILTON, OF LIVERPOOL.

A sailor's plain tale of a terrible experience. With their vessel sinking under their feet and their boats washed away, the crew of the Liverpool barque "*Cordillera*" built a tiny raft. Nineteen men took to it, but when a steamer finally hove in sight only the author and two others remained.



AMONG the many and varied accounts of shipwreck which appear from time to time, it is but seldom nowadays that one reads of actual sufferings and experiences on a raft, and more seldom still do cases occur where the survivors have been obliged to construct one as a means of safety, a specially-constructed pattern of raft being included in the life-saving appliances of almost all large ships of the present day.

Such an experience, however, fell to my lot some few years ago. I was then first mate of the barque *Cordillera*, of Liverpool, an iron vessel of seven hundred and eighty-eight tons register and about thirty years old.

She was a first-rate sea-boat, though, like many ships built in her time, she required an unusually large amount of ballast for a vessel of her size.

At the time the disaster of which I am writing took place we had been away from home about thirteen months, having originally sailed from Liverpool to the Cape with a general cargo, thence to Newcastle, N.S.W., in ballast, where we loaded a cargo of coal for Valparaiso.

Having sailed considerably more than half-way around the globe it was only to be expected that we should have encountered all sorts of weather, but we managed to come safely through it all, and it remained for what we looked forward to as a comparatively fine-weather passage to put the climax upon both voyage and ship.

Having discharged our cargo of coal in Valparaiso, the vessel was chartered to load nitrate at a port called Caleta Buena, some eight hundred miles north of Valparaiso. We were to proceed to our destination in ballast.

It being customary in ports on the Chilean coast for the crews of vessels to discharge and load the cargoes, our men, of course, took on board the ballast. During the time we were thus employed there were two or more of the men off duty ill, and during the last few days there were four on the sick list, which meant a considerable drawback to us out of our small working staff. I mention these facts merely to show why it was that the ballast was not so well trimmed and secured before leaving port as it might otherwise have been.

The ballast consisted of dry, fine sand from the beach, brought alongside the vessel in

lighters and taken on board by the crew. The hold was prepared in the usual way, with shifting-boards amidships to prevent the sand from moving when once properly trimmed and stowed.

The latter part of the ballasting, however, was a hurried affair. It was Friday, and the captain was anxious to complete the work that day, so we devoted all our energies to getting the sand on board, leaving the trimming to be attended to afterwards. I may mention in passing that had our four sick men been on duty the trimming might easily have been attended to at the time. As it was it took us all our time to get the last of the ballast on board by six p.m., and when we finished work for the day the sand in the hold was piled high above the shifting-boards. This, as afterwards proved, led to all our troubles.

Next day we unmoored ship and were towed farther out in the bay, where we came to an anchor. Unmooring ship in Valparaiso occupies considerable time, so that it was noon by the time we had anchored. The remainder of the day was spent in bending sails and getting ready for sea.

On the following morning, Sunday, the captain gave orders to weigh anchor, the wind being favourable. He was anxious to get to our port without loss of time, it being absolutely necessary that the ship should be there to commence loading on a given date, or else lose the charter.

We accordingly weighed anchor, and about 10.30 a.m. started to tow out to sea. About eleven o'clock, while busy securing the anchor on board, the tug-boat cast us off, so we commenced setting sail. There was a moderate gale blowing at the time from the S.S.W. and steadily increasing, with frequent heavy squalls. Having set the necessary sails we stood out to sea.

At the time of sailing the ship was some twelve or fourteen inches down by the head, owing to the ballast not being trimmed far enough aft in the hold, and this, of course, interfered considerably with her steering. In fact, as we drew out from the land and felt the full force of the wind we found that she would not steer at all, but headed steadily out to the westward. Sometimes she

fell off a point or two, but only to come right up again during the squalls, thus keeping the wind and sea right abeam. Every expedient was resorted to to induce her either to go off before or come up to the wind, but without effect. Feeling the full force of the wind—which by this time had increased to a fresh gale—the ship heeled over at a considerable angle, which fact, however, called for no particular notice at first, as we knew she was rather “tender” when in ballast. But as the sea increased rapidly with the wind and she began to roll heavily to leeward, it became very evident that she was heeling over rather more than she ought to do with the pressure of sail then set. This led to a visit to the hold, where the cause of her heeling was at once apparent. The heap of sand which had lain piled up above the shifting-boards was settling steadily over to starboard with each roll of the ship! As the helm was utterly useless, all attempts to put her on the other tack either by “wearing” or “tacking” were in vain, so sail was taken in to prevent her going farther over, and all hands were ordered below to shovel the sand to the port side of the hold and endeavour in this way to bring the ship upright.

But all our labour was in vain, for with each lurch the ship gave the sand ran bodily to leeward, so that it was simply useless to try to cope with it. While all hands were thus engaged below the vessel rolled heavily to windward and then lurched quickly back to leeward again, heeling right over as if she were going to capsize, the result being that the sand settled to leeward in tons, half-burying some of the men below.

Finding it useless to continue any longer below, the men were ordered on deck. The vessel was by this time nearly on her beam ends, her starboard rail being completely under water. As the heavy sea was then running right up under her port bilge she continued to lurch heavily to starboard, going gradually over more and more all the time.

It was now about four o'clock in the afternoon, and it became quite evident that, unless the wind moderated and the sea rapidly subsided, there were little or no hopes of saving the ship. The idea of cutting away the masts had been abandoned for the reason that we could not get at the starboard rigging lanyards to cut them away, they being under water. Had we cut away the port rigging and backstays the masts as they went overboard would be certain to tear the starboard chainplates out, when, of course, the ship would have filled in a few minutes and gone down. As it happened all the lanyards were new wire, fitted previous to leaving port, and not by any means likely to break, even with the weight of masts and yards.

Having covered and battened all the hatches



“THE SAND SETTLED TO LEeward IN TONS.”

securely, we turned our attention to the lifeboat, it being the only one we had, the small boat which had been hanging in the starboard davits having been unhooked and smashed by the sea when the ship first listed over.

The lifeboat, however, was in very good condition, well equipped and quite large enough to carry twice the number of our crew; so we set to work to get it lowered into the water. This, by the way, proved no very easy matter, as the boat was not placed by the davits with tackles hooked on, as is the case in nearly all modern ships, but was secured on skids well forward of the davits on the port side. The appliances, fitted for getting it into the water under ordinary circumstances, were tackles from the main and mizzen mast-heads. Add to this the position in which the ship was lying and her repeated heavy lurching to starboard, and some idea may be formed of the difficulties we had to overcome.

We succeeded at last in getting the boat lowered safely into the water. It was not our intention, however, to abandon the ship at once, but to have the boat in readiness in case we should be obliged to take to it suddenly. Although there was a heavy sea running, we did not fear that the boat would not lie safely enough under the lee of the ship by using the little oil we had to keep the sea from breaking. With this object in view a good rope was made fast to the boat to drop her astern, and two men sent into her with orders to keep her clear of the mainbrace and other gear, which was rising and falling in the water with the rolling of the ship. In this, unfortunately, they did not succeed, and instead of keeping the boat off they allowed her to hang close alongside the ship, where she finally got under the mainbrace, the bumkin of which came down upon her with a heavy lurch of the ship and smashed her. The two men, managing to grasp some of the ropes hanging in the water, were hauled on board. The boat, broken and useless, passed under the ship's bottom, and coming up on the other side drifted away.

This was a serious calamity, for we had no alternative now but to remain on the ship so long as she kept afloat, with the hope of some passing vessel seeing us and taking us off before it became too late.

By this time the sun had set and night was closing in upon us. As the hatches were well secured we had little fear that the ship would not keep afloat till morning, so most of the crew gathered on the weather side of the poop, some to sleep, while others kept a look-out for any vessel which might chance to heave in sight.

In this manner we passed the night, and as

time wore on it became evident that the ship was slowly but surely settling over more and getting deeper in the water. The wind blew strong and the sea ran high throughout the night, but as morning dawned the gale began to moderate.

No vessel had passed us during the night nor was there anything in sight at daybreak, and to add to our troubles we discovered that a spare spar which had been lashed on the starboard side of the deck had broken adrift during the night from some of its lashings and was now floating and chafing against the main hatches. It had already worn the tarpaulins off, and the water was steadily pouring into the hold. The forward end of the spar was still fast in the lashings, which were well under water and could not be got at to cast adrift.

As this was hastening matters rather quicker than was desirable, we set to work to get a sail lashed over the hatches, and so prevent the water running in. We succeeded, after repeated attempts and failures, for the ship was now practically on her beam ends, her decks nearly at right angles with the water; and as the men seemed to have lost all heart for doing anything, the second mate and myself had perforce to do it, the carpenter and one of the apprentices lowering us down into the water with ropes around our bodies. We knew that the sail could not keep the hatches watertight, but it served as a temporary check upon the water. The certainty of the ship going down under our feet became merely a question of time, and, so far as we could judge, a very short time.

The majority of the crew had by now apparently given up all hopes of ever being saved, and sat around in gloomy silence, some smoking their pipes, while others seemed not to have even enough inclination or energy for that.

It was decided that we must devise some means for keeping ourselves afloat when the ship went down, and naturally the idea of a raft suggested itself.

But to construct a good serviceable raft, even with every requisite at hand, is not such an easy undertaking as it would appear to be when reading of it; and an old sailing vessel, rolling on her beam ends in mid-ocean, would hardly recommend itself as the most desirable place for such a piece of work. Nor does she, as a rule, happen to be supplied with just the materials one would like to have for the purpose, not to mention the uncertainty of the time at one's disposal.

Something of the sort had to be done, however, and the captain, second mate, and myself, sitting out on the ship's side, held a short consultation, and soon decided upon what we could



"WE EXPLAINED OUR PLANS TO THE MEN."

see was the only course open to us. We explained our plans to the men, but only two of them, with one apprentice and the carpenter, consented to have any hand in the matter. We seven commenced work at once, knowing that we had no time to lose.

In the first place, we required for our purpose some stout spars, and there were but two which we could by any possible means handle. These were the main royal yard, which had been sent down in port and was now standing on end, lashed abaft the mainmast, and the spanker boom, which was, of course, still shipped in its proper place on the mizzen. We made a start with the royal yard, a pitch-pine spar about thirty-six feet long.

Bearing in mind the position in which the

ship was lying, her port side being now horizontal, or, in other words, in the position where under ordinary circumstances the deck would be, some idea may be formed of the difficulties we had to contend with. We succeeded at length in getting the yard up on to the ship's side, and then dragged it aft to a position abreast of the mizzen-mast, where we secured it temporarily, and then proceeded to get the spanker boom unshipped. Handling the yard had proved a difficult task, but the boom proved even more difficult still. We saw at once that we could not attempt to handle it without first cutting it in two, and, as we should have had to cut it in any case to form our raft, we decided to do so just where it hung, before attempting to unship it. And here

I may mention that the only tools which the carpenter had managed to save

were a small saw, an adze, hammer, auger, and some nails. Having sawn the boom in two we succeeded in

getting it, one-half at a time, up on to the ship's side alongside the royal yard. We then arranged the three spars in the form of a triangle, allowing the ends to extend well over each other. The carpenter then bored holes right through the two spars at each angle. Through these holes we drove marling-spikes, thus bolting the spars pretty solidly together. Around the ends we also passed strong rope lashings.

Having thus formed a good framework for our raft, we next proceeded to collect everything we could find in the shape of light woodwork, such as gratings, doors, planks, handspikes, etc., and these we lashed or nailed on to the spars; we also stepped two small spars for masts.

The main portion of the raft being thus com-

pleted we next fitted life-lines right around it, similar to those fitted on lifeboats, for from the beginning we were aware that it would not be capable of floating with nineteen people on it, so that our only alternative was to take to the water and hold on to the life-lines around the sides.

Our next consideration was that of provisions. Of these, fortunately, we had an abundance, our store-room being on the port side of the cabin and still clear of the water. About this time the twelve men who had sat idly by whilst the other seven laboured hard for hours now began to show some signs of interest in our work, and assisted in passing biscuits, tinned meats, soups, etc., up from the store-room. These, with a small cask of fresh water, were secured upon the raft; also a boat's compass, boat's sails, a box of rockets and blue lights, a foghorn, a small axe, and two lifebuoys.

The raft now being ready to put into the water we dragged it across the side towards the bottom of the ship, where it was a very easy matter to slide it over the bilge into the water, the ship in the meantime having settled well down. A rope kept the raft close to the ship, and then one by one the crew, consisting of nineteen hands all told, put on lifebelts and lowered themselves into the water and laid hold of the life-lines around the raft.

All having left the ship, the rope was cut and the vessel drifted away from us, the wind and sea having more

effect upon her than on the raft, which lay heavily upon the water, and the sea, which was still high and rough, breaking right over us. It was three o'clock in the afternoon when we cut adrift from the ship, and the weather was steadily improving, though there was still a strong wind blowing from the southward and the water was intensely cold.

All went well for a while, and we endeavoured to propel the raft in the direction of the land, but wave after wave broke over us, and finding themselves with only a lifebelt between them and death, as it were, a feeling of panic-stricken despair seemed to take possession of most of the men.

They shouted and fought for places on the raft, climbing on to it and causing it to sink to one side or the other. In this way all our



"THEY SHOUTED AND FOUGHT FOR PLACES ON THE RAFT."

provisions and most of the other things were either knocked off or washed away. This lamentable state of things continued in spite of all efforts on the officers' part to induce the men to keep cool. Five of them, thinking they would be safer on the ship, had as was her plight, left the raft to swim to her. As the ship was now some considerable distance away from us only one of them succeeded in reaching her, and he, I believe, went down with her, for she disappeared below the surface about an hour afterwards. The others turned back, but only one reached the raft; the remaining three succumbed on the way.

As the sun sank below the horizon and night closed in upon us our condition seemed hopeless indeed. Some three or four of the older and weaker hands had already fallen away from exhaustion, for the repeated mad attempts of the men to board the raft soon tired them out, besides making matters so much harder for those who were at all inclined to keep cool-headed. In fact, the state of things seemed so utterly desperate and hopeless at one time that the second mate and myself thought of leaving the raft altogether, and striking out in a wild attempt to reach the land. This, however, we thought better of when we considered the distance, which could not have been less than eighteen or twenty miles. As I could not swim I had to trust entirely to my lifebelt; and even had we succeeded in getting close in shore—a rather doubtful question at best—we should have been too much exhausted to hope to live through the tremendously heavy sea which we knew must be breaking all along the bleak, rocky coast.

So we remained by the raft, which was our only hope, and lived through a night the memory of which will not easily be forgotten.

It was beautifully fine except for the bitterly cold wind, and the sky was cloudless. The moon, nearly at the full, shone clear and bright, so that we could plainly see each other. As the long, dreary hours wore slowly away our number kept getting gradually less, as one by one the poor fellows, worn out and exhausted, released their grasp on the life-lines and floated away, their lifebelts temporarily preventing them from sinking. Some of them, before finally giving up the struggle, seemed to entirely lose their senses and, becoming greatly excited, raved and shouted wildly, while others held on to the last with a sailor's instinct, but gradually losing their hold fell away with scarcely a murmur.

And thus the hours dragged out their weary length, till it seemed as though that awful night were endless and that the dawn would never come. We who remained could do nothing

but hold on, cramped, cold, and miserable, not knowing how soon we, too, would have to follow those already gone.

It was about three o'clock in the morning, as near as I could judge, when the last man dropped off, making a total of sixteen who had succumbed during those twelve dreadful hours, from the apprentice of seventeen to the old sail-maker of seventy-four.

There were now but three of us remaining—the carpenter, the second mate, and myself. We therefore thought we might venture to get on to the raft and see if it would bear us. This we did, but found it necessary to keep in certain positions upon it, as the least extra weight on one side or the other caused it to tip over.

Between the two small masts we spread a boat sail, standing under the lee of it to try and find some shelter from the bitterly cold wind that pierced through our wet clothes, chilling us to the very marrow.

Three more forlorn-looking objects it would have been hard to find as we stood there looking anxiously for daybreak, while the raft rose and fell heavily on the swell, bringing the water as high as our knees, so that sitting down was altogether out of the question. We suffered agonies from cramp, and we longed for the sun to shine out brightly to warm our famishing bodies. But in this we were disappointed, for the morning dawned gloomy and overcast, with a thick damp haze all around the horizon, so that we could not see any great distance. As the daylight increased we looked anxiously around with the hope of seeing some passing vessel, but there was nothing in sight; we were utterly alone on the cold, dreary waste of waters. Our only hope, therefore, was to try and propel the raft towards the land. But here a difficulty arose, for we had no means of telling in what direction the land lay. We had had no sight of the sun, which would have been a good guide to us; and the small boat's compass, which, strange to say, had not been washed away during the night, proved absolutely worthless. We found it utterly impossible to steady it, owing to the manner in which the raft was pitching and knocking about.

Concluding, therefore, that the wind was still S.S.W., or thereabout, we decided to shape a course by it, and with this object in view we trimmed the boat-sail upon the masts and headed the raft as nearly as we could calculate towards the land, dividing our weight so as to keep the raft level. In this manner we drifted along very, very slowly.

About this time we all began to feel the cravings of hunger, having had nothing to eat since early the previous day. Thirst, however,

did not trouble us, owing, I suppose, to the fact of our bodies being in the water all the time. As may easily be imagined we were all three beginning to feel the effects of our long exposure, for it must be remembered that during our last night on the ship we had had no proper rest, and all the next day we had worked hard, so that we were not in what one might call the very best condition to face the hardships through which we had passed. The second mate, a hardy young native of Islay, seemed to have no end of staying power, and I felt a long way yet from being beaten. The carpenter, however, though only a young man, began to show signs of giving up the struggle. He sat down on the raft, saying it was no use trying to hold out any longer, as he was completely worn out.

The second and I, however, pooh-poohed the idea, telling him to stand up and keep the raft in trim, so as to allow us to make as much headway as possible. Pulling himself together, he got upon his feet again, and before very long he sang out joyfully, "There's the land!"



"HE SANG OUT JOYFULLY, 'THERE'S THE LAND!'"

"Where?" we asked; and he pointed in what, according to our calculations, would be a north-westerly direction. If our reckoning was anything near right there certainly could be no land there. Notwithstanding this, however, we all looked eagerly in the direction indicated, and again the carpenter shouted, "There it is!" but immediately correcting himself said, "It's a steamer's smoke." True enough it was, for as we rose again on the swell we all three saw it, though it was a long way off—just a faint cloud of smoke coming slowly out of the haze on the horizon.

Here at last, we thought, was a possibility of rescue, so we immediately set about contriving some means to attract the attention of those on board the steamer.

Casting the lashings off a handspike on the raft, we fastened on to it two handkerchiefs, one of which I had had around my head; the other the carpenter had been wearing around his neck. McCleod, the second mate, being the tallest man of the party, stood up and waved these aloft, whilst the carpenter and I sat down and

held on to him to keep him steady, it being impossible to stand upright on the raft without some support, as it rolled fearfully on the swell.

Meanwhile our hearts were gladdened by the fact that the steamer, now plainly visible, was certainly coming in our direction, though, from the way she was heading, it was evident that she would pass quite a considerable distance off from us. We shouted with all our might and blew our small whistles, though it was a matter of impossibility for either sound to carry such a long distance.

The steamer came steadily on, never altering her course or making the least sign that anybody on board had yet seen us. We waved our signal and shouted ourselves hoarse, but all apparently to no purpose. When she was about four miles away from us she still held steadily on her course, and it seemed as though she

would pass without seeing us. The suspense of those few minutes was agonizing. Would she see us? At last she was abreast of us, and then she passed by. Now, for the first time, I experienced a feeling something akin to despair.

Not so, however, the second mate. "They *must* see us!" he cried. "Whatever is the officer on that bridge thinking about?" Still we frantically waved our signal, shouting and yelling madly. How hungrily we watched for the least sign that we had been seen can only be adequately realized by those who have had the misfortune to be in a similar strait.

At length we noticed a white cloud of steam streaming away from the fore side of the steamer's funnel, and presently the hoarse, welcome sound of her whistle was borne over the waters to our anxious ears. The steamer at the same time altered her course and steered right towards the raft. We were saved!

What a magnificent sight she was as she bore down upon us! When within a safe distance of the raft she stopped, and a boat was quickly lowered and came speeding towards us, propelled by strong, willing arms. In a very short space of time we found ourselves walking a ship's firm deck once more, though the feat, by the way, was rather more than our wearied limbs were equal to, the soles of our feet being quite sore and tender. Needless to say we received every care and attention from those



THE RAFT BEING TOWED ALONGSIDE THE "CACHAPOAL," AFTER THE
[From a] AUTHOR AND HIS COMPANIONS HAD BEEN RESCUED. [Photo,

on board the steamer, which proved to be the *Cachapoal*, of Valparaiso, commanded by Captain H. W. Sorensen, and bound to Valparaiso.

The boat returned to the raft, and taking it in tow brought it alongside the steamer, where it was hoisted on board. The photograph of our little craft here reproduced was taken by a passenger on board the steamer as the boat came alongside.

It was eight o'clock on Tuesday morning when we were taken

off the raft; we had, therefore, been seventeen hours in the water. On our arrival in Valparaiso on the evening of the same day, in answer to the steamer's signal, the surgeon of the Chilean warship *Esmeralda* came on board to see us.

The carpenter, who had been feverish and delirious for some time, was taken ashore to hospital at once, but the second mate and myself, he said, simply required a day or two's rest. Next day we experienced considerable difficulty in walking, our feet being very sore, and a day or two afterwards the second mate also had to go into the hospital, as his face broke out in large blisters. I was fortunate enough to be able to get along without the aid of the doctors, my only trouble, besides the soreness of my feet, being a stiffness of the left hip.

Some little time after our return to England I was pleased to learn that the Board of Trade had presented Captain Sorensen with a pair of binoculars, suitably inscribed, in recognition of his kind services to us when "Adrift on a Raft."



THE THREE SURVIVORS—THE AUTHOR, MR. H. A. HAMILTON, IS
[From a Photo, by] ON THE LEFT. [Lefranc, Santiago,

Odds and Ends.

The Great Bore at Hangchow—A Fence of Elk Horns—The "Dragon Festival" at Shanghai—
The "Whale-headed Stork"—A Bush Letter-Box, etc., etc.



EVERYBODY has heard of tidal bores, those curious waves which ascend certain rivers and estuaries, but very few people know where the greatest bore in the world is to be found. This is at Hangchow, in the north-east of China. The great flood-tides from the Pacific, surging into the funnel-shaped mouth of Hangchow Bay, are broken up by the bars

appears on the water, the line of foam grows wider and wider, and then suddenly there heaves into sight what looks like a gigantic mass of dirty snow, swept forward at terrific speed by a sheet of stormy black water behind it. The roar of the water is deafening, and the sight of that awful moving wall of water, swirling and eddying tumultuously, is one never to be forgotten. Woe betide the hapless craft that

happens to be struck by that fearful flood, for it has no earthly chance of escape—it is simply overwhelmed. People who have witnessed the passing of this bore say that it is undoubtedly one of the most sensational phenomena in the world. The first snap-shot shows the river before the coming of the bore, while the second shows the great wave sweeping up the stream, transforming its placid bosom into a raging sea.



From a] THE TSEN-TANG RIVER BEFORE THE COMING OF THE BORE.

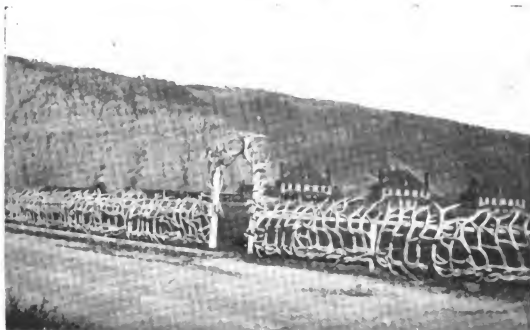
[Photo.

and sand-flats at the mouth of the Tsen-tang River, the swift current of which further assists in holding back the tide. Finally, however, the ocean waters force their way through, rushing up the river in an immense, roaring wave from east to west, and three miles from end to end. The first warning of the coming of the bore is a distant roar. Then, far away, a thread of white foam



THE ARRIVAL OF THE BORE—"AN IMMENSE, ROARING WAVE FROM TEN TO TWENTY FEET HIGH AND THREE MILES FROM END TO END."

[Photo.



A FENCE OF ELK HORNS IN THE YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.
From a Photo. by Frank Yeigh, Toronto.

In that American wonderland, the Yellowstone National Park, there is to be seen a most remarkable fence, a photograph of which is here given. This fence is constructed entirely of elk horns. These trophies do not come from animals which have fallen victims to the sportsman's gun, but are obtained in a manner which does not involve the sacrifice of life. Great herds of elk are among the animal inhabitants of the park — where game is strictly protected — and these "cast" their long antlers once a year. The horns are then collected and put to the practical and, withal, picturesque use shown in the illustration.

The fifth day of the fifth moon is observed all over China as the "Dragon Festival." All

the boats are gaily decorated with gaudy-coloured cloths and paper and innumerable lamps and banners. They are also got up to resemble dragons as far as possible. Each boat is filled with men, who propel it by means of paddles, shouting and beating gongs meanwhile. This performance is supposed to propitiate the Water God, and

lasts for three days, during which crowds of natives flock into the towns from all parts and view the Dragon Boats from the river banks and bridges. At night the crews of the boats are feasted by the wealthier natives. Our photograph shows two typical Dragon Boats at Shanghai.



From a

THE "DRAGON FESTIVAL" AT SHANGHAI.

[Photo.

Below is a photograph of a "Highbinder's" chain-mail coat. A secret society of Chinamen under this title exists in the western part of the United States, and its members have committed many crimes. Many of them wear coats of mail like that shown in the photograph. These are made from steel rings woven together on thick cloth, forming a sleeveless jacket. The edges are made of webbing and contain buttons and button-holes for fastening the garments. The coat shown in the photograph was found upon a dead "Highbinder" after a desperate fight between several members of the society and a sheriff's posse in Wyoming. Beside his body were a number



From a

A FRENCH-CANADIAN BREAD-OVEN.

(Photo,

of large revolver bullets, which had struck the armour and glanced off without harming him. He was eventually killed, however, by a shot through the head.

The French-Canadians are the most conservative of people, but even they cannot resist the rapid onward march of progress, and, as a natural result, many of their old habits and customs are dying out to give place to more modern ideas. Ten years ago the scene depicted in the above photo. was a fairly common one: to-day it is rarely seen. The illustration represents a French-Canadian woman in her sun-bonnet preparing a huge batch of bread in an open-air clay oven. The sole reason for having the oven outside is that when you have bread to bake for a family of twenty or thirty—quite a common number among these people—the oven required is of such dimensions as to appear rather out of place in a small shingle-roofed cottage.

The curious photograph which is given at the top of the following page shows two specimens of an extremely rare bird—the "whale-headed stork." These remarkable birds are only to be found in the Bahr-el-Ghazal, some 200 miles south of Fashoda. Their chief peculiarity lies in their powerful beaks, which are of an immense size, and resemble tortoise-shell in appearance. The storks live entirely on fish, often killing one a pound in weight. Only three living specimens are now in captivity, and all these are at Khartoum, and only two skins are believed to exist in the world. Our photograph was taken on the Upper Nile by a captain in the Royal Army Medical Corps, and



A "Highbinder's" CHAIN-MAIL COAT.

From a Photo.



AN EXTREMELY RARE BIRD, THE "WHALE-HEADED STORK"—ONLY THREE
From a LIVING SPECIMENS ARE NOW IN CAPTIVITY. *[Photo.]*

shows two nearly full-grown storks. These were caught by natives when young, before they were able to fly.

The traveller along the great high roads of Spain, that most picturesque of countries, sees at times some curious sights. The little snap-shot given below might be taken for a representation of big bushes, but really shows nothing more than two donkeys carrying enormous loads of brushwood from the mountains. At Guadajajara, near which town the photograph was taken, there is a scarcity of firewood, which has therefore to be brought down from the mountains in the shape of brushwood. The loads are amazingly big, and very little is to be seen of the donkeys, but fortunately for them the wood is not particularly heavy.



DONKEYS LOADED WITH BRUSHWOOD ON A SPANISH ROAD.
From a Photo.

The photograph next depicted was taken in an out-of-the-way district in the "back blocks" of Australia. It shows a primitive wayside letter-box, consisting of an empty biscuit-tin nailed on to the top of a post. Letters are placed in the open tin for collection by the driver of the mail coach, who puts inside any letters intended for local residents. The entire arrangement is quite at the mercy of the first passer-by. These, however, are rare, except at



A WAYSIDE LETTER-BOX IN THE AUSTRALIAN BUSH—IT
 CONSISTS OF AN EMPTY BISCUIT-TIN NAILED ON THE
From a TOP OF A POST. *[Photo.]*

the season when the wool teams are making their way to the coast, and it is extremely seldom that this quaint little pillar-box is tampered with.

The two pictures next reproduced depict in a most striking manner a vast plague of locusts which descended upon the Transvaal last



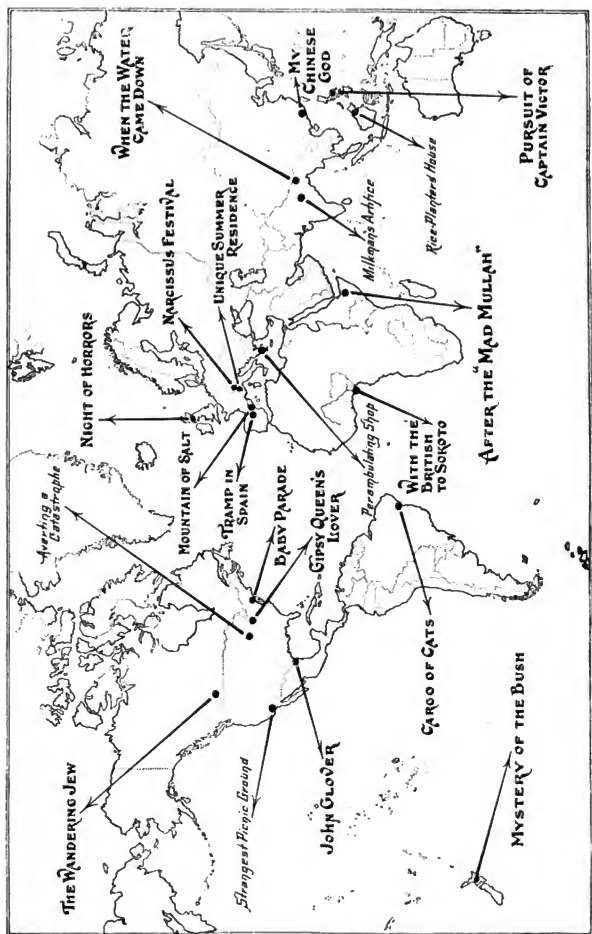
A PLAGUE OF LOCUSTS IN THE TRANSVAAL.—THIS PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS THE INSECTS IN THE AIR.

year. The first photograph shows the swarm just settling on the ground, the air being filled with countless millions of the insects, which look from a distance for all the world like a great red cloud, while the whirr of their wings is audible for a considerable way off. In the second picture we see the insects on the ground engaged in their work of destruction. Woe betide the unfortunate farmer on whose land

these terrible scourges alight ! Not a blade of grass, not an ear of corn, not a single green thing will be left, and preventive measures are practically useless. Locusts leave nothing behind them save ruin ; and when they visit the native plantations starvation often follows for the unfortunate cultivators. An idea of the size of these pests may be gained from the second picture.



THE LOCUSTS ON THE GROUND ENGAGED IN THEIR WORK OF DESTRUCTION.



THE NOVEL MAP-CONTENTS OF "THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE," WHICH SHOWS AT A GLANCE THE LOCALITY OF EACH ARTICLE AND NARRATIVE OF ADVENTURE IN THIS NUMBER.



"KLOMAX DROPPED HIS PIECE AND PITCHED FORWARD."

(SEE PAGE 317.)

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The Pursuit of Captain Victor.

BY SERGEANT HARRY GLENN, U.S. MARINE CORPS.

I.

The story of the American campaign against the Filipino "insurrectos" in the Island of Samar is one of the most exciting in the annals of modern war. Below will be found the only full and authoritative account which has yet been published of one of the most striking phases of this remarkable campaign—the hunting down of the cruel and wily Filipino outlaw Captain Victor, whom both Spanish and American troops had sought in vain to capture. The story is written by a member of the little force which, after enduring terrible privations in the wilderness, finally captured the "Scourge of Samar," as Captain Victor was called.



HE name of Captain Victor was on the lips of every native in the Island of Samar. All—from the fishermen and officials of the sea-coast towns to the cultivators of the rice-fields and the dwellers in the little clearings of the interior—regarded the man as a hero, and obeyed him as a patriot devoted heart and soul to securing the independence of his country from the hated American rule. Mingled with their admiration, however, there was a strong and well-grounded dread of incurring his anger and of bringing down on them his relentless vengeance. Captain Victor was the leader of a large band of "ladrones," and had been given practically complete license by the insurgent General, Lucban.

He was a typical Filipino, dark of skin, tensely and slimly built, and possessed of a disposition as ferociously cruel, a spirit as treacherous, and a mind as cunning as an Apache Indian. Victor paid no regard whatever to the rules of civilized warfare. He practised the atrocious barbarities of the most savage nations, and employed others of Filipino origin and equal fiendishness. With diabolical ingenuity the man constructed traps and pitfalls bristling with

poisoned arrows and spears, which he set along the tangled trails, to compass the death of the American soldiers.

The Filipino leader established for himself such a reputation that every Yankee fighting man, from private to general and from marine to admiral, was eager to bring his villainous career to an end. One officer sent him a message to the effect that, if hands could be laid on him, he need not expect to enjoy the privileges usually accorded a prisoner of war.

Victor responded by taking a prominent part in the unspeakably horrible massacre of Balangiga, under the leadership of Eugenia Daza.

Balangiga is a town of two thousand inhabitants, built on a level stretch of beach, with the Pacific Ocean in front and dense, forest-covered mountains at the back. A company of the 9th Infantry, under the command of Captain Connell, was quartered there late in the summer of 1901.

Through the treachery of the native officials of Balangiga, who professed warm friendship, the little garrison, while at breakfast on the morning of the 19th of September, was surprised and butchered with the exception of thirteen men. Eleven of these fought their



THE AUTHOR, SERGEANT HARRY GLENN,
U.S. MARINE CORPS.
From a Photo, by F. Gutckunst, Philadelphia.



"ELEVEN OF THESE FOUGHT THEIR WAY
WITH BARE FISTS."

way with bare fists across a square filled with yelling savages to the building where two comrades were defending the rifles of the company. The bodies of the slain American soldiers were mutilated in a horrible manner. Captain Victor, the Filipino "patriot," took a prominent part in the day's atrocities.

We of the Marine Corps were highly elated when orders were issued which assigned us the duty of punishing the treacherous natives of Samar and of restoring tranquillity to the island.

We were even more delighted when it was announced that Major Littleton W. T. Waller was to command the expedition. It was admitted, in all branches of the service, that he was exceptionally well qualified for the serious work ahead, and that, if anyone could effectually suppress the murderous uprising of the natives, it was he. The men were always eager to follow Major Waller, for he was a born fighter. He was in the hottest of the fighting in the campaign in China, and during the sanguinary engagement before Tientsin United States Marines and Royal Welsh Fusiliers

fought shoulder to shoulder under his command against the fanatical Chinese.

Although only three hundred and thirty of us, including officers, were detailed to punish the natives of Samar and compel quiet on the island, we regarded the smallness of the number as a compliment to the Marine Corps and the Major. The order for the campaign was issued on October 20th, and the next morning at nine o'clock we were on our way to Samar. Three days later we were at work in earnest.

Major Waller divided his command into two parts. He established himself in the town of Basey with a hundred and fifty-eight men; and he sent Captain Daniel D. Porter with a hundred and fifty-nine men to Balangiga. From the moment we reached the scene of action the Filipinos were not given an hour's rest; they were kept on the run over the island, with us in full cry at their heels. Major Waller had made the curious discovery that the natives were, to some extent, like American crows in the matter of counting. Two seemed to be their limit in affairs military. They could watch and guard against one or two detachments operating

against them at one time; but they became bewildered when three were set against them simultaneously. So every morning three parties would leave Balangiga, while the same number went from Basey. Before the Filipinos could pull themselves together we were upon them. Many were killed or captured in the engagements, and we destroyed tons of their supplies and levelled several villages which were hotbeds of insurrection.

Within a fortnight the country as far as the foot-hills was cleared of "insurrectos." We had captured many prisoners, and a large number of natives came in voluntarily and took the oath of allegiance. But, unfortunately, we had not yet been able to lay our hands on the notorious Captain Victor. Nor, for some time, could we learn of his whereabouts. At length, one morning a native in an advanced stage of starvation surrendered himself to the Major.

His clothing was in tatters and his whole appearance denoted abject misery. He gave his name as Francisco Taguilla; and he said he was an "amigo," or friend of the Americans. His was a pitiful tale. Because of his sympathy for the Americans he had been seized by Captain Victor, carried into captivity in the mountain fastness of the Filipino leader, and treated as a slave. He was half starved, for he was given only two bananas daily for his subsistence. At length he made his escape by floating and swimming down the river to Basey. He offered to guide us to the stronghold of Captain Victor, which, he said, was in caves in overhanging cliffs on the Cadigan River. Taguilla's story was soon corroborated in several particulars; his services were accepted, and he was enrolled as a guide, after which some of the men rechristened him "Smoke."

It was pitifully strange to see how the very name of Captain Victor struck terror into the heart of our recruit. He trembled and grew pale, his knees knocked together, and his power of speech deserted him.

The stronghold occupied by Captain Victor and his band was popularly supposed to be impregnable. A Spanish army had marched

against it, but failed to capture it; and even a regiment of American soldiers gave up the attempt in despair. Judge then our sensations when, a few days after the arrival of "Smoke," Major Waller declared that he expected, with the help of his handful of marines, to reduce the stronghold! For a few seconds we looked at each other in silence, then we let out a yell of satisfaction that woke the town. For days, while raiding the native shacks of the jungles around Basey and Balangiga, we had been finding mournful relics of our slaughtered comrades of the Ninth, and we were burning to punish their murderers.

We laughed at the popular belief that the stronghold was impregnable. Major Waller had said we were going to capture it; we considered the thing as good as done.

We started on November 6th, going up the Sojoton River in bancos, or native boats, and towing a raft to which the guns were lashed. Progress was slow, for the Filipinos had fortified both banks with earth entrenchments, in which were riflemen and bamboo cannon, and a heavy fire was maintained on us all day long. But, although the bullets of the rifles and the jagged bits of iron from the cannon zipped about us, no damage was done until the afternoon, when we were about eight miles up the river. Ahead was a point on which were planted several bamboo cannon, reinforced by a small party of Filipino

riflemen. As our boats were urged forward to the assault we were greeted with a hot fire. Kloman, one of our men, who had just raised his rifle and was about to press the trigger, gave a horrible gurgling cry, dropped his piece from his nerveless fingers, and pitched forward. A bullet had struck him in the face and passed out at the back of his head, killing him instantly. A few minutes later a private named Lynch dropped, mortally wounded. These were our first casualties since landing on Samar.

It took us ten days to reach the stronghold of Captain Victor, although the distance was only twenty miles. When we saw it we did not wonder that the Spaniards could not take it and the American infantry gave it up as impossible.



MAJOR LITTLETON W. T. WALLER, WHO WAS IN COMMAND OF THE EXPEDITION SENT TO PUNISH THE TREACHEROUS NATIVES OF SAMAR. [Photo.]

No man without wings could possibly capture the place from the river. The stream was barricaded with logs secured with strands of the bájua vine. The cliffs, which rose to a height of from two hundred to two hundred and fifty feet, overhung the water. They were honey-combed with caves, connected with each other by means of narrow paths along the face of the cliffs, protected by bamboo railings. Long ladders, set against the rocky wall, afforded

means of ascent and descent for the garrison. Tons of rocks were piled in strong wicker baskets at and near the summit, held in position by tough vines, so that a single blow from a bolo would send the boulders crashing through any hostile boats that managed to pass the barricades. Rifle-pits and stone and earth works were placed at all commanding points, and numerous bamboo cannon, with some brass pieces, commanded the approaches. Camps were established on both summits at short distances apart. Our scouts reported that the cliffs, extending back from the right bank, rose sheer from the plain and were unconquerable.

Major Waller sent parties ashore to hunt for a trail—which "Smoke" declared existed—leading to the summit of one or the other cliff from the lower side. The Major himself commanded a column on the river, with the purpose of either making a forlorn hope assault from that point or of engaging the attention of the enemy.

After three days' searching we found the trail. It was narrow, crooked, dangerous, and carefully hidden. Deadly pits, filled with poisoned spears, were set in the path. Whole systems of bows with poisoned arrows, connected with a trigger, were released into action if anyone tripped over a cord hidden in the grass, and these contrivances lined both sides of the track. But we took the trail, prodding cautiously for the traps and pitfalls as we proceeded. Every now and

then there would come a crash. Two bent saplings, opposite each other, would shoot upward and a pair of great spears would come together with an echoing clash; or with a purring whirr a flight of poisoned arrows would dart across the path.

Suddenly, as we came to an opening, "Smoke" gave a sharp cry and disappeared in a hole in the ground. At first we thought the poor wretch had fallen into a trap that had been overlooked. The fear was only momentary, however. The hole was one of the numerous fissures in the volcanic rock of the neighbourhood, and, as we bent over it, there came up, in terror-stricken accents, the voice of "Smoke."

"Look out! Look out!" he cried. "Many insurgents on the hill!"

The wary, quick-witted guide had leaped, not fallen, into the hole to escape what he deemed imminent death. We were about to laugh when we beheld that which hushed merriment and paled our cheeks. Over the crest of the little hill

indicated by the Filipino there rose two or three thin curls of smoke; and peeping from among the leaves were the small, ugly black mouths of several bamboo cannon, not fifty yards away. We were face to face with death, for the cannon, filled with iron slugs and with lighted fuses attached to them, were pointed directly down the trail where we stood bunched together!

Somehow at that critical moment I forgot the traps, the automatic spears, and the poisoned arrows, and found myself rushing madly up the hill. Soon I was tearing the spluttering fuses from the cannon. One of them had all but burned to the touch-hole, and in another minute would have been discharged. I unloaded the piece and found it contained fifty-seven jagged bits of iron. If it had exploded there would not have been many of us left to take the stronghold.

Then I looked about me and, looking, dropped quickly to the ground. Directly



THE EXPEDITION ENTERING THE CADIGAN RIVER—CAPTAIN VICTOR'S STRONGHOLD LIES JUST ROUND THE BEND SEEN IN THE PHOTOGRAPH.

ahead, and only a few hundred yards away, was the edge of the cliff, and across the river I could see a camp of Filipinos. As quickly as possible I reported my discovery to the captain, who succeeded in getting the men and guns to where I was, without being detected. Then we opened fire. Instantly there were terror and consternation in the camp of the enemy. The surprise was complete. Those who were not killed or wounded by the rain of shot fled as fast as their legs could carry them. We did not remain in our position many minutes, but pushed on, and presently came to a cleared space, in the middle of which stood quite a large and imposing shack. We rushed it, whereupon the occupants, after firing a feeble volley, fled. "Smoke," who was in the advance, suddenly threw up his hands and fell forward, on his

over, and rose to a sitting position. Then the truth dawned upon us. "Smoke" had fainted from excitement and terror.

"What's the matter with you, 'Smoke'?" someone asked, as soon as the guide seemed to have recovered his senses.

"Captain Victor!" quavered he, through chattering teeth.

"Captain Victor! Where?"

"Why, here! This is his house!"

We had, indeed, captured the head-quarters of the notorious Filipino bandit. In the shack we found his private papers and many other documents which clearly proved his criminal career and his connection with the Balangiga massacre. The power of the man over his more ignorant followers was strikingly illustrated in the abject terror of "Smoke" and of other friendly natives



"'SMOKE' SUDDEENLY THREW UP HIS HANDS AND FELL FORWARD."

face. He lay motionless, but he was the only man who seemed to be hit. After we had taken the hut some of us went back for poor "Smoke" and carried him tenderly indoors. To our surprise, however, we could find no trace of a wound. While we were examining him the supposed corpse gave a groan, turned

whenever his name was mentioned—a terror that was powerful enough to cause "Smoke" to fall into a swoon when he recognised the hut as the head-quarters of his erstwhile master.

We had come upon the place so suddenly and so unexpectedly that the occupants left everything behind them in their headlong flight.

Food was cooking, and everything was in readiness for the evening meal. We tarried only a few minutes, however, and then pushed on, for while the summit of the left cliff was now ours, the right had yet to be taken.

We hurried to the water's edge. A corporal and I jumped into the water and swam to the other shore to secure some bancos, or native boats, lying there. Bullets struck the water all around us, but the frightened natives could not shoot straight and we were not hit. The rest of our men crossed and scaled the bamboo ladders to the caves, drove the Filipinos out like rabbits, and chased them up the ladders ahead of them to the summit. It was a burlesque of war—or would have been—but for the sharp volcanic rocks, which cut our shoes to bits and wounded our feet cruelly.

In half an hour all was over. The bandit's stronghold, which had taken three years to build and was supposed to be impregnable, had been taken by fifty marines in thirty minutes!

We captured fifty bamboo cannon, two brass pieces, about a ton of powder, projectiles for bamboo guns, large numbers of bolos and spears, and quantities of tools and other articles, which were unquestionably part of the loot that had been obtained at the massacre of Balangiga.

Some said we had killed two hundred Filipinos; others placed the number at three hundred, and others again at only one hundred, but it was practically impossible to assess their casualties. Much to our disappointment, however, among those who ran away fast enough to escape was Captain Victor. A few days later we learned that on account of his skill in getting away he had been promoted to a colonelcy.

With the downfall of the Filipino stronghold and the capture of their powder magazines and commissary stores the way was clear for an expedition into the interior of Samar, where it was supposed bands of rebels—to say nothing of the amiable Captain Victor—were hiding in the depths of the mountain forests. It was currently reported that the commanding general desired the expedition to be undertaken; and it was also whispered among the men that Major Waller regarded the proposed trip with some misgivings, and as not likely to be fruitful of good results. We were confident that the journey through the tropical jungle and the tangled forests and over the rugged mountains would be no child's play. From words let fall by friendly natives we gathered that all previous hardships, perils, and sufferings would be nothing to what was before us. But as Major Waller was going to lead us in person it is certain that not one of the men assigned to the duty would have been willing to shirk it or to

be left behind, even if he had been given a chance.

Several officers begged hard to be allowed to go along, and five were accepted. They were Captain D. D. Porter, Captain Hiram I. Bearss, First Lieutenant A. S. Williams, Second Lieutenant F. Halford, of the Marine Corps, and Second Lieutenant C. de W. Lyles, of the 12th Infantry. Fifty men, two native scouts, and thirty-three native carriers completed the party.

The presidents of Basey were elected to choose the native carriers. There were many applicants. All had presumably taken the oath of allegiance to the United States, and the fidelity of every one was apparently well vouched for. About half of them rejoiced in the name of Victor, but all vehemently denied relationship with the notorious leader. We christened them over again, all but one, who seemed to take a great fancy to Major Waller, and accompanied him everywhere, carrying everything he was allowed to and giving the closest attention to his wants. He was a quiet, grave, slender, self-contained man, with rather more dignity than the other carriers; perhaps that is the reason we did not give him a nickname.

At length our preparations were completed. We began the dangerous march into the unknown interior of the island on the day after Christmas. The rain had been falling in sheets for several days, but as we embarked the sun broke from among the dark clouds, giving promise of better and brighter weather. The river was much swollen, and it was two days before we passed the captured stronghold in the cliffs of the Sojoton. A short distance above the river ceased to be navigable, and then began a toilsome and difficult journey on foot. We were amid some of the grandest scenes in the world. At one point we saw a natural bridge far surpassing the imposing grandeur of the Natural Bridge in Virginia; and farther on there was a series of fifty or sixty waterfalls with numerous heavy rapids.

In one place the river poured tumultuously over a high cliff into the crater of an extinct volcano, to reappear a few hundred yards below, bubbling and seething through gravel and broken pumice. Sometimes we scaled the falls and waded the rapids; at others we had to clamber painfully around them, up steep, overhanging cliffs.

There was one waterfall of surpassing beauty, about ninety feet high. The water fell almost vertically, in a thin sheet of white, just heavy enough to hide the wall of stone behind. On investigation it was found that the rocks gave a secure foothold; and so the men, fastening their rifles securely to their backs, began to

clamber up it. To those below it was an uncanny sight to witness the men apparently climbing up a wall of white water without visible support.

The marching was heart-breaking work, painfully slow, for not more than three miles a day could be covered. Men became sore and chafed by constant wading; and when night arrived they were so tired that the moment their frugal meal was over they lay back where they had been sitting and dropped off into sound slumber.

But there were compensations, and even fun, to be got out of the hardships and perils that encompassed us. There was one great rapid, almost a fall, more than a mile long. The water, from knee to waist deep, roared and tumbled over great boulders in frothy masses, with a sullen roar that nearly drowned all other sounds. Through this mass of wild waters we plunged and struggled upward. Three men were in the lead. One slipped, and an instant later his body, with white face upward, was borne past us with a rush. Someone reached out and grasped his imperilled comrade, only to lose his own footing and go down stream in the seething whirl. Then a third and a fourth shared the same fate. The rest of us could only look on with horror at what seemed the inevitable death of our unfortunate companions. But in less time than it takes to tell it one after another either brought up against an uncovered rock or reached safety in the big pool at the foot of the rapids, none the worse for the experience excepting a sharp shaking up.

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After that the climbing of the rapids became a joke, and roars of laughter greeted misadventures. Even the officers did not escape. For a long time Major Waller kept his footing; but finally the men, who had been watching him; out of the corner of their eyes, saw him stagger and go down. Over and over he went,

until he brought up against a rock with a crash. As our Irish corporal remarked: "He shook the rapids!"

The next day we left the river and began a march through the forest, if march it could be called. Ahead a peak rose almost perpendicularly, so that we had to crawl on our stomachs, and often pull ourselves upward by bushes and small trees. Nearly all the bushes were thorny, and our hands were soon lacerated and our clothing in tatters. Our shoes, too, became cut and worn; our leggings alone withstood the rough usage.

Still the mountain towered above, its precipitous outline dark and broken by the tangled trees and thorny underbrush.

All at once one of the men uttered an exclamation of pain and consternation. Blood was streaming from his face and neck, and on his cheeks and forehead were great, reddish-brown, horrible-looking reptiles nearly a

finger-length long! Others, visibly growing in size, covered his neck and hands. A quick glance at one another revealed to our startled eyes a dreadful spectacle. The face of every man was covered with the same abominable creatures, some moving about, others motionless, gorging themselves with blood. Those



"THE MEN BEGAN TO CLAMBER UP."

which moved were scarcely thicker than a knitting-needle; but as soon as they ceased to move and began to tap our veins they grew in size with ghastly rapidity, until they were fully an inch in circumference.

The startled exclamations of the men drew

rending the body without detaching the terrible head.

After this, so long as we were among the leeches, we had no peace. They not only attacked the bare hands and face, but worked their way beneath our clothing. Several men

were rendered almost sightless, and all suffered untold agony from loss of blood and the pain of the wounds.

To add to our misery the heavy rains—which began again



"THE MEN SAW HIM STAGGER AND GO DOWN."

the attention of the native carriers, whose ordinarily impassive faces showed a passing gleam of interest.

"Leeches! Woods full of them," explained one, waving his hands expressively towards the ground and bushes.

Close inspection proved the truth of the native's words. The bushes, and even the dead leaves on the ground, were literally covered with the horrible things—the dreaded wood-leeches of the tropics!

The carriers taught us to take the creatures by the tail and draw them quickly backward. By that plan their jaws were loosened from the wound. Any other method resulted only in

after the first day or two of our journey—spoiled a large part of our rations. Our daily portion had to be reduced to a very small allowance of bacon, a little coffee, and such edible roots as we could find with the aid of the carriers.

There was an awful silence in the trackless woods. With the exception of ourselves and the leeches, there appeared to be absolutely no living creatures within many miles. For two days we did not see even a bird. To add to the depression rapidly stealing over us all we finally came to the conclusion that we were lost—hopelessly lost in that awful wilderness!

[The second and concluding instalment of this remarkable narrative will be published in our next issue. It describes the forlorn hope led by Major Waller to seek succour; the weird phosphorescent forest and the startling discovery made therein; the treachery of the guides; the horrors of the retreat; the return of the survivors of the party to civilization; and the fate that overtook the notorious "Captain Victor."]'

A NIGHT OF HORRORS.

BY C. M. STEVENSON, OF PAISLEY.

The awful experience which befell Mrs. Hart, of Paisley. She stepped by mistake into the waters of a flooded brook, and was carried into a sewer, where for nearly eight hours she battled for life in utter darkness, attacked unceasingly by swarms of huge rats. Then the waters rose and swept her away into the River Cart, where she was seen and rescued. Our commissioner obtained the story from Mrs. Hart's own lips, and the narrative is illustrated with specially-taken photographs.



EARLY on the morning of Sunday, 22nd March, two police-constables in the big Scottish thread-making town of Paisley were on duty in the vicinity of the River Cart when one called the other's attention to a moving object at the foot of a blank wall which bounds the other side of the river at a point opposite to which the officers had stopped. Then they heard a faint cry, distinguishable only because of the stillness of the Sabbath morning. Hurrying round by the Abbey Bridge, fortunately but a little distance off, they could make out upon a little patch of firm ground, and lying within a foot or two of the broad, swiftly-flowing river, a female figure, bare-footed, bare-headed, drenched, clothing in tatters, and altogether pitiable.

When 't runs through a populous centre a river has always its sordid tale to tell—usually in small paragraphs in the newspapers headed "Suicide," or it may be, charitably, "Drowning Accident." This particular "case" might have been considered entirely commonplace, but it turned out to be far otherwise. The story as told by the woman when rescued by the policemen was all but incredible; at the first telling it sounded absurd. But a thorough investigation for the purposes of a plain and straightforward narrative in these pages could find no flaw in the woman's account of



MRS. SARAH HART, WHO WAS ATTACKED BY SWARMS OF RATS IN A SEWER.
From a Sketch.

her terrible experiences, and revealed details of danger and horror such as one might expect to get only in some gruesome Zolaesque drama of underground Paris.

Mrs. Sarah Hart, to whom this adventure happened, is Irish, as her maiden name of Rafferty denotes. Though but an inch or two over five feet in height, she is strongly built, and her muscular arms and ruddy complexion denote the robust health of the outdoor worker. She wants but one year of fifty, and has been a widow for several years.

On the Saturday night which stands out so vividly in her memory she walked from the town of Barrhead, a few miles off, to Paisley, where she intended to spend the night. It was about half-past eight o'clock, she believes, and a dark, wet night, when she reached the Saucel, one of the first tenement dwellings met with from that direction of approach. At the entry of No. 12, where she is, she says, "well



THE ESTUFA BURN, INTO WHICH MRS. HART FELL—THE WATER WAS LEVEL WITH THE TOP OF THE WALLS AT THE TIME.
[Photo.]



"I STEPPED ON—AND IMMEDIATELY DISCOVERED MY MISTAKE."

acquainted," she turned in. As she went along she noticed several suspicious-looking men; and on reaching the open back-court, which is used as a washing green, she turned off to avoid them, making for the opposite side of the green, where she believed she could cross the stream known as the Espedair Burn—which flows past this spot, with stone embankments up to the level of the green, but devoid of fencing—and get to a footpath which would take her by a near cut to her destination in the town, a place known as Barterholm. It is almost amusing to think of the woman shrinking from passing near the men she saw, when one considers the pluck which she was soon to show she possessed.

About this time the country had been experiencing a prolonged spell of extremely wet weather, and in consequence the burn was in flood, its turbid waters rushing swiftly along on a level with the banks shown in one of the photographs given. In the uncertain light this proved poor Mrs. Hart's undoing.

"The water," she said, "was so high—up to the top of the wall—and the ground so wet and glistening that it looked to me just like the footpath. I stepped on—and immediately discovered my mistake. I was too late to get back, and was carried away like a straw. Almost before I knew what had happened I was underneath the bridge."

This "bridge" is seen in the photograph reproduced below. It is not really a bridge at all, but merely the slightly-arched stone facing of the culvert through which the Espedair Burn runs for the last part of its journey to the River Cart, which in its turn flows into the River Clyde. This culvert, or sewer, goes below the main roadway

which Mrs. Hart had just left, and then beneath some buildings. It extends for about a hundred and fifty yards, its course taking a slight bend about the middle, and the height of the tunnel



THE ENTRANCE TO THE CULVERT WHERE THE ESPEDAIR BURN RUNS UNDERGROUND.
From a Photo.

varies from five to seven feet. The bed of the stream all along the culvert and for some distance in the open air is made of brick, but this does not prevent huge rats—including many of the water species—from swarming in hundreds in its cavernous depths, and making their burrows along the slimy sides.

As has already been stated, the stream was in flood and was at this time within a foot of the roof at the entrance. As Mrs. Hart was whirled along helplessly by the fierce torrent she managed, with the strength of despair, to

down into the utter darkness of the noisome tunnel beyond.*

Once inside the tunnel, the unfortunate woman struggled desperately to gain her feet and make her way back to the entrance. The water, however, was up to her chest, and rushing along at a terrific pace, so that her feet continually slipped from under her. It occurred to her that if she could get her boots off—they were of the elastic-side variety—she might be able to secure a better grip on the bottom. So, holding on to the slimy wall, she contrived, with much difficulty, to push off her boots.

It was all of no use, however—she kept slipping and sliding backwards, the flood eddying round her and forcing her relentlessly farther and farther away from the point at which she had entered the vault, where she could see a tiny glimmer of light. Finding that, despite her most gallant efforts, she could get no nearer her goal, the poor woman desisted and crouched against the brickwork to think what she should do next. As she clung there the rising water swirled round her, and sometimes flung its cold splashes into her face. And all the time, to add to the poignancy of her distress, she could distinctly hear the big clock on the town-hall chiming the quarter hours—a bitter reminder of how near she was to friends and assistance if only her desperate plight were known.

Presently a new horror was added to her already sufficiently terrible position. Disturbed in their burrows by the rising water, countless myriads of huge rats now began to swarm around the poor buffeted woman. They bit at



MRS. HART CLUNG FOR A FEW MINUTES TO THE STONE-WORK.

clutch at the arch and temporarily arrest her headlong progress.

The bottom of the culvert immediately beyond this point falls abruptly, making a kind of small waterfall several feet deep. Here, in this wild tumble of waters, Mrs. Hart clung for a few minutes to the stone-work, shouting her loudest for help, which, unfortunately, was not forthcoming. Again and again she attempted to pull herself over the ledge so close above her head, but the force of the current prevented her, and finally a rush of water tore her from her precarious hold and hurried her relentlessly

*I deemed it advisable to see if this part of the narrative could be corroborated. If so, the whole story became complete, fitting in with the police account of finding the woman marvellously saved from drowning in the river beyond. Confirmation was really forthcoming. A woman residing in an adjoining tenement informed me that she heard cries as of a female in distress, while reading in her house between eight and nine o'clock on Saturday night. This woman knew the dangers of the Espedair Burn, and lost no time in getting to the spot. But nothing was to be seen, and the affair was treated as a false alarm. It is pitiful to think that not far off the sturdy little Irishwoman was battling for dear life in the darkness, with unknown horrors around her. THE AUTHOR.

her hands and clothes and clung tenaciously to her garments, their loathsome bodies and beady eyes seeming to be all around her.

"At first," said Mrs. Hart, "I thought the movement I could feel was only the water rising over my face and head. Then I found out it was rats! I do not think I shall ever be more afraid in my life! I commenced screaming with all my might, but no one heard me,



"I HAD TO KEEP KNOCKING OFF THE GREAT BRUTES WHICH CLIMBED OVER ME."

and I had to keep moving myself and knocking off the great brutes which climbed over me."

And so the long hours of that awful night went slowly by. Just picture for yourself the position of this poor woman, maintaining her place against the wall only with the utmost difficulty, breast-high in a swirling torrent, in inky darkness, and continually attacked by swarms of loathsome rats, who bit viciously when she resisted their efforts to use her head and shoulders as a safe retreat from the waters which had flooded their usual homes. How

Mrs. Hart escaped serious injury from these voracious creatures is all but inexplicable, and can only be attributed to the terror-stricken desperation of her efforts to keep them off, and the fact that the rats themselves were considerably handicapped by the force of the current. But that the ordeal must have been appalling beyond description is shown by the condition of the clothes she was wearing at the time,

which were seen by the writer. The stout blue serge is a mass of small tears, while in parts the rats' teeth have bitten through both cloth and lining.

For seven and a half hours the unfortunate woman endured all the horrors of this subterranean vault, the slow passage of time being brought home to her tortured brain by the monotonous chiming of the town-hall clock. All this time she was in inky darkness, save for the faint glimmer from the end of the culvert, and during the whole period the water rose slowly but steadily, while the swarming rats returned again and again to the attack.

Mrs. Hart remembers hearing the clock strike the quarter to four. By this time the water had increased considerably in volume, and gradually washed her from position after position, until at last she lost her footing altogether and was swept away once more. This time the turbid stream

carried her right down to the River Cart. Fortunately for the poor woman, the river was also in flood and up to the level of the culvert, so that the speed of the current moderated as she neared the main stream, and she was able to clutch hold of a piece of drift-wood which stuck up out of the river. This piece of wood is seen in the photo. on the next page, which shows the River Cart after the flood had subsided. At the time Mrs. Hart was swept into the stream this upright stick was all but covered.

Having grasped the stick, Mrs. Hart suc-

ceeded in laying hold of some tufts of grass and so pulling herself on to the bank. Woman-like, in spite of the terrible experience she had just come through, she thought of her appearance. "If anyone had seen me then!" she said. "All my hair-pins gone, my hair hanging about me, and my clothes in rags; I must have been

end. However, I stuck it firmly in the sand, and, to my surprise, Mrs. Hart was able to go up it with very little assistance. When she got to the top of the wall she did not hesitate, but faced the spiked railing, and climbed it without much trouble. She was then safely in the infirmary grounds, and was able to accompany



THE RIVER CART, SHOWING THE UPRIGHT STAKE WHICH MRS. HART MANAGED TO CLUTCH HOLD OF—AT THE TIME OF HER ADVENTURE IT WAS ALL BUT COVERED. [Photo.]

a fearsome sight. No wonder the policemen asked me where I had come from!"

A fearsome sight the poor woman certainly was. Though quite conscious, she had the appearance of a corpse, the skin of her hands, especially, being a deathly white. She lay for a couple of hours, probably, on her newly-found haven ere assistance came in the shape of the two stalwart constables to whom she shouted.

Let Constable 21, of Paisley, narrate the manner of her rescue :—

"Early on Sunday morning, 22nd March," he said, "between six and seven o'clock, I was on duty in the vicinity of the Cart. My neighbour constable told me that he thought there was a woman in the river. We went round by the bridge. When we saw the woman it was difficult to know how we were to get to her. I went to a yard near, but could not get a ladder. In another yard we did get a ladder, but it was found to be short of the distance it was needed for. So I got off my belt, my cape, lamp, keys, etc., and got over the railing, leaving the ladder behind. I managed to swing myself down to a ledge on the wall, and then dropped beside the poor creature. The difficulty was to get her up. The ladder was too short, and broken at one

us to the police office, though I could see she was in a very weak condition."

Mrs. Hart was kept in the police office till Monday morning, tended carefully by the chief constable and his subordinates, who gave her stimulants, food, and dry clothing, and provided her with a warm room.

Happily, it falls to the lot of very few to brave such dangers and undergo such a mental strain as did this plucky little Irish woman. She has since been doing her work again in the fields like any other hardy agricultural labourer. But such a shock could not be merely a passing one. About a month after the occurrence Mrs. Hart collapsed, and had to undergo treatment in hospital. Her dependence for many years upon her own earnings by manual labour from day to day and the habitual exposure in all sorts of weather to which she has been subjected have no doubt made her remarkably strong in both mind and body, and these qualities must be looked to as accounting for her surviving an experience which to most people would have meant certain death, either by drowning, the effects of the long exposure, or sheer terror at the accumulated horrors of that awful night in the subterranean stream.

The Narcissus Festival at Montreux.

By THOMAS E. CURTIS.

The great spring festival of Switzerland, held usually in May, is here described. It is in part a symbolic representation of the triumph of spring over winter, the vernal season being represented by the narcissus, which, at this time of the year, blooms profusely on the uplands near Lake Geneva.



For she who first thought of the Fête des Narcisses, which takes place annually at Montreux, on the Lake of Geneva, possessed practical sense and imagination. As an attraction to tourists and others who make Montreux a winter home it is already a sure success, and as a creation of poetic fancy is,

with drifted snow, yet no one, until five or six years back, saw its symbolic meaning as those in Montreux know it at the present time. For the appearance of the first star-like blossom on the green above the lake shows that the longed-for spring is near, and, as the single blooms multiply into uncountable thousands, this profusion of pure white proclaims to Swiss



From a Photo. by]

THE DANCE OF THE PIERROTS AND HERRETTES.

[Fransielei.

almost without exception, the prettiest spectacular *fête* to be found upon the Continent.

Those who have seen this exquisite festival, poetically typifying the triumph of spring over winter, and have revelled in its delights have often wondered why it was not thought of before. For more years than one can number the narcissus, that dainty child of spring, has blossomed on the uplands near Lemán, covering the landscape as though

and foreigner alike that winter has lost at last its icy grip. It is a moment when spirits rise, and the tender feelings, energy, and imagination of all are stirred into a newer life.

In one sense the festival is like all others, for in it there is a procession of decorated cars, without which no modern floral festival is supposed to be complete, but it differs entirely from similar *fêtes* in the special use to which a single flower is put. The narcissus, being

*From a Photo, by*

HERE WE SEE ANOTHER PRETTY BALLET.

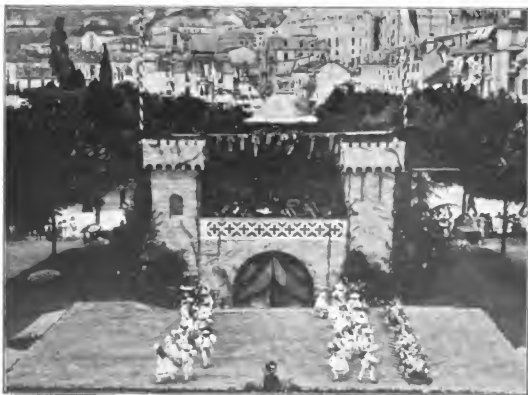
Fransoli.

the characteristic blossom of this region, gives distinct mark to the celebration as a whole, and, although other spring flowers lend variety to the ballets and processions, it is the narcissus around which everything may be said to turn.

It is Prince Narcissus, embodiment of this little flower, who forms the main figure in the *fête*. He is the centre of popular attraction. It is he for whom the triumphal music plays; he who makes love to the Fairy Queen; and when the official chariot rolls luxuriously along the street it is Prince Narcissus who receives the homage of the throng.

The *fête* is held towards the end of May — when travel to Switzerland has

begun and the narcissus is at its best — and draws visitors from all parts. Special trains are run from Berne and Geneva, and an extra service of boats is put on during the two days on which the festival is held. For some time before the *fête* begins



THE CHILDREN GO THROUGH THEIR PERFORMANCE WITHOUT A HITCH.

From a Photo, by Fransoli.

Montreux itself shows unwonted excitement. Masses of lovely blooms are sold by weight in the public squares for house decoration, and special flower markets are held for the benefit of those who want to buy. The windows of the shops are filled with decorative devices, in which the narcissus is prominent, and with an activity born of intense interest in this lakeside carnival the people of Montreux adorn their

performed in an open square, with large covered stands (at so much per seat) in the background, the opening scene was enacted by skaters and gnomes, as if the better to show the rigours of winter. But these personages recently gave way to the pierrots, with no especial loss to the quality of the play.

The care with which each detail of the performance is thought out is shown with the



From a Photo, by

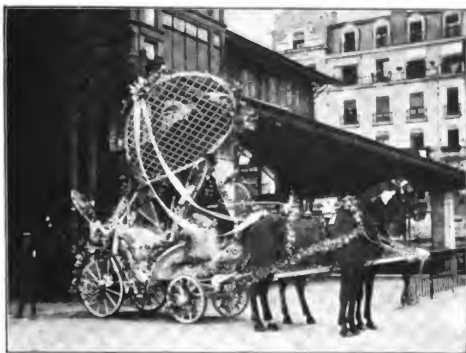
A TASTEFULLY DECORATED MOTOR-CAR.

[Bucher.]

houses with a floral garb and turn their little town into a veritable bower of beauty.

On a special stage erected for the dancers, with a mediæval gateway as a background, shown in some of our illustrations, the allegorical representation of the conflict between winter and spring is performed. A local musical organization, or, in some cases, one from Lausanne or Vevey, begins the spectacle with a few verses, sung to specially composed music, explaining the allegory that follows. The orchestra from the local Kursaal strikes up the overture, after which, through the portal of the gateway, enter a sprightly band of pierrots and pierrettes, dancing to the "Chant des Pierrots," sung by a chorus of little maidens. In the early history of the festival, when it was

advent of Fairy Spring and her train of fairies in blue—the next movement in the spectacle. Here the costumes suggest the memorable azure of this beautiful Swiss region, and a pretty sight the little children are as they trip up and down the stage. No sooner is their dance finished than a soloist appears, who welcomes spring in song, to be followed almost immediately by the lively entry on bicycles of a troop of *mouettes* or gulls, so common in the winter times on the neighbouring lake, these birds being represented by another group of little ones. With poetic appropriateness the gulls are shown to have but fitful life, for a struggle is precipitated by the entrance of the first swallow of spring, accompanied by a lively set of mates. The quarrel



From a Photo. by THIS CARRIAGE REPRESENTS "LAWN TENNIS,"

[Bucher.]

between these birds of hostile seasons—if such it may be called—is brief, and much is left to the imagination of the spectator; but in the end spring is triumphant and winter is finally overthrown. The complete victory of spring is shown by a ballet of flowers, the members of which, marching slowly in front of their Queen, break into full blossom as they surround her. The myosotis and lily of the valley dance hand-in-hand with primrose and pansy, the daffodil and daisy vie with the snowdrop and violet in their attentions to the fairy monarch—the fragrant narcissus, favourite of Montreux, being the last of these dainty spring blossoms to appear in this court of floral beauty.

The appearance of Prince Narcissus and his retinue is preceded by a blast of sonorous

music. A lad of fine physique and presence is chosen from amongst the youth of Montreux to enact this part. On his princely costume is a narcissus, and in his hand a narcissus-shaped sceptre. With dignity he pays a welcome court to the Fairy of Spring, their union symbolizing the final act in the defeat of winter. Humour is lent to the spectacle by a group of dolls and marionettes, who, in a ballet borrowed from the theatrical stage, create considerable laughter with a spirited rondo from a local composer's pen.

The result of the coming of spring is shown by the delight of some little people dressed *à la Pompadour* as marchionesses, who, in the spirit of the spectacle, welcome a change from their winter quarters and proceed to enjoy it. Carried in miniature Sedan chairs of the time of Louis XV, they come upon the stage, and are handed down by prettily-dressed attendants, who join their little mistresses in a dainty gavotte.



From a Photo. by

THE CHARIOT OF THE FAIRY QUEEN.

[Bucher.]

This effect is one of the brightest in the whole spectacle, for the little women, with their powdered hair and patches, bring to the modern the perfume of a time long past. An Alpine dance, performed in the costumes of old Montreux, ends the ballets.

Naturally, in the development of this now important spectacle alterations have taken place and new features are introduced yearly, which attract new visitors and give variety to the representation. The progress made in its effective performance comes, of course, from the familiarity of the children with the parts they play, for the same faces are to be seen each year, until the little ones have attained an age which, unhappily, makes them useless to express the sprightliness of a child of six or eight. It must not, however, be thought that the narcissus festival is wholly performed by children. The adult has a part in it, and in the performance of last year a minuet was performed by men and women with great success. Solos and duets are at times sung by adults, but

nothing is introduced, either in song or dance, which tends to destroy the illusion so delightfully created by the smaller ones. One can hardly praise too much the skill with which the children have been trained or the stage management which has carried on the representation in previous years without a hitch.

The grand procession comes at the end of the play. With the Fairy Queen Prince Narcissus takes his way to the official chariot, in which all the little actors have seated themselves. In the rear of this car come the private carriages and decorated cars, and, alas! the advertising enormities which seem to be indispensable to every modern carnival. The procession proceeds to one of the squares, where a battle of flowers is fought, and on the evening of the last day of the *fête* prizes are distributed for the best-decorated vehicles and houses. The town and quays are then illuminated, and a Venetian *fête* at the Kursaal closes the great spring festival of Switzerland.



ONE OF THE ADVERTISING ENORMITIES WHICH SEEM INDISPENSABLE TO MODERN CARNIVALS.
From a Photo. by Bucher.

A MOUNTAIN OF SALT.

At Cardona, in Spain, there is a remarkable mountain composed entirely of salt, so dazzling and transparent that it resembles a huge mass of ice. The author describes a visit to this strange peak and the magnificent grottos which are to be found in its interior.



THE salt mountain of Cardona, in Spain, is an instance of Nature's caprices. A mountain of salt ! Were so curious a phenomenon situated in a country where communications are an easier matter than in Spain, thousands of visitors would flock to it annually ; but, buried as it is among the most remote of the buttresses of the Iberian Pyrenees, north of Lerida, between Barcelona and Seo de Urgel, in the midst of an inhospitable region, glacial in winter and torrid in summer, it is only seen

but rarely, and then by a small number of people.

The railway only runs to within forty kilometres of it, and after that the traveller has recourse to a *farlana*, a species of long, two-wheeled vehicle drawn by four or five mules. One is here in the midst of Catalonia ; the sunburnt peasants all wear the scarlet Phrygian cap and long and graceful cloaks.

Gradually the cultivated lands fade from view, the soil begins to present a harder and more pebbly surface, and for six long hours the



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE MOUNTAIN OF SALT, SHOWING THE STRANGE "DEAD SEA" WHICH LIES IN ITS CRATER.
From a Photo. by Paul Granger.

tartana jolts one over a stony road much cut up with ruts. A kind of sea-sickness, produced by the rolling motion of the peculiar conveyance, does not add to the traveller's enjoyment.

At last Cardona is reached. On the summit of a perpendicular mountain stands the ancient citadel, with its walls and turrets of brick, which was for ages one of the most impregnable throughout Spain, but which long-range guns would nowadays shatter in less than an hour. A

the telescope. In all directions whitish slabs, gradually increasing in numbers, dot the landscape.

Suddenly, as the conveyance turns the corner of a mountain path, a huge resplendent mass greets the traveller's dazzled vision. It seems like a glacier, with its sharply cut ridges, its light green transparencies, its bluish shadows, and its almost perpendicular *coulées*. On drawing nearer the illusion increases; it looks as though the whole stupendous mass were glazed



THE MOUNTAIN LOOKS EXACTLY LIKE A STUPENDOUS GLACIER—IT IS ESTIMATED TO CONTAIN 500,000,000 TONS OF SALT!

From a Photo. by Paul Gruyer.

few sandal-shod soldiers are listlessly mounting guard on the ramparts. A curiously white-looking stream, apparently frozen, lies at the base of the rock. The water, however, is not frozen, and the fleecy snow on its bank is *not* snow—it is salt.

Our jolting conveyance pursues its uneven course up a narrow mountain pass, the source of this remarkable stream of salt. The landscape becomes more and more strange. In places the soil is studded with deep holes, in others, covered with blister-like formations; there is no trace of vegetation, all is a desolate waste, akin to the surface of the moon as revealed to us by

with a frost-rime composed of tiny and immaculate crystallizations, which emit a crackling sound under one's tread. A lakelet with deep blue water lies still and quiet in a frame of dazzling white; its water is as salt as that of the sea. Salt is everywhere—we have arrived at the mountain of salt.

Salt, such as is commonly used for household purposes, is derived, as we all know, from the evaporation of salt water; but salt is also found in the soil in a natural state, when it is known as rock-salt. In the latter case it is generally in the shape of subterranean reefs, which are worked in the same fashion as coal-mines. Such

deposits are met with in France in the departments of the Isère and Savoie ; but more especially in Roumania, in Poland, and at Wieliczka, in Austria.

Here at Cardona the salt has gushed from the earth. This extraordinary phenomenon was doubtless produced by some antediluvian

and are then broken up, to be subsequently ground by machinery. Nor does the rain when gliding down the hard and compact mass have any effect on it ; it can hardly be said to melt it, contenting itself with cutting quaintly carved gullies along its flanks. Occasionally, however, after a thunderstorm, a fragment is detached



From a Photo. by

A GROTTO IN THE HEART OF THE MOUNTAIN.

[Paul Gruper.]

cataclysm, at a time when the ocean partly covered what are now continents and its waves dashed against the Pyrenees.

It is estimated that the mountain itself contains 500,000,000 tons of salt. Now, as France consumes some 700,000 tons of salt yearly, it would take her something like seven centuries to dispose of this huge mountain. Hence it is that its partial exploitation—which produces annually 40,000fr.—seems to have had hardly any appreciable effect on it. Pieces like slabs of marble are cut out of its flanks

from the mountain-side and rolls a little way down. Salt attracts lightning, and a magnificent spectacle is presented when the lightning flashes dart across the sky and converge on the scintillating mountain. At such times it is wise to stand at some distance away from the peak. As to the blocks thus torn away by the lightning, they later on become more or less cemented to its flanks, and so the compact mass of the mountain remains practically the same.

The mountain possesses, however, one formidable foe who slowly, but relentlessly, gnaws it

from the inside. Scattered about in the mountain are tiny openings—"monkey holes" they are locally styled—and from out of each of these comes a rivulet, so tiny that it seems powerless to do harm. But little by little these subterranean springs drill their way through the entire thickness of the mountain, digging out long tunnels into which the visitor may enter if he be so inclined. The guide accompanying him will, however, begin by warning him that it is prudent for him to make his will ere doing so, since, owing to the destructive work of the tiny streams, continual salt-slides occur in the narrow channels. Blocks of salt weighing from fifty to a hundred kilos are liable at any moment to crash down upon the explorer, crushing him like a fly—the sound of one's voice, the weight of one's body

on the soil being sufficient to detach them from the roof. Let the visitor, however, proceed a few steps farther: from the ceiling depend stalactites of salt of immaculate whiteness, to all appearances chandeliers; the streamlet seems to flow along a crystal bed, and the drop of water hanging from the sharp point of each stalactite scintillates like a diamond by candlelight. Suddenly the guide pulls you back, calling you

attention to a feeble sound akin to that emitted by a squeezed sponge; it is hardly perceptible to the ear, and yet it sounds a warning of an imminent salt-slide, and it becomes imperative to retrace one's steps without having been able to penetrate farther into the fairylike interior of the mountain.

The mountain of Cardona being private property, three or four gorgeously-uniformed keepers are entrusted with the duty of seeing that the inhabitants of the surrounding country do not come and help themselves to salt; it is, however, an easy matter to take away a crystalline fragment by way of a memento. So limpid is the substance that spectacle-glasses can be made out of the more transparent pieces. The men employed at the salt works turn out crosses,

rosaries, goblets, and bottles, which they sell to tourists for a few pesetas.

The reader will perhaps regret that this curious mountain is so difficult of access. Its inaccessibility, however, is its safeguard. On the day when it becomes easy of access its destruction will have become imminent, for commercialism will set its grasp on it and will exploit it on a large scale, with the inevitable result of its speedy disappearance.



MINERS HAULING UP BLOCKS OF SALT FROM AN ABYSS.

From a Photo, by Paul Grayer.

After the "Mad Mullah."

BY CAPTAIN A. H. DIXON, KING'S AFRICAN RIFLES.

I.

Captain Dixon has just returned from Somaliland, where he fought in two expeditions against the Mad Mullah, and raised and commanded a company of native Somali levies. He gives an interesting account of the difficulties and privations of campaigning in that desolate portion of the Dark Continent, illustrating his narrative with some striking photographs taken by himself.



It is not within my province to give a history of the operations undertaken during the past two years against the wily person known as the "Mad Mullah." I shall rather endeavour within the space at my disposal to recount some of my experiences—humorous and otherwise—in the course of two years' campaigning under Colonel Swayne.

A little over two years ago I landed at Aden, having gone out from England to help raise the Somali levy which Colonel Swayne was then organizing to punish the Mullah and his followers, who had for a long period been raiding the Somali tribes under British protection.

The only means of communication between Aden and Berbera, the chief port of Northern Somaliland, is a very small steamer which runs across weekly, taking over the mails and bringing back hides, the chief export of the country. My experience of this boat was most unfortunate, as, owing to my having to embark in the dark, all my clothing got taken on to Ceylon on board the steamer by which I travelled from England.

There was a small raised deck in the stern of the boat, with a perpendicular ladder leading up to it. This deck was inhabited by the first-class passengers—and a dog. The latter had taken up his abode at the top end of the ladder,

and there was something about my face to which he objected, for the moment my head appeared level with the deck the vicious animal sprang at me and made his teeth meet through my upper lip. At this moment a man in his shirt-sleeves, with a tumbler in his hand, rushed out of a cabin and, holding the glass toward me, said "Here, take this!" Thinking it was the steward, I took it and drank. My mistake. The man was not the steward, but the doctor, who was on the point of retiring to bed, and the "drink" was nothing stronger than some almost pure Cond's Fluid. I don't know which of us was the more worried over the mistake. I don't think he was.

In due course we arrived at Berbera, with a sort of feeling that we had at last really reached the end of the world, and walked up along the half-mile of jetty to report our arrival at head-quarters.

This being satisfactorily accomplished, we returned to look after our belongings, which by this time had been landed on the wharf. I was

soon made aware of one of the Somali's most annoying traits, his weakness for loot, especially for such articles as ropes, straps, and camels! None of these three things can he possibly resist. During my brief absence every strap had disappeared off our boxes, even down to the two small straps on my gun-case, and we never saw them again.



CAPTAIN A. H. DIXON, THE AUTHOR.
From a Photo. by Maull & Fox.

One of the first questions I was asked upon my arrival was: "Can you mark?" and I naturally had visions of going into the butts, but I soon found out my error, for "marking" meant marking kit, and for a period of six weeks or so I did little else.

The day's work began at 6 a.m. with drilling raw Somalis. This over, a man beating a tom-tom would be dispatched through the native quarter to beat up fresh recruits.

These used to come in about 9 a.m., and if everything was satisfactory some of the best were selected and their names inscribed on the roll as "soldiers of the King." They would then be handed over to the tender mercies of the subahdar-major for instruction in the elements of their new profession.

The Somali is of a very independent disposition, and after a few days' drill two-thirds of the levies used to suffer from "a tired feeling" and were seen no more. Consequently, our great aim in life was to dispatch our recruits up country, where there would not be the same temptations to desert. This we did as soon as we got complete and equipped a section of thirty men. These were posted off to Adadleh, at that time our most advanced base, and some ninety-five miles distant inland from Berbera. An important item of each morning's work was to go across to the fort and unpack and sort bales of blankets and barrels of equipment stored there. Each article had then to be marked, first in sets and then with the regimental number of the owner, the former with a paint brush and a pot of red Aspinall's enamel, and the latter with ink and a pointed bit of stick.

As I said before, all my own kit had gone on to India, and as I only possessed one suit of white clothing it soon became a mass of ink and paint.

At five every evening each section which was ready and supplied with kits was collected and paraded, their equipment served out to them, and off they started on their two days'

march to Adadleh. All this was pretty hard work, but decidedly amusing, for none of the men had the least idea of how to put their things on, and one had to personally attend to every one of the levies.

In Somaliland it is not so much a case of "If you want a thing done *well*, do it yourself," as of "If you want a thing done *at all*, do it yourself," for Somalis make excellent audiences. In the two years I was out among them there was very little I didn't turn my hand to. Amongst others I was haircutter-in-chief, and, though my victims suffered a good deal in appearance at first, I became fairly proficient after a short time. My photograph here shows



THE AUTHOR ACTING AS REGIMENTAL BARBER.
From a Photo.

the first occasion on which I acted as regimental barber. Having polished off my victim, I am seen proceeding to shampoo him.

After spending six weeks at Berbera in the way I have described I was very thankful to make a shift, as it began to get exceedingly hot, and the continual strain of "fixing up" new men was very trying. Accordingly I started for Adadleh. The first sixty miles on the road to the interior is not particularly interesting, being over a sandy plain

covered with low thorn scrub, and gradually ascending towards the mountains.

Arrived at Mandera we found ourselves at the foot of the Jirato Pass, in the Golis Range, by which you reach the high plateau of the Hinterland. The next two photographs will show how varied are the characteristics of this part of the country. The scenery here is exquisite; huge mountains covered with vegetation tower on either side, whilst guinea-fowl and partridges swarm in the undergrowth. The pass itself is an almost perpendicular climb of some three thousand feet, extremely difficult for laden camels to negotiate, as their loads are constantly slipping. Thousands of dog-faced baboons clambered about the hills and barked at us, even venturing occasionally to pick up stones and throw down at us as though resenting our intrusion.



From a] TYPICAL MOUNTAIN SCENERY ON THE MARCH.

[Photo.

In most countries, when one arrives at the top of a mountain, one expects to go down the other side; but, as Dan Leno says, "Everything is so different in Japan"; and in Somaliland, when one reaches the summit, one almost always finds, instead of a declivity, an enormous flat plateau stretching away as far as the eye can reach, and a good deal farther.

Adadleh is about seven miles from the top of the pass, and on reaching the summit we at once started to trot forward, being anxious for our breakfasts, for which the bracing early morning air had given us good appetites.

My saddle had shared the fate of my clothes and gone off to Ceylon, so I was obliged to ride on a native one, which was most uncomfortable. Moreover, the stirrup-leathers, being made of raw hide, kept on stretching, and by this time were much too long, so that I had all my work cut out to keep in the saddle. However, we arrived at Adadleh without mishap, and after breakfast I proceeded to collect my company. This I found was rather a difficult proceeding, as each of the four sections, who had been enlisted at different times and had gone up country at various intervals, did not know that they belonged to one another, but were all drilling as separate units.

I had no interpreter and knew very

few words of Somali, and, whilst most officers had a few natives in their companies who could speak Hindustani, I, by some curious fatality, had none; so in desperation I enlisted my cook as interpreter, and a very good one he proved himself, though I suffered greatly in consequence, as he had to be on parade whilst he ought to have been getting my breakfast ready.

A month or so was spent at Adadleh in hard drilling and generally getting things ready for the advance, most of our time being taken up with musketry. Here, again, one was left entirely to one's own resources, as there was only one rifle range with two targets for the whole force, so every officer explored the surrounding country until he found a suitable small hill, and there made a range for his own company. Mine was about five miles distant from our camp, and we used to march out at 3 a.m. and shoot till about ten, continuing again in the afternoon. The targets were made of rough calico, stretched over poles cut in the jungle, and the bull's-eye, etc., were marked out in charcoal. I always had to do this myself, as the Somali's idea of a circle is vague, to say the least of it. He requires a good deal of coaching, too, in the matter of using the sights on his rifle.



From a] THE EXPEDITION TRAVERSING A MOUNTAIN PASS.

[Photo.

The accompanying photo. shows "E" Company's rifle range. In the foreground will be seen what looks like a pillar, but is really an ant-heap, with which the country is covered, especially in the Haud, where they often rise to a height of over sixty feet. The Somalis are naturally very good shots, and at target practice I doubt if any natives could be found to beat them, but they are so excitable that in actual fighting they generally forget all about their sights and fire wildly into the air, or the back of your head if you happen to be in front of them.

They used to be exceptionally keen on their target practice, and there was great competition between the sections. Whenever a man made a bull's-eye the markers used to rush out and do a wild war-dance in front of the targets; whereas, if anyone missed, all the other levies used to jeer at him.

Burao was the place chosen for our next base, and companies were gradually moved there. On the way two officers belonging to different columns, on nearing camp, trotted ahead of their men and lost their track. After two days both were discovered in an exhausted condition, as all they had got with them was a small bottle of water each.

The native has the most marvellous instinct for finding his way, and seldom loses his direction even in regions where he has never been before. It is not advisable, even though one knows the surrounding country thoroughly, to venture out without a native, as the bush is generally so thick and the tracks are so indistinct that it is easy at any moment to wander off the road, when every effort to regain the track will only lead one farther astray.

Life at Burao proved to be much the same as at Adadleh, except that the men knew a little more about their work as soldiers.

The force was now divided into two divisions, the first and second corps. Between them there was great rivalry, which proved exceedingly useful in stimulating their ardour for work,

but occasionally led to rather disconcerting results. One day we organized some inter-corps athletic sports, which eventually ended in a free fight. All went well for the first two or three events, but in the half-mile race enthusiasm reached its highest pitch, and about one hundred yards from the finish one of the spectators, seeing a man in another company winning, rushed out and "collared him low." After this there was a scene of indescribable confusion, everyone picking his man and going for him, while the officers rushed in with any bludgeon they could lay hands on and tried to separate the combatants. Peace was not restored for a good

quarter of an hour, and, though no one was seriously hurt, some of the competitors for other races were unable to take part in any further proceedings that day. Excitability is the Somali's chief fault, for on the least occasion he completely loses control of himself and does things of which he is ashamed afterwards.

It was at Burao, after the finish of

the first expedition, that we taught the levies to play hockey, over which they were most enthusiastic, though they entirely refused to recognise any rules, such as "off-side," "sticks," etc.; all they cared about was that there was a goal, and a ball to be got through it somehow. We had no proper hockey sticks, but they could cut excellent ones in the jungle; generally, however, they were too lazy to go out to do so, and used to appear on the ground at the last moment armed with any sort of weapon, from a spade handle upwards. These they used to whirl round their heads, not caring the least what they hit, whether it happened to be a bystander's head or the ball or anything. During the game the spectators used to crowd round and cheer vociferously, and generally grew so excited when the ball got anywhere near the goal that they would join in as well until we suddenly found we were playing about forty a-side. Then the game had to be stopped and the players sorted out.



THE RIFLE RANGE CAPTAIN DIXON IMPROVISED FOR HIS COMPANY AT ADADLEH
—WHENEVER A MAN MADE A BULL'S-EYE THE MARKERS USED TO DO A
[From a] WAR-DANCE IN FRONT OF THE TARGETS. [Photo.]

When we left Burao we advanced south-east in the direction in which the Mullah and his following were reported to be, and a terrible business it was getting off. We had some five thousand camels waiting to be loaded up with every description of burden, and being very short of officers (some twenty in all for the whole force) we all had to work our hardest to get things moving. The natives are wonderfully good when they once know exactly what their work is and what their loads are, and when once started give little or no trouble, but the preliminary start is always a very long and trying process.

I again experienced the Somalis' rope-looting

noticed a small piece sticking out of the ground under a tree; so scratching up the ground all round I found I had lit upon some looter's hidden store, and in a few minutes collected enough to fill two sacks, and more than enough for all my requirements.

We used to march about twenty miles a day, and nothing of interest occurred until the arrival at our camp of Major Beynon, D.S.O., with some three thousand camels he had captured. That same afternoon

we moved forward to Assoura, having left Captain McNeill (now D.S.O.), with the second column and most of the heavy baggage, entrenched in the zareba at Sanala. This he next day made famous by absolutely defeating



SOMALIS PLAYING HOCKEY AT BURAO—THEY ENTIRELY REFUSED TO RECOGNISE ANY RULES, AND DID NOT CARE WHETHER THEY HIT THE BALL OR ONE ANOTHER.
From a Photo.



THE CAMELS OF THE EXPEDITION—THERE WERE FIVE THOUSAND OF THEM, AND THEY CAUSED MUCH TROUBLE.
From a Photo.

propensities, for, being on rear guard, the loading up of anything left behind devolved on me and my company, and though there should have been ample rope left, not one piece could I find. Eventually, while hunting about, I

the Mullah's army, which attacked him three times in overwhelming force. The following snapshot shows the Somalis making this zareba; and the next picture, a typical encampment. During the night, while encamped at



From a) SOMALIS GATHERING THORN-BUSHES TO BUILD A ZARERA. [Photo]

Assoura, we heard a great number of hyenas howling all round, and it subsequently turned out that the Mullah had intended rushing our camp, but he had been persuaded to first attack what he considered the weaker force. The hyena calls were made as a signal to his men to withdraw from our vicinity. We next proceeded over an enormous open plain, and about midday came to a large "bulli," or water-hole, where we halted.

Water had been very scarce up to now, and bathing of any description quite out of the question, so everyone seized the opportunity and indulged in a swim. This scene is depicted on the next page.

There were a certain number of the enemy's horsemen hanging about in the far distance, and a Maxim gun was turned on them, but they kept well out of range. It was a curious spectacle of peace and war to see many of us quietly having breakfast and others bathing, while the Maxim gun kept firing away merrily. Now and

then a white head would be thrust out of the water and inquire if anything had been hit.

Anyone who has followed the course of the Somali expedition knows of the defeat of the Mullah by Captain McNeill, and our subsequent pursuit of him and the remnants of his followers for over fifty miles through the mountains and into the waterless Haud, where he managed, owing to the darkness, to make good his escape, though the greater part of his immediate retinue were slain. Some considerable period elapsed after this before the Battle of Firdidin, which terminated the first campaign, and the intervening time was spent in punishing the tribes by looting their animals.

The greater number of the enemy had never seen a rifle previous to this, and it was quite comic to see their fear of them, the men throwing down their spears and darting into the thick bush at sight of the gleaming barrel. If they only knew it, the native with a spear is much more dangerous than the one with a rifle, as the latter almost invariably, in the excitement of the moment, blazes off into the air, making a great noise but harming no one.

A Somali, if taken unawares, will first throw



From a)

A CORNER OF THE CAMP.

[Photo,



From a]

A "BULLI," OR WATERING PLACE.

[Photo.

away his arms and then gradually proceed to disrobe himself as he runs of each article of attire, until eventually he is stark naked, the idea being that his pursuer, whose avarice he well knows, will be bound to stop to pick up the discarded clothing, the fugitive thus gaining a certain amount of ground for each article dropped.

Somalis are entirely nomadic in their habits, and a tract of country which you visit one day and find covered with huts may not show a sign of life a couple of days afterwards. Everything depends on the rain, for the people are pastoral and rely on their flocks and herds for their sustenance, often living for months on nothing but milk. *A propos* of this, we met a man one day in the Haud, coming along in a great hurry, and stopped him to find out what was the matter. He said he had heard that rain had fallen about ten miles away, and he was going to get a drink, as he hadn't had one for seven months! This sounded rather startling, and we told him that he had better hurry and not delay on our account, but we should like to know before he went how he had managed to get along all that time without one, and he then told us he had been living entirely on milk.

The tribes have each their regular grazing grounds, to which they go at different seasons

of the year, according to the rainfall. On the march each camel carries three mats, called "herios," made of grass, and tied on each side are thin, semi-circular sticks. On arrival at a camping ground the camels are unloaded; each subsection of the tribe selects a piece of ground, makes a small zareba, and proceeds to put up huts. This is always done by the women. The semi-circular sticks are first planted in the ground and tied together with the loading ropes, and the mats are then spread thickly over the top, thus making a very warm,

rainproof dwelling, which can be pulled down, loaded up on the camels, and moved away with great rapidity on the approach of danger.

One of the most extraordinary features about these people is their ability to live for a lengthy period on nothing but meat without getting ill, and during both the expeditions nothing was taken for them in the way of food that could not walk on its own legs.

On the 1902 expedition the men subsisted solely on meat for over six months. Camel is the usual ration and the one they generally prefer, one camel being sufficient for one hundred men for one day. I myself once had nothing else but camel meat and milk for ten days, and, though I cannot say I am partial to it, it might be worse in flavour—it is more like strong goat than anything else I know. The camel is a curious beast, and doesn't seem to object in the least to being killed; in fact, he takes everything as a matter of course. He sits down very quietly and doesn't protest in the least when his throat is cut; he is then skinned, and still you see him sitting in the same attitude of contentment, only skinless; and when the meat is all cut off the skeleton remains sitting in the same position, and it will probably be found in exactly the same position if the spot is revisited six months or a year later.

(To be concluded.)

A Unique Summer Residence.

A COUNTRY HOUSE ON THE TOP OF MONT BLANC.

By C. E. JOHNSTONE.

An account of the remarkable Observatory House and refuge for mountaineers which Monsieur Vallot, a wealthy French climber, has erected on the top of Mont Blanc. The refuge has been the means of saving many lives, but, curiously enough, has been "burgled" no fewer than three times in three years!



COUNTRY house on the top of Mont Blanc! Only an enthusiastic scientist would have an adequate motive for wishing to possess a residence more than fourteen thousand feet above the sea-level. No one but an ardent mountaineer would be likely to conceive such an idea, and no one but a man of considerable means and indomitable energy could possibly carry it out.

Such a combination of qualifications is no doubt rare, but it has been found in the person of Monsieur Joseph Vallot, who many years ago succumbed to the remarkable fascination which the great white mountain seems to exercise over all those who have learnt to know and love its glistening snows.

In the interests of science Monsieur Vallot determined to build an observatory near the well-known "Dromedary's Hump," which lies in the declivity between the Dôme du Gouter and the actual summit of Mont Blanc.

A similar idea was also simmering in the brain of Dr. Janssen, the director of the observatory at Meudon, near Paris. This fiery little devotee of science, though over seventy years of age and a cripple, caused himself to be pushed and dragged upon a sort of sledge by an army of guides until he stood upon the summit of the highest mountain in Europe. There he proposed to erect an observatory in which instruments could be placed that would automatically record the variations of temperature and changes of weather



THE ORIGINAL VALLOT REFUGE.
From a Photo.

at a height of nearly sixteen thousand feet above the sea.

The funds for this enterprise were provided by various French financiers, including a member of the famous Rothschild family, and for the actual construction recourse was had to Monsieur Eiffel, the architect of the Babel-like tower that bears his name.

To-day the Janssen Observatory on the summit of Mont Blanc testifies to the remarkable courage and untiring energy of the French doctor.

But an observatory of this kind did not satisfy the ambition of Monsieur Vallot. He wished for a house in which he, and other equally ardent doctors of science, could live for days and even weeks together, in order to take observations and record phenomena which are beyond the reach of mere automatic instruments left to themselves.

Grands Mulets, the charges of which were not long ago the subject of a discussion in the newspapers.

In spite of all these difficulties Monsieur Vallot started in 1890 to build his observatory on the Bosses du Dromadaire, and at the same time, having at heart the interest of the mere mountaineer as well as the meteorologist, he erected, at a cost of over six hundred pounds, a refuge at which "ascensionists" might find shelter from the wind and snow. The building of the observatory, after the materials had with infinite difficulty been transported to the site, occupied one hundred and ten guides and porters for a week. The refuge has saved the lives of many



THE VALLOT OBSERVATORY AND REFUGE—IT TOOK A HUNDRED AND TEN MEN
From a *[Photo.]*
 A WEEK TO BUILD.

The difficulties in the way of carrying out such a scheme seemed absolutely insuperable. Everything would have to be carried up the mountain by porters, and the maximum weight that they will undertake is thirty-five pounds. At these altitudes the rarity of the atmosphere makes breathing extremely difficult, and in many cases causes acute mountain-sickness, so that half the workmen employed would probably be on the sick-list most of the time.

As if these difficulties, however, were not sufficient, the Commune of Chamonix began to place obstacles in the way, on the assumption that a house of this kind on the Bosses du Dromadaire might interfere with the inn on the

mountaineers, and it was this place which the two unfortunate Frenchmen were vainly trying to find on the night of August 8th, 1902, when, for want of some adequate protection against the icy cold, they lay down on the snow and died.

But the Vallot Observatory is something very different from either the Janssen building or the ordinary Alpine hut, of which many specimens are to be found perched aloft among the peaks of the various Swiss mountains.

It is really a small eight-roomed house, erected at a cost of about four thousand pounds, containing the necessities and even the luxuries that are required for a stay of several weeks on the mountain-top.



THE SITTING-ROOM IS FURNISHED IN JAPANESE STYLE.
From a Photo.

There are a bedroom and sitting room, the latter being comfortably and even elegantly furnished in the Japanese style.

The kitchen contains a plentiful

supply of cooking utensils and bottles, while the well-filled store-room testifies to the care that has been bestowed upon the commissariat department. On the table in the dining-room is to be seen not only a bottle of champagne, but also an up-to-date sparklet siphon, with which to aerate the snow-water that is obtained on the summit. In the instrument-room are aerometers, barographs, and spectroscopes, as well as a number of instruments the very names of which are both unknown and unintelligible to the ordinary amateur.

There is a photographic room, too, where the photographs with which this article is illustrated were developed, and a guides' room, where several sturdy sons of the



THE KITCHEN CONTAINS A PLentiful SUPPLY OF COOKING
From a UTENSILS AND BOTTLES. *Photo.*



From a)

A CORNER OF THE DINING-ROOM.

[Photo.

mountain may be seen resting after a hard day's work.

The laboratory contains an electric battery, and is in every way as well-equipped as if there were no fourteen thousand feet intervening between it and the sea-level.

Monsieur Vallot is always glad to place his observatory at the disposal of enthusiastic scientists, his only stipulation being that they shall take up with them at their own expense one of the guides whom he employs regularly in connection with the building, to do the cooking and look after the house.

One would naturally imagine that, having selected a site some thousands of feet above the snow-level, one of the dangers that one would not have

to guard against would be burglary. Unfortunately, Monsieur Vallot's experience goes to prove that even at that height, though the professional with the "jemmy" and centre-bit may find no attractions, the amateur house-breaker with more primitive instruments and methods does not hesitate, when occasion arises, to break into the private residence and calmly make use of the provisions stored there. Three times during the past three years has "burglarious entry" of this kind been effected into Monsieur Vallot's house, and in 1901 a search party that was sent up from Chamonix to look for three missing men found them comfortably seated on Monsieur Vallot's bed, drinking his liqueurs.



From a)

THE SLEEPING-ROOM FOR THE GUIDES.

[Photo.

Last year two Germans, who had ascended from the Italian side without guides, thought that the weather was too bad to allow them to descend, and so spent the night at the Vallot Refuge. The next day, although the sun-record automatically registered by the heliometer proves that it was quite fine enough for even moderately good mountaineers to have risked the descent, they decided to remain another night, and for this purpose they broke into the observatory, as they did not find the bare shelter of the refuge sufficiently luxurious for their requirements. Inside the observatory they found Monsieur Vallot's (involuntary) hospitality so satisfactory that they did not feel inclined to leave it for some time. Having burnt the fuel and consumed the provisions which they found there for several days they came down into Chamonix and there coolly offered to pay the owner for the things which they had used at the price which they would have cost at an ordinary shop. Now, seeing that the lowest cost of a porter to the top of Mont Blanc is two pounds, and that

the maximum weight that he is prepared to carry, it will easily be understood that the value of even a tin of beef on the Bosses du Dromadaire is a very different thing from its price in a Chamonix shop. The owner, therefore, indignantly refused the few paltry francs which these worthy sportsmen offered him, and proceeded to bring an action against the two climbers for breaking into his private residence.

For this he was very harshly criticised by some of the Continental journals, on the ground that he was trying to extort from two "intrepid German ascensionists" an exorbitant price for two or three tins of meat, which they had eaten when they were in imminent danger of dying of starvation! The absurdity of this view of the case is proved by the fact already mentioned, that the meteorological record clearly showed that there was absolutely no necessity

for them to have remained upon the summit at all. As a matter of fact, in order to repair the damage which they had done and replace the food and fuel which they had used, it was found necessary to equip and send up a special expedition of guides. These were in the first instance turned back by bad weather, so that a second party had to be dispatched. They found on their arrival at the house that considerable damage had been done both to the furniture and the instruments by the snow which had drifted in through the window broken by the Germans. Under these circumstances it will be seen that the owner was right in estimating the cost of the mischief done in pounds rather than in francs. In consequence of these "regrettable incidents" he has been obliged to have iron bars placed over the windows in order to render them burglar-proof.

It is, however, characteristic of Monsieur Vallot's considerate care for the well-being of climbers that he has at the same time sent up a complete outfit for cooking and for heating water to be placed in the refuge, where it will be at the disposal of all comers.

The portrait of Monsieur Vallot shows him in a mountaineering costume. Some idea of his prowess as a climber may be gathered from the fact that in the year 1887 he spent three days on the summit of Mont Blanc *under canvas*! Two years ago, when living in his observatory, he was brought out by a cry for aid from a German who had fallen into a crevasse. Hurrying out to the man's assistance without waiting to put on a proper amount of warm clothing, Monsieur Vallot contracted an illness which has unfortunately prevented him from making any personal use since then of his unique summer residence.



MONSIEUR VALLOT, THE FOUNDER
OF THE OBSERVATORY.
From a Photo.



BY MRS. CHAS. HERBERT, OF PINCHER CREEK, ALBERTA, N.W.T.

The terrible experiences of a man who got lost on the Canadian prairie. For nine days and ten nights he was without food save for a few coffee-beans, and without water save for the snow—and this in a temperature ranging from ten degrees above zero to forty degrees below! The case is quite unparalleled in the annals of the Great North-West.



IN February, 1898, George Nofield, a Jew pedlar, went out from Wetaskiwin, Alberta, to trade for fur with some Indians who were camped on Iron Creek, seventy miles distant.

His horses got away from him one night in a hard snow-blow and left him alone on the prairie, where he was for nine days and ten nights without food save a few coffee-beans, without water save the few drops that came from the snow he melted in his parched mouth, and without protection from the cold save that provided by a racoon-skin coat and a goat robe he carried on his back. During the time that he was out the thermometer registered from ten degrees above zero to forty below, with strong winds blowing most of the time. Nofield covered about forty miles from where his horses left him to where he was rescued, much of this on his hands and knees, for his feet were frozen the second night out. His experience, all things considered, beats any heretofore established record of privation and suffering in Canada.

The pedlar fought well for his life, and looked death squarely in the face. It was hard—cruelly hard—to endure what he had to go through,

and the sympathy of those who read this tale should go out to him. But when we, who were on the ground, who knew his purpose and realized the danger that might come from such an act, hesitated to accord him a full degree of sympathy, can anyone wonder? One of Nofield's packs contained enough liquor to have sent every Indian in the Wood Cree band on the war-path, and, had they ever got it, more than one—yes, possibly twenty lives would have been lost. This liquor he certainly intended to use in his trading operations.

But Providence ruled otherwise. Like the Jews of old, Nofield was led into the wilderness and made to suffer alone for the idea of sin. The whisky which might have turned a hundred men into howling fiends served a better purpose. It kept alight the smouldering flame of life when it was nearly extinguished. Such is the mystery of Fate. And now to my story.

The morning of February 1st, when the Jew left Wetaskiwin, broke clear and cold. He had arranged with a rancher, Rendall by name, to drive him out to the last house he would come to on his journey, Charlie Schneider's. When the mission of the trader became known to the

plainmen about the hotel, these latter tried by all manner of arguments to dissuade him from making the attempt, but to no avail. Nofield shut his ears to all entreaty on their part and climbed into the sleigh. Rendall drove him out as far as Dhuhamel, some twenty miles, where a man named Joe Swawb took him up and brought him to Schneider's for the night.

The next morning being an exceedingly stormy one, Schneider tried to persuade Nofield to stay over, but it was no use. He could see some trader, in his mind's eye, securing all the bargains, though if he had stopped to think he might have been certain that he was the only man with sufficient tenacity to start on a trading trip in such weather.

Swawb and Nofield drove in a south-easterly direction, making camp at noon in a *coulée* behind a dense scrub. While they were eating they were joined by a couple of half-breeds, hunting horses, and heading for the south end of Wave Lake. As the old German was getting a little frightened of the trip, Nofield bargained with the half-breeds to take him to the branching of the trails.

This they did. But they did more. When they broke camp at the *coulée* they discovered that there was only one loaf left for the three of them. This, with keen foresight, they annexed while Nofield was busy with his horses.

From the point where the half-breeds left Nofield to Schneider's is, by trail, thirty miles; as the crow flies, sixteen long ones. The due east trail leads to Wave Lake, the south-east trail—the one Nofield took—brings one to Iron Creek. To this point from the branching of the trails is about twelve miles. Nofield claims that he followed this trail, but he must have got off it, for he rode steadily for four hours. He left the half-breeds at two o'clock, with his horses fairly fresh. Now, any pack "cayuse" will travel four miles an hour carrying his heaviest load, but with light packs such as Nofield had a horse could easily jog seven miles in the hour. So that, instead of following the trail and reaching Iron Creek, his ponies must have swerved to the east, saving themselves from the storm which was coming from the west, and run parallel to the river.

At the end of four hours' steady riding the saddle horse gave out. Nofield got off, hobbled

both of them, and then started to find a good place to make camp. The spot decided on, he unloaded his packs and prepared to make himself comfortable for the night. He gathered some dry wood, whittled some shavings, and then at last discovered that he had no matches. This was bad. Through his pockets he went once more, with the same result. Then he examined his packs: still no matches. Things looked blue, and they felt cold. But there was the loaf yet; he could make a meal off that and start for the camp in the morning. Once more a search and once more a disappointment. No supper, no fire, and the thermometer falling to a point that made things decidedly unpleasant.

Nofield noticed now for the first time that the horses were not eating. Horses live on the prairie all winter by pawing away the snow and eating the grass underneath. But with their fore-feet hobbled together it is impossible for them to do this. They would have to eat to get strength for the morning's trip, so he took off the hobbles and turned them loose. They looked at him as he gave them their freedom, wondering, possibly, if he could really mean it; then with a snort they turned and galloped off, leaving the discomfited Jew to figure out the situation.

Now here was a pretty mess, but he made the best of it. Gathering his packs and placing them at his head to ward off the keen wind, he pulled on the racoon coat, lay down, drew the goat robe about him, and tried to sleep. Hunger kept him awake for a time, but eventually he dozed off. It was his first night alone.

That last word is one full of meaning. Alone in a city of strangers, with the whirl and roar of commerce about him, is to the Westerner the loneliest spot on earth. But alone on the prairie, with nothing save the stretch of sameness all about, with the silence of the sepulchre surrounding one, with the sweep of the stars above and the sheen of the snow beneath, must, to a townsman, be awful. It was to Nofield. He says that he suffered more mentally that night than he did at any other stage of his wanderings.

He was up with the sun and ready for his journey. What should he do? The storm had almost obliterated the tracks of his horses. Should he follow them, or should he push on



GEORGE NOFIELD, AS HE APPEARED BEFORE
HIS TERRIBLE EXPERIENCES.
*From a Photo. by R. H. Trueman & Co.
Vancouver, B.C.*

and try and make the Indian encampment? Examining closely the prairie all about him, he decided that he must have got off the beaten trail. He would find it, and then he could trace it down to the river, and from there easily locate the encampment. After that to business. He was not so badly off after all. Hope, that anchor of the soul, had heartened the lost man. The shock would be the greater when the fall came. And it did not tarry. Search as he would he could find no track, new or old. Presently he had wandered so far from his packs that he missed the brush behind which they were hid. He stopped for a moment to get his bearings. At last he had them—that clump of willows to his left. He was sure that was the one, only to find, on reaching it, that he had been mistaken. Again and again he tried. He *must* find his packs, for they were not cached—and if someone else should find them! The soul of the man was being revealed.

Find them he did at last—nearly walked over them as he was heading for a clump of brush half a mile away. He opened the packs and found the coffee-beans. These he poured into his pockets and then took a long pull at the whisky. The liquor scalded his throat and scorched his stomach; but it did him good, and he repeated the dose. His mind was now made up. It was no use searching for the lost trail; he would pick up that of the horses and follow it back.

Bravely he donned again the racoon coat and then, throwing the robe over his shoulder, picked up his packs and started his long walk back into civilization and safety. The sun

came out warm and bright at noontide, and Nofield became quite cheery.

It was a bad enough position to be in, he reflected, but it might be worse. Suppose he hadn't the coffee-beans and the whisky, what then? Or if he had got out another day's journey from Schneider's, then he would have been up a tree indeed. But with his packs safely cached and his coffee-beans to eat, he could surely make the German's by the next evening. He sat down on his packs to rest, for his back had been paining for the last half-hour, and his stomach seemed hollow and empty. A coyote stopped some twenty yards off and looked him over, then loped away into the east.

The foolish nian carried his two packages and the robe and overcoat some five miles before he was played out, and in doing so destroyed nearly all hope of his ever getting into Schneider's, for he wasted energy that should

have been expended judiciously. But a little sleep would help him, and so off came the packs and on to the snow he rolled, drawing the robe well about his ears. His feet were left uncovered, and the frost crept in to stiffen and harden them. In it went, farther in, till it touched the nerves and set them a-tingle.

Nofield woke and sat up half dazed. Looking at his watch he found that he had been sleeping for fully five hours. The sun had gone down, but it had left its signal lights in the sky at the west, and from these Nofield took his direction.

Up he got—with an effort this time, for his heart rapped hard in protest. Then his feet—they must have gone to sleep, for he felt as if walking on a thousand needles. His head, too, whirled and reeled, but with a struggle he steadied himself. On he went, gaining courage as he travelled, for he knew full well that he was heading in the right direction. He could get his bearings better at night than in the day.



"HE TOOK A LONG PULL AT THE WHISKY."

time. He started to figure out the distance he had travelled since leaving the first night's camp, and got it all wrong. He had put in some six hours on his walk back, but he was allowing for a full day and night. Hunger was speeding his time too fast.

Presently the light in the west faded slowly out. He was still walking, struggling up a *coulee*, and turning from side to side as he tacked up the bank, when the first light of the new day lit up the east. Nofield, always looking for the light, happened to be on the east tack when he cleared the bank, and again headed for the light. It is easy to turn in one's tracks on the prairie—and that is what he did, all unconsciously. For the most part he was satisfied with his ability to get out now that he had the proper direction. But the buzzing in his ears and the pounding behind his ribs were terrible. As for the hunger—well, he had the coffee-beans as yet. He had hated to be alone, and soon he discovered that he was not. Following along behind, always watching, ever mindful of their chances, were a couple of wandering Ishmaelites of the plains—timber-wolves.

Soon the wanderer noticed that the light was spreading; ever brighter it grew, till at the last a new day's sun peeped above the barrenness about him. Then he knew that he had turned in his tracks! Another night, the second one, had passed. Dropping exhausted on the snow, Nofield lay for a couple of hours utterly unable to move. Sorrow and despair seized him, and he prayed for death. No earthly help could save him; why should he struggle on? He was comfortable now; a quiet sleep—the sleep that knows no waking—would be better than this terrible plodding. The cold would do it all while he slept. But then there were those wolves! The thought of them was horrible. Life was worth fighting for if death would bring them nearer.

The warning sun and the robe made him comfortable; the gnawing pain inside gave way for an instant, and Nature in mercy closed the poor, lost lad's eyes in sleep.

There is no doubt that Nofield would have been destroyed by the wolves but for the great grey goatskin robe that he carried. In walking this hung over his shoulders, and when he lay down he drew it about him. Whatever it seemed to those four-legged desperadoes to be, it is certain they were wary and kept their distance; and at the end of four days they disappeared.

The Jew slept till late in the day. A gentle snow sifted down and covered him. The darkness was closing in when he awoke, with lowering clouds which precluded any chance of the night-light in the western sky.

His feet were a great trouble. They were clammy and cold, and he was not sure that he could move his toes. Surely they were not frozen! He would investigate. Off must come his overshoe, boot, and sock. He succeeded in getting off his overshoe, but not his walking-boot; he could not remove that. His feet *were* frozen; but what of that? He had heard of frozen feet before that had been saved in the end, and his would be as well. It would be an experience to tell about when he got in. When he got in! The thought sobered him, and discarding shoe and sock he pulled on the overshoe and made ready to move—where?

All the tracks of the previous day had been obliterated by the snow-fall, but, taking what seemed to him to be the proper direction, he gathered up his robe and started. He would face the storm, for he remembered that they had all been coming from the west that winter, and so long as he held that direction he was moving nearer to safety. After a few minutes' walking the snow seemed to be coming from the north-west, and then from the north, for it was pelting him on the right side. Now it was at his back. The storm must be shifting fast. He was right in his direction; he was sure of that. They always are, those poor unfortunates who die on the plains when the storms are blowing.

Now the wind was beating him on the left side, and now again in the face. Just then he spied ahead of him the timber-wolves scratching and searching in the snow. He hesitated for a moment, and then with a rush came a revelation of the bitter truth. He had circled in his path, and was back at the spot from which he had started!

This time he learnt wisdom, and held square in the face of the wind till the night closed in. The storm eased up a trifle, and he recognised some of the country he was in—a belt of half-grown timber some twenty miles east of Schneider's. If he had anything like good luck now he would soon reach civilization.

The thought was a cheering one, so he took a long pull at the whisky and then dropped exhausted behind a clump of close-growing willows.

Through another night and well on into the forenoon of the following day did the potent liquor hold the wanderer down. Then consciousness returned, and with it came fresh tortures. In pulling the cork from the bottle Nofield had removed his mitten, and the scalding of the liquor had distracted him so that he dropped both bottle and mitten in the snow. While the sleep was on his hand had become badly frost-bitten. Now he set to work to rub out the frost with snow. He succeeded in saving his hand, but what he suffered as the

blood pushed its way back into the arteries and veins only those who have had a similar experience can know.

He sat down and cried with pain and despair, only to check himself with a curse at his childishness. Yonder were safety and warmth and food—over there, past that stretch of cold and gloom; beyond those bushes that seemed to swim before his eyes like the chips in the spring torrents; beyond that haze of horizon, that went so far away to meet the sky.

The night was setting in cold—oh, so cold! As he rolled and staggered along the crisp snow squeaked and chirped under his feet. These poor, abused members pulled along as though they were weights fastened to him. The ankle and toe joints were unbending; the soft, yielding snow did that service. His heart seemed to take up all too much room and he could feel it pounding furiously. The cold seemed to creep up his legs from the icy blocks below him, and he would pinch himself to see if he

This was surely the end. The lurking wolves closed in, letting out a howl of triumph, but their time was not yet. That howl had ploughed deep into the brain of Nofield. It meant the last struggle—it meant death. He would fight on! Struggling into a sitting posture he looked about him. The soft, dry snow had got into his eyes and blistered them. The wolves, now within a hundred yards of him, hesitated, grinned, and then sat down to think it over. Nofield went back on his hands and knees to where his goat robe lay, and threw it over his shoulders. He gave what was meant for a great roar to scare the brutes, but they did not move. Then another, but it ended in a sob, and again the poor boy almost died of despair.

The instinct of self-preservation was strong, however, and with an effort he regained his feet. Now for the light in the west. Oh! there it was. One long last struggle while the darkness lasted. His coffee-beans! He had almost



"PRONE THE POOR LAD FELL."

were freezing solid. Then the poor, frost-bitten hand would burst into flame again, while the pain of it would tear at his brain till his eyes moistened.

But yonder was the evening light. Just ahead was his city of refuge, and like the Israelite of old he plunged into a run. 'Twas a sorry effort at best, and it died early. Prone the poor lad fell, all uncovered, for the robe had dropped off and the skirt of his racoon-skin coat blew aside, exposing his lower limbs.

Forgotten them. There was about a mouthful left, but he conserved the comfort gained by chewing and gnawing at them singly. On, on he struggled, reeling, tripping, stumbling, but ever working to the west. Long he looked into the distance beyond and about him in quest of help and searchers, but none came. He would have to finish the battle alone.

The fourth night had passed, and Nofield, considering his awful condition of mind and body, had done very well. For nearly one

hundred hours he had been without food, and in that time had covered over thirty miles of the forty necessary to bring him to Schneider's. The lad lay behind a scrub to rest, and sleep stole him away from his sufferings for a full twelve hours. He awoke refreshed, and lay watching the setting sun. After a few moments he sat up and looked about him. His old friends the timber-wolves had moved on, but in their place had come sneaking coyotes. The intense cold set in again, but the sky to the west was a blaze of glory as Nofield straightened himself for another effort. His heart and brain were working together; the rest of him had died long ago.

For days Nature had made no demands of him, leaving will and brain and courage to work out their own destiny. For days the Jew had been drawing on his reserve fund, and the remnant left was hardly worth speaking of. He slid his fingers 'neath the wristband of his shirt. There was a lot of room now, and he remembered that it had been tight-fitting when he had set out. He reached his hand inside his shirt-front and laid it against the bones behind which his heart was pounding. They stood hard and separate, with no padding whatever. He drew tight the leg of his trousers about his limb, and found that he could almost span it with the fingers of his one hand. Nature had contributed her share. Could she do more? and, if so, how much?

He thought of the drain he had put on himself in the carrying of his packs the first day, and cursed his folly. But it was no use worrying over that now.

Presently he let his eyes wander to the skyline in front. Round the arc they swept, till arrested by something that appeared to move away to his left. He rubbed his poor, inflamed lids to learn if he were merely dreaming. No! No! It was a horseman, riding at the fast single-foot pace acquired by most plains horses. Up struggled Nofield, waving his flail-like arms in the attempt to signal. They dropped of their own weight. Then he took in a full breath of the icy air and yelled. He intended it for a yell, but in its greatest volume it was only a squeak. The rider did not see or hear him, for the pony moved on like a piece of machinery, and both disappeared into the distance beyond.

Three days after this, Colin Yonge, the ablest tracker in the West country, reported in Wetaskiwin the death of the Jew. He came very near the truth. Nofield trudged along as best he could nearly all the fifth night, and at dawn laid down to rest. That night he started again. The snow was not deep in this section, and his stony feet made walking almost im-

possible. He would fall every few steps, only to rise and try again.

After a time he got to counting the steps between falls. One, two, three, four, five—a bunch of tangled grass that time. Again he reached ten, and fell in a badger hole. And so on. The lad was making a good fight, sure enough. Morning came, and with it sleep. Night closed in again with its struggles and tortures. Again and again the same thing was repeated, until four nights and three days more had passed. Sanity and insanity chased each other through the sufferer's brain, each in turn master of the situation, but still the thread of life held fast. A quiet, a stupid, unfeeling calm came over him, and he moved like an automaton. Nofield says that the last four nights he crawled on his hands and knees, but the condition of his clothes hardly warrants that statement.

On the morning of the ninth day, well after sun-up, Nofield discovered that he was close to some ploughed ground. He looked again to make sure of it, then tears of joy burned and smarted his blistered lids. Saved! Saved at last! He remembered the plot of broken land as being a couple of hundred yards from Schneider's house. Yes, yonder was the hut, and curling smoke from its chimney spoke of warmth and food and life. Discarding his goat robe, he fell on his hands and knees and crawled with all possible haste. What wonder now that his heart hammered furiously in its effort to do duty? What matter though the frozen clay scraped and scoured his bony knees? Yonder was help; a little way now and he would live again.

Schneider's is a modest place; to Nofield it was a palace of plenty that morning. Do the best he could, it took the Jew two full hours to make the half mile between the far edge of the ploughed land and the rancher's hut. It was only to get into more trouble that he reached the yard gate. The German's dog, with none too good manners at the best of times, had a fit of rage when he spied this rolling, pitching creature crawl through the scrub. He had been set to watch the place while his master went to see a brother a few miles off, and here was this Thing—half man, half beast, with staring eyes and bared teeth, chattering and gasping like an idiot—crawling athwart his line of duty.

It took him about three seconds to make up his mind what to do, and then poor Nofield had a fight on his hands. Again the racoon coat saved the Jew's life, for certainly the dog would have torn him to pieces had it not been for that garment. In the struggle Nofield scrambled



"NOFIELD EDGED CLOSER AND CLOSER TO THE DOG."

to his feet, and, circling about, with the great brute tearing at him, edged closer and closer to the door. When he had nearly reached it he undid the buttons of his coat and slipped his shrunken form loose. Then, with a plunging rush, he broke into the house and closed the door. Safe! Safe at last! Again he stood hand in hand with life.

On the table were the remnants of a hurried breakfast—some oatmeal porridge, a half-loaf of coarse bread, and a plate of pie. The Jew stared at them for a moment as if uncertain of their use, then the hunger-fiend woke up and the man became an animal. Nature was coming to her own. Then his bankrupt system gave way, and in a heap on the floor lay the Jew as one dead. So Schneider found him when he returned half an hour later.

The kindly German rancher laid his big, red hand on the lad's shrunken chest and found a drum-beat of life. Carefully he picked

the broken wreck from the floor, and carefully he laid it on the rude bunk. A little brandy trickled down the parched throat first. It kindled anew the flickering flame, set afire the nerve fuse, then sped away to the tired brain and woke it up. Then came some beef-tea, as soon as the Jew was able to swallow. But life, which had been so tardy in leaving, was long in returning to its wreck of a home. At last, however, it came.

Nofield, in a few hours, was ready to be moved into the town. A bed was prepared for him in the sleigh, and while he slept Schneider drove his team twenty-five miles to Dhuhamel. A change of horses there and then another twenty miles into Wetaskiwin. So they brought the wanderer home. Once at Wetaskiwin poor Nofield was taken to hospital, where it was found necessary to amputate both his legs.



THIS PHOTOGRAPH OF NOFIELD WAS TAKEN IN JUNE, 1890, AFTER HIS DISMISSAL FROM THE HOSPITAL.
From a Photo. by Mathers, Edmonton, N.W.T.



I.—FROM LONDON TO THE NIGER.

We have made arrangements with a British officer for an illustrated account of his experiences on a journey from London to the mysterious sacred city of Sokoto, and thence to Lake Tchad. This expedition, involving over two thousand miles of travel in regions hitherto quite unknown, should prove of unique interest, as the author was a member of the expedition which penetrated six hundred miles up the Niger and thence marched westward to Sokoto—a city which had previously been visited by only one Englishman, who went there many years ago in disguise, since when the treacherous and fanatical Fulani have refused the white man all access. The greater portion of the country dealt with is an absolute terra incognita, being the hunting-ground of the Tuareg, the Fulani, and the slave-raider. In this series—the first detailed account of the most important expedition of recent years in British West Africa—Captain Foulkes will deal with the adventures and episodes of everyday life in the interior, illustrating his descriptions with his own photographs.



ITTLE has been written—or, for that matter, is known—of the vast regions lying between Timbuctoo and Lake Tchad, this portion of Equatorial Africa having received far less attention from explorers than the countries situated in the neighbourhood of the great African lakes. Moreover, the hostility of the inhabitants coupled with the deadly nature of the coast districts from which the majority of the travellers started have combined to produce such an extraordinary list of casualties amongst the men who, either on their own initiative or on behalf of some European country, have risked the journey, that much of the information relating to these parts which has been collected has been lost to the world, and notes and maps compiled under conditions as full of interest as of discomfort have been destroyed, owing to the premature death of their owners.

It is a significant fact that even to this day the standard work on West Central Africa is

Dr. Barth's "Travels in Central Africa"—a book written fifty years ago!

The work of exploration has always possessed a great fascination for Englishmen, and, considering in addition the possibilities of sport and the opportunities for the photographer that the country in question affords, it may easily be imagined that an offer of an appointment as Assistant-Commissioner in the delimitation of the Anglo-French boundary of Northern Nigeria was one that I at once accepted.

Our party, consisting of three British officers, left Liverpool on the 4th of October last, fully equipped for the long journey.

We were lucky in catching the *Burutu*, one of the newest of the Elder, Dempster West African fleet, and after six days' steaming reached Grand Canary, where a number of passengers usually disembark.

The first piece of good fortune befell the expedition at Sierra Leone, for I succeeded in regaining possession, at Freetown, of a former servant—Farna by name—who on several



From a]

GOING ASHORE IN A SURF-BOAT.

[Photo.

previous "bush palavers" had proved of the greatest value.

West Coast servants are ordinarily little better than useless; but this particular savage, in addition to doing his own work satisfactorily, took general command of every expedition, beat refractory carriers, took charge of ferry canoes or rafts across streams, did his shopping (or perhaps looting) for the mess on the way, put up tents in camp, cooked, and finally contributed to the amusement of everybody round the evening fire.

After leaving Sierra Leone our captain appeared to be in a hurry, and we "did" Axim, Dixcove, Sekondi, and Cape Coast Castle all in one day. At the two former places—small towns both, near the sea-beach—we did not stop long

enough to go on shore, though the surf seemed favourable; but we anchored off Sekondi for two and a half hours, and I left the ship in a surf-boat for a walk through the town. The latter is much more scattered than either Axim or Dixcove, and advantage has been taken of the small hills on which to build houses for Europeans. There are plenty of white men here, this being the terminus of the Gold Coast Railway.

The iron pier running out a short distance to sea presented a busy scene with its two steam cranes fussily unloading stones from the surf-boats alongside

into railway trucks. The photo. of the castle at Sekondi shows that there are some picturesque bits in the town, which can boast of a fine hotel. There I took tea, but the waiter, on being asked for the bill, naively replied that he would have to inquire the amount from the manager, as he had never before supplied tea to anyone!



From a]

THE CASTLE AT SEKONDI.

[Photo.

On the arrival of mail steamers off these West Coast ports a gun is usually fired on board, a time-honoured institution which seems to meet with the general disapproval of lady passengers. Almost before the anchor is dropped a number of surf-boats and canoes swarm round the ship, and apparently every inmate of every boat wants to come aboard first, possibly to see what can be "tiefed." One of the photographs shows a typical surf-boat racing out to board our ship at Accra. The jabbering and frenzied excitement of the natives are very amusing to watch, and too enthusiastic paddlers often find themselves in the water with their boats tossing about in the swell dangerously close to their heads, whilst their companions are engaged in a pitched battle for precedence at the ship's rope ladder. There is, too, much bustle and



From a

A SURF-BOAT RACING OUT TO A VESSEL.

(Photo.

disorder on deck, where the cargo is piled up ready to be landed.

The ship's ladder is used by passengers for clambering in and out of boats, though women and sick or nervous men are slung down in a wicker chair, as shown in one of the photographs. This is called, in coast parlance, the "Mammy chair." Mails are lowered in a water-tight cask, which would float in the boat in which they are conveyed being upset in the surf. It is no easy matter to enter a surf-boat from a steamer in the heavy swell, nor is the proceeding entirely free from danger. The ordinary ship's



From a

NATIVE CANOES ALONGSIDE THE STEAMER.

(Photo.



From a

GETTING CARGO READY FOR LANDING.

[Photo.

their long, spreading roots laid bare by the falling tide.

Over the swampstheating rain-clouds hung for miles in the distance, and the only signs of life visible were in the shape of a few small dug-out canoes anchored out in the stream, their occupants busily engaged in fishing. Occasionally, too, a flock of wild duck or green parrots passed over from one bank to the other.

When the sun rose the mangrove swamps many shades of

ladder is never used at these ports, as obviously there would be a considerable likelihood of boats alongside being sunk with the roll of the ship.

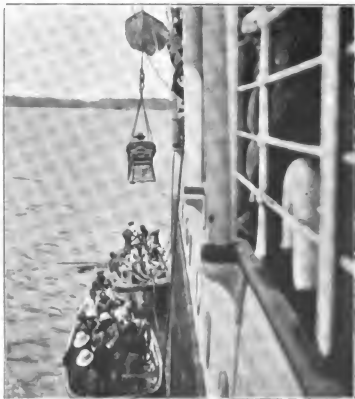
Canoe and boat paddles vary very much in shape all along the coast. At the earlier ports we had only seen the three-pronged "Benin" paddle. At Lagos, however, several new shapes appeared, the particular advantage of any one of which it is difficult to conjecture.

In Sierra Leone no special variety is affected, the paddles used by fishermen in their canoes being very rough and made anyhow, provided that a certain amount of flat surface is obtained.

Seventeen days after leaving Liverpool, at early dawn, we entered the mighty Niger by the Forcados mouth, and anchored near the Customs House a few miles up stream, having passed on the way the French "Enclave," which, it will be remembered, was one of the concessions made by the British in the Anglo-French Convention of 1898.

Seen before sunrise, the great river looked very dreary. At this point it is about two miles across, and both banks are lined with tall, bright-green mangrove trees, which rise out of the yellow water,

assumed a bright aspect in many shades of green, and the trading station of Burutu became



THE "MAMMY CHAIR" IN OPERATION—THIS IS USED FOR INVALIDS AND NERVOUS PEOPLE.

[Photo.

visible three or four miles up stream, with its corrugated iron sheds and houses roofed with the same cheerful-looking material.

We remained at Forcados for a whole day, awaiting the arrival of the river-boat into which we were to tranship for the first portion of our long journey up the Niger. It did not put in an appearance until the next day, at about 11 a.m., at which hour we disembarked from the *Burutu* with all our stores.

These river-boats are flat-bottomed vessels, drawing when loaded about three feet of water. The Government has a fleet of four of these vessels, whilst the Niger Company, in addition to a similar number of stern-wheeled boats, has four or five screw-boats of rather deeper draught, all of which, however, can steam as far as Lokoja, some three hundred miles from the

coast, at the junction of the Benue River with the Niger. Our vessel—the *Sarota*—was the newest of the Government vessels, and with its two stern-wheels steamed up the silent waterway at a speed of about ten miles an hour. Soon after leaving Forcados we had an opportunity—we had many more later—of judging that the boat was difficult to steer, as we nearly

ran into the bank. In fact, we went so close to it that the fenders were all ready at the bow when she began to answer to the rudder, and we just escaped a collision.

A little way above Forcados there is a tiny village at the water's edge, consisting of about half-a-dozen huts, from the nature of which one could hardly form a favourable opinion of the mental development of the inhabitants. Rickety poles had been driven into the ground, and on these, about a foot above what would probably be high-water level, the flimsiest of dilapidated huts made



From a

SUNSET ON THE NIGER.

[Photo.



A FIRST GLIMPE OF THE NIGER—AT THIS POINT IT IS ABOUT TWO MILES WIDE.

From a Photo.



[From a]

THE OLD GOVERNMENT REST-HOUSE AT BURUTU.

[Photo.

of matted palm leaves hung together. This melancholy hamlet goes by the name of "Venice" amongst the local whites.

After less than an hour's steaming we arrived off Burutu and made fast alongside an old river hulk which, like many others to be found all the way up the Niger, has a somewhat interesting history. Having served for many years as a trading vessel among the creeks, it was placed on the retired list and anchored at Burutu for use as a rest-house for new arrivals waiting for the river-boats. Now proper rest-houses exist, and the hulk serves the double purpose of a Government wharf and store shed.

Burutu is an important station of the Niger Company, as its long iron stores and coal-sheds testify, but the native labourers live in a state of the utmost filth and squalor, in the tumble-down sheds and huts shown in the picture.

Here and there we passed isolated dwellings of lonely Englishmen. What must be the life of the white men—Government agents and Niger Company's traders—who have to live here month after month! It is true they are decently housed, but the lack of amusement and their desolate surroundings must make life hardly worth living in such a place.

Burutu native
Vol. x:— 46.

town stands three or four hundred yards above the trading station, and is a type of all the villages in the lower reaches of the Niger. The houses are very poorly built of mud and wattle, with palm-leaf roofs. They are rectangular in shape, and there are generally a larger number of openings than appeared in the original architect's design.

The vegetation along the banks of the Niger is extraordinarily abundant; near the mouth nothing can be seen but mangroves, some of the trees rising to a great height. The islands already existing and those in course of

formation consist entirely of these bushes and trees. As one goes farther up stream patches of tall grass can be noticed on the water's edge among the mangroves, and in travelling up the river one of the most interesting points in a journey full of interest is the gradual change in the nature of the vegetation. Presently tall trees appear at intervals behind a narrow fringe of mangrove bushes, and, rarely, small patches of banana plantations, until finally the mangroves disappear entirely, to give place to an abundance of tall, coarse quinta grass which rises out of the water, in front of a glorious muddle of trees which would give a botanist ample scope for study. Native villages built along the river-bank appear at intervals of some miles, and their proximity can easily be recognised by the number of dug-out canoes which one sees drawn up on the bank, or nestling half hidden in the long grass. Strange little thatched erections seen now and then in the dense foliage, with a cloth generally hung out on a pole in front, remind the traveller that he is now in



[From a]

THE TRADING STATION OF BURUTU.

[Photo.

the land of Ju-ju; and the little flat islands in the middle of the river covered with green grass no doubt afford resting-places for the crocodiles, which are said to abound in the river.

During the night sand-flies were very troublesome; in fact, I had to get out of my bunk and put on "mosquito boots," bought at Canary, to baffle their attacks. The windows of the steamers are fitted with mosquito iron gauze, which is, however, of too coarse a mesh to keep out such minute torments as sand-flies. Shortly after sunrise one morning, as I was sitting on deck admiring the exquisite beauty of the scenery at this hour, one of the native crew put his head above the ladder and called out, "Massa, dog done go!" meaning that one of the three dogs on board had fallen into the water.

sitting in the bow of a canoe, paddled out ahead of all the rest after a big round tin floating on the water. On coming up to it she reached out, but missed, and, losing her balance, fell over backwards into the canoe amid screams of delight from the other competitors.

Sagbama marks the approach to the narrowest portion of the Forcados River, which is only fifty yards wide at this point, though the average width of the river above Burutu is about the same as that of the Thames at its mouth. The course of the stream is very tortuous, the sun shining sometimes behind and sometimes in front of us, though now and then we entered a straight reach, perhaps a mile or two in length. Towards evening of this same day someone drew my attention to what appeared in the distance



THE LONELY DWELLING OF A WHITE TRADER—"THEIR DESOLATE SURROUNDINGS MUST MAKE LIFE HARDLY WORTH LIVING."
From a Photo.

The vessel was quickly stopped and the surf-boat, which was towing alongside, was manned, the owner of the dog (a fox terrier) accompanying the crew. From the bridge, looking aft, I could see the unfortunate animal swimming towards the bank, half a mile distant, and shouted out directions to the boat. I was very doubtful, however, whether the plucky little terrier would be able to reach the shore before being seized by a crocodile, though the commotion which our steamer made was in its favour. It succeeded, nevertheless, and was taken into a passing canoe, whose occupant, no doubt with a delicious meal in anticipation, tied the poor, tired beast by its hind legs. However, our boat soon arrived and took possession. This exciting incident occurred just below a town called Sagbama, the majority of the population of which, apparently, paddled out on our approach to scramble for tins and bottles which we threw overboard, and which are highly valued. One buxom young woman,

to be a hippopotamus in the water, but which proved on closer examination to be the dead body of a native, drifting slowly along, face downwards. It was surprising that the corpse had not been attacked by crocodiles, as it must have been in the water for some time. The country still continued well wooded, stately cotton and graceful palm trees being very numerous, whilst the tall grass on the water's edge looked in the distance like the steep, grass-grown banks of some of our English rivers. We had now reached the point where the delta of the Niger might be said to terminate. In this region crocodiles and hippopotami are said to be numerous. The human inhabitants are of a very low type. There can be no doubt that cannibalism still prevails to a considerable extent.

The real Niger, in which we now were, is about a mile wide. The country on either side of the river again changed in character. Coarse grasses still lined the banks, but inland there

were open spaces of considerable size, which were, however, probably marshy. Clumps of trees grew here and there, and in places there were masses of virgin forest. At the river-side egrets were numerous—large white birds shaped like a mandoline standing nearly upright—as well as other large birds, such as pelicans and wild geese. We also made out several crocodiles, basking in shallow water or on sandy ledges, sheltered from the sun by overhanging grasses.

A few canoes with mat-enclosed cargoes and others with extemporized mat-roofs went by, keeping close inshore, their occupants paddling lazily along, hardly disturbing the water-birds.

In the long reaches we got a shot or two at crocodiles, and also caught glimpses at intervals of a hippo, which appeared to be much alarmed at our approach. In this neighbourhood extensive open country and hills became visible for the first time as we approached Onicha, by far the most important town we had yet



THE YOUNG LADY WHO CAME ALONGSIDE FORAGING FOR TINS AND BOTTLES.
From a Photo.

reached. Here there are two factories, in addition to a large native town, which is said to contain sixteen thousand inhabitants.

On the river bank a small encampment consisting of mat shelters had been extemporized by passing native traders, whose canoes lay drawn up in a line on the bank. At the water's edge the natives were washing in a state of nature, and apparently mixed bathing is permitted by the local municipal body—whatever that may consist of.

I also noticed a number of curious little thatched shelters built high up on poles—perhaps forty feet from the ground—immediately overlooking the river, at intervals of fifty or a hundred yards, and on examining one of these closely could see a man sitting aloft with a string in his hand, which was attached to a large open-work basket-net lying in the water below. He was evidently a fisherman, his elevated position probably enabling him to see what he was doing without frightening the fish away.



A NATIVE CARGO-BOAT DRIFTING DOWN THE RIVER.
From a Photo.

(To be continued.)

JOHN GLOVER OF TEXAS.

THE STORY OF A VENDETTA.

By COLONEL J. G. TUCKER, LATE U.S. CONSUL AT MARTINIQUE, W.I.

Colonel Tucker here narrates the life-history of a near neighbour of his in Texas. John Glover befriended some escaping slaves in the bad old days down South, for which action the enraged planters took a terrible and dastardly revenge. Thereupon Glover swore to kill everyone concerned, and fulfilled his oath.



HAVE met many quaint characters during my sojourn of twenty-five years upon the Mexican border of Texas, but the quaintest of them all—a man with a history which reads like the pages of romance—was Mr. John Glover, who resided just over the line at Cameron, in Hidalgo County, Texas.

He was nearly seventy years of age when I first met him, of spare build, and clean-shaven except for a bunch of whiskers under his chin. He was a man of few words, never indulged in whisky, tobacco, or cards, and seldom visited anyone.

His history was unknown, for he never spoke about his past life, but it was said that he had come to the Rio Grande many years ago from Florida, where he had committed some crime.

At the time of his advent he was accompanied by a stout negress and two of her children, a boy and a girl. The mother was called "Aunt Phyllis," and the boy, named "Primus," subsequently became a hack-driver in Brownsville.

Mr. Glover's health being delicate, Aunt Phyllis and her daughter were supporting and taking care of him by planting small fields of corn and cotton and by raising a few head of cattle. It was said that Aunt Phyllis and her children had been his slaves before emancipation, but this Aunt Phyllis denied when I asked her about it, saying in effect, "My children and myself were slaves away down in Florida, but we never belonged to Mr. Glover; but if Mr. Glover and I should live to be a thousand years old I would work for him every day of my life, and then would not be able to repay him for what he has done for me and my children. We owe him our liberty and our lives, and that is not all; for through us he lost his wife and his property and had to leave his State, where they were thirsting for his blood—and all for saving us. In those days he was a great hunter and a dead shot, and could track nian or beast for miles through woods and swamps, and, although he is old now, he can shoot as straight as ever, and his knowledge of the woods is

remarkable." This was all Aunt Phyllis would ever tell me about herself or about Mr. Glover.

I had known the latter for eight or ten years without ever having conversed with him, but would always speak to him in passing, and had gained his good-will by occasionally sending him delicacies when he was ill, and often assisting Aunt Phyllis when she was "hard up."

About this time the business of cattle-stealing was flourishing. Bands of Mexican thieves would cross the Rio Grande and drive hundreds of head of Texas cattle into Mexico, where a ready market was always to be found.

Cattle-stealing was not confined to Mexicans from Mexico alone, but was also indulged in by Mexicans living in Texas near the Rio Grande; and although a band of thieves consisting of eleven men were surprised and killed, yet the business still went on merrily upon a smaller scale.

Aunt Phyllis lost a cow, which was killed near her house and hide and meat carried off, which angered Mr. Glover to such an extent that he went on the war-path. He rode a very handsome mare which he had bred himself, and upon which he bestowed great care.

I was standing in front of my ranch house at Santa Maria one day when Mr. Glover came riding past. I stopped him by asking how he was getting along, to which he replied, in his drawing tone:—

"Thank you, colonel, my health is pretty good, but I am worried, because they're beginning to steal cattle right here now. They stole one of Aunt Phyllis's cows the other night. I tell you what it is, colonel: if this thing isn't stopped very soon I'll go back to my old business again."

"What old business do you allude to, Mr. Glover?" queried I.

He hesitated a moment and then, looking me straight in the eye, replied, "Killing people!"

"Did you find it profitable?"

"Not much," said he, "otherwise I should not be here now; and, besides, I didn't kill for money, but in self-defence and for revenge."



"HE HESITATED A MOMENT AND THEN REPLIED, 'KILLING PEOPLE.'"

Then he rode away, and as I looked after him the thought occurred to me that a history must lie behind this short speech. I resolved to attempt to learn it, if ever I caught him in a reminiscent mood.

About a month later, while I was sitting in my office, Mr. Glover rode up, dismounted, and came in, much to my surprise, for he was never known to enter anybody's house, and I surmised at once that something extraordinary had happened. I arose and asked him to be seated, attempting to shake hands with him, but he declined both propositions.

"I can't shake hands with you, colonel, nor can I take a seat in here until I've told you what I have to say and see how you will take it."

"You haven't been 'killing people,' have you?" queried I.

"That's just what's the matter," replied he, "and I've come to give myself up to you."

"Well," said I, "sit down and tell your story."

He took a seat, depositing his hat upon the

floor, and this is what he said :
 "I got up this morning and found my mare missing out of the yard where I had staked her last night. I examined the ground closely, and found she had been led out by a man wearing shoes; so I knew it was not a common horse-thief from this neighbourhood, because they all wear sandals.

"I tracked the mare about a hundred yards up the road to a place where she had entered the woods. I then returned home, got my rifle, a canteen of water, and some *tortillas* (hoe-cakes), and started after her. I tracked her about a mile through the chaparral, and found her hitched to a tree.

"The poor thing recognised me and whinnied when she saw me, and as I thought she might be thirsty I poured out half of the water I had in my canteen into the crown of my hat, and she drank it and looked for more; but I said, 'Never mind, old girl, you must wait a bit, because I may have to stay here all day with you, for I sha'n't go away until the thief who tied you

here comes to fetch you away.'

"I lay down behind a bush and waited until about an hour ago, when, sure enough, I heard him coming. He came along carrying a new saddle and bridle and a blanket and rifle and pistol, which he deposited on the ground. Then he went to untie the mare, when I rose and called 'Hands up!' but the fool got so scared that he broke and ran. I fired and shot him in the back and dropped him, and there he lies now."

"Who was the man?" queried I.

"He is the fellow from North Carolina whom Joe Hynes hired about a month ago to work as a clerk in his store; and as Joe has gone to Brownsville and foolishly left the fellow in charge, I suppose he thought he had a good chance to get away with all there was in sight in the store—and with my mare; and he also has a pair of saddle-bags filled with clothes."

"Is he dead?" asked I.

"Oh, no," said he, "he isn't dead; but so that he can't get away I've tied him hand and

foot with the stake rope and moved the rifle and the pistol to a safe distance. The mare, the man, and all the things he carried are there, in the woods, so that you can come down and see the whole lay-out."



"THE THIEF LAY TIED UPON THE GROUND."

"I cannot do anything with you, Mr. Glover," replied I, "because I am a United States Commissioner, and your case has to go before the State authorities; but I will drive you down to the office of the justice of the peace, who will summon a jury, and we will all go and investigate the matter. Should he place you under bond for your appearance at court in Brownsville, however, I will stand surety for you. You have done a very good thing in ridding us of a horse-thief, and I shall stand by you—of that you may rest assured."

While I was speaking the old man looked straight at me, and when I finished he arose, reached out his hand, and took mine, which he shook heartily, saying:—

"You will do all that for me?"

"Certainly I will," replied I.

"Well, colonel," said he, "you are the only man who has offered to stand by me and do me a favour for a long time, and I shall not forget it."

Having given orders to harness a horse and put him in my buggy, I drove the old man to the house of the justice of the peace, where he surrendered himself.

A jury was at once empanelled, and we started off to try the case in the woods. Mr. Glover first showed us the marks where the mare had been led out, after which we entered the woods and were taken to the place where the thief lay tied, as stated, upon the ground.

The court being opened right there, the unfortunate prisoner was arraigned. He pleaded guilty to the charge, upon which Mr. Glover was at once liberated and led his mare home.

The wounded man was placed in a small spring-waggon which the justice had brought along for that purpose, and the articles and money found upon the thief, which he acknowledged having stolen from Hynes, were duly invoiced and left in charge of the justice, to be produced in court, if necessary. The prisoner was then driven to Brownsville and placed in gaol. He steadfastly refused to say anything about himself, and three days later he died. That was the

end of the episode.

A few days later Mr. Glover paid me a friendly visit—the first social call he had ever honoured me with. After having thanked me again for the assistance rendered him, he remarked, "Colonel, if I can ever serve you, you know where to find me, and I will be glad to do it."

"You can do me a favour right now, Mr. Glover," I responded.

"Name it and consider it done," said he.

"What I want of you, Mr. Glover, is this. I

want you to stay and take supper with me, and after supper I want you to tell me something about your former business, when you 'killed people.'"

"Well," said he, "you have my promise, and of course I will stick to it, though I'd rather have done a hard day's work, if I were able."

After supper he straightened himself in his chair, picked up a straw which happened to lie upon the floor, put it between his teeth, and began his story as follows:—

"We needn't be particular as to days and dates, for that plays no part in the story, but a good many years ago I lived in Florida, and at that time was a very strong and active man. I could out-ride, out-jump, and out-shoot anybody in my neighbourhood.

"I owned a farm of two hundred and forty acres on the border of the Everglades. I was twenty-five years old when I married, and as I was not rich enough to own slaves I hired a negro man and woman to work about the house and fields.

"I was a pretty good hunter in those days, and used to hunt a great deal, and my house was seldom without venison, wild turkey, or other game. Being constantly in the woods I got acquainted with a lot of Seminole Indians, who lived in the Everglades, and with several runaway negroes who made their homes with the Indians. As I sometimes gave them a deer when I had killed more than I could use, I became very friendly with them.

"My father-in-law lived about fifteen miles from us, and now and then my wife would visit her mother and spend a few days with her. My wife was a good woman, but she has been dead now many years. How she died you will soon hear.

"We had been married several years and lived happy and contented, when all of a sudden trouble came. We had often spoken about a man who lived near my father-in-law's house and was well-to-do; he was called rich, and owned a good many slaves, but as we were considered 'poor white trash' we did not associate with him.

"Now, this man was from the North and had come down into Florida many years before, and I think was a criminal before he came there, but that made no difference in a country where there were so many criminals.

"The man was a terribly hard master, and used to abuse his negroes vilely. My wife would come home sometimes from a visit to her father's house and tell me how badly the poor slaves were being treated, and often said that 'one of these days some of them would run away from him.'

"Now, it happened that one night, while it was raining and blustering outside, we sat by the fire, my wife and I, when a loud knock came on the door. I went and opened it, and there stood Aunt Phyllis and two children, looking like drowned rats, almost dead with wet, hunger, and fear.

"I asked them in, and as soon as Aunt Phyllis saw my wife she rushed up to her and fell on her knees beside her, begging her to save her and her children, as she had run away from her master, the fellow who lived near my father-in-law.

"We made them sit by the fire and dry themselves and gave them something to eat, and when they were satisfied, and the two children lay by the fire asleep, Aunt Phyllis told us that her master had whipped her husband so badly a few days before that he was taken ill and died—and all because he had broken an old plough! So she had taken her two children and run away and come to us for assistance, as she said she knew Master John (that was me) would help her, and she was afraid they would come after her at any moment with the bloodhounds.

"Now, I tell you, colonel, I stood by and listened, and the more I listened the madder I got, and I swore to myself that I would save the poor woman even if I had to kill her brutal master in doing so. But I knew there was no time to be lost, because my reputation among these slave-drivers was none of the best, for they had a suspicion that I had helped some negroes to escape into the Everglades.

"This suspicion was wrong, because I had not been called upon to do anything of the kind; if I had been I might have done so. So I said to my wife, 'Ann, get all the bread you have in the house, and some corn meal, and coffee and sugar, and a side o' bacon, and we will put it into a bundle and get away as soon as possible, for the bloodhounds will surely track her here. If I can only get an hour's start they will never get Aunt Phyllis.'

"My wife was a soft-hearted woman, and all the time she was getting the things ready she was crying bitterly. When they were all packed into a corn-sack, and we were about ready to start, she came up to me and threw her arms about my neck and kissed me.

"'John,' she said, 'you are a good man, and I know God will bless you and protect you for helping to save this poor mother and her children; but I am afraid I shall never see you again, because if they get after you with the bloodhounds, and catch you, they will kill you.'

"'Well,' said I, 'good-bye, my dear girl. If they kill me, it can't be helped; but

some of them shall keep me company.' Then I took down my rifle and all the powder and ball I had in the house, took a couple of blankets for Aunt Phyllis, and threw the cornsack with the provisions over my shoulder. I held the boy Primus by the hand, Aunt Phyllis took up the girl, and then we started out into the wind and rain of that wild night.

"I knew a place away down in the middle of the swamp—a sort of little island—which I had discovered one day while out hunting. There was a small shanty hidden in the bushes, which must have been used by some former runaway

"Here we took to the water and never left it for two hours—now wading, now half-swimming—and I had all I could do to keep my provisions and powder dry. About daybreak, almost dead with fatigue, we finally reached the spot I was looking for, and entered the little shanty.

"I soon had a fire blazing, having brought my flint and steel, which is as necessary to a hunter as meat. But the fire was barely alight when Aunt Phyllis came and knelt down in front of me and embraced my knees and cried for joy, and thanked and blessed me. I was as glad



"WE TOOK TO THE WATER."

slave, and I thought that if I could only get the fugitives there they would be safe.

"But it was a long way off and there were no roads. In the darkness and rain, too, it was hard to find, and before getting there we should, I knew, have to swim or wade a long distance in the water in order to throw the bloodhounds off our track.

"All these matters ran through my head while we were walking along. After plodding steadily for about three hours, however, I came across a tree standing near a swamp, which I had 'notched' by cutting a cross upon it; and then I knew exactly where we were. By this time the rain had ceased and it was rather light, though there was no moon out.

as she was, though I knew there was a reckoning to come for me yet if the hounds had tracked her to my house. When I thought of it I began to get scared about my wife, and decided to return home as soon as possible.

"But I was nearly worn out with the load I had carried and the wading in the water, and finally made up my mind to rest an hour and sleep.

"Having told Aunt Phyllis my fears about my wife, I begged her to wake me in an hour and have breakfast ready for me.

"As soon as I touched the ground I fell asleep, and had thus slept about half an hour when something strange and terrible happened. I dreamed that I saw my wife struggling with

some men, and heard her voice as plainly as if she had stood before me, crying out, 'John, John! Help, help!' I awoke with a start, the perspiration broke out all over me, and I felt faint and sick. Suddenly I seemed to hear the low, sweet voice of my wife, close to my ear, whispering, 'Good-bye, good-bye!'

"I jumped to my feet with a cry, my limbs trembling so that I could not move a step. Aunt Phyllis, who was getting breakfast near the fire, heard the cry, looked around at me, and

at once what it meant, and looked for a place of safety, running as hard as I could and getting into the water whenever I had a chance; but, for all that, the barking came nearer and nearer, and I was finally compelled to climb a tree.

"I had hardly got fairly settled in the branches when two bloodhounds passed, and shortly afterwards struck my trail. They ran a little way forward, stopped suddenly, and came straight for the tree in the branches of which I was seated. There they stopped and looked up

at me, but only for a second, for my rifle cracked and one of them fell dead. The survivor tried his best to climb the tree, but it was no good, for again my rifle spoke and he rolled over upon his back, dead.

"Shouts were now heard in the distance, and I lost no time in descending from the tree and speeding away, feeling, however, perfectly safe now that my pursuers had no dogs to



"I JUMPED TO MY FEET WITH A CRY."

almost fainted, for she afterwards declared I looked like a ghost as I stood there pale and trembling.

"In a few moments, however, I recovered my self-control and attributed the bad dream to my overstrung nerves, owing to the great strain through which I had passed. Aunt Phyllis urged me to drink some coffee, which I did, but could eat nothing, so she put some bread and bacon into my 'moral' (haversack), and I started off for home, full of fear and anxiety. I told her that I would bring her some provisions in the course of a week, unless I was killed. Then, after bidding her good-bye, I left.

"As I had only my rifle to carry, I made better time returning than in coming. I took good care to cover my tracks as much as possible by keeping to the water. When I had covered about half the distance to my house the barking of dogs struck upon my ear. I knew

guide them. I took to the water again, made a long *détour*, and doubled back, because I was now thoroughly alarmed for the safety of my wife.

"Having mistled my pursuers, I ran as hard as I could towards my house. Knowing as I did all the short cuts, I soon came out into a clearing from whence I could see my place. Then I stopped suddenly, for there was no house in sight—nothing but smouldering ruins!

"I only halted for a minute, and then ran towards the place in an agony of apprehension. Presently I found the body of my poor wife. She had evidently been shot before the house was fired. I felt dazed, and at that moment I hardly realized the fearful loss I had sustained.

"Mechanically I went towards a small tool-house which had escaped the flames and procured a spade. Then I dug a grave at the foot of a large poplar tree, in whose pleasant shade my poor wife had spent many quiet hours.



"MY RIFLE CRACKED AND ONE OF THEM FELL DEAD."

"In this grave I deposited all that had been dearest to me in the world, and after I had filled it in I sat down upon the mound, and then a great anguish took possession of me and I wept.

"How long I sat there I do not know; but after a time a calm came over me, produced by a feeling that was new to me—a thirst for vengeance so fierce and terrible that even after these many years I shudder to think of it.

"I arose from the grave a changed and aged man. I looked at the grave and at my wife's ring, which I had slipped on my finger. I knelt down by the side of the grave and then and there swore solemnly that not one of the murderers should escape me; that I would kill them and utterly destroy their property as they had killed my poor wife and destroyed all I possessed in the world.

"I have been faithful to my oath and have

avenged her death—and that is why I am here. Within a week I killed the leader, who was Aunt Phyllis's master, and during the same night set fire to his house, which was burned to the ground. As soon as his dead body was found a number of his slaves took to the woods, where I came across them, and they were glad to remain with me and have me for a leader.

"There were eight men and two boys in the first party which I came across, and during the day we encountered two women, and as I knew that the whole county would be aroused I made straight for the Seminole Indians' camp, away back in the Everglades.

"We travelled two days and nights, only sleeping a few hours, until we were out of reach of danger.

"Yes, colonel, I said I was a changed man, and I mean it. I lost all sense of fatigue and all fear of danger, for only one idea possessed me—vengeance.

"With my rifle to kill deer, bear, and wild turkeys, and with corn which we got from the Indians, we had plenty to eat, and lay low for about a month.

"During this time I learned from one of the negroes, who had seen my servant after my house was burnt and my wife killed, that there were five men in the party who committed the outrage.

"It appears that the bloodhounds had led the party right up to my door, having caught the scent of Aunt Phyllis and her children. When the pursuers entered the house and found they were gone they abused and threatened my wife in order to make her tell where we had gone to.

"But my wife was true grit; she said she would not tell them; that they could kill her before she would do so. The enraged men took her at her word, shot her through the head, and set fire to the house

"As I had the names of the men who had composed the party, having procured additional evidence, I felt sure of my revenge. In six weeks from the day of my wife's death I had killed two out of the five and burned their homes.

"I stayed in the Everglades about six months,

when things had settled down, I slipped away one dark night without bidding anybody good-bye, taking Aunt Phyllis and the children with me.

"Before leaving, however, I managed to have a letter conveyed to the Governor, in which I stated the whole facts of the case, and



"SHE SAID SHE WOULD NOT TELL THEM."

during which time I made many raids upon my enemies and had some very narrow escapes from being shot or caught; but, having no fear, I defied them, and in the end all five of my enemies fell before my rifle and the torch devoured their property. Then, although I could have stayed in the Everglades for many years without any risk of being caught, I concluded to emigrate, as I had avenged the death of my wife fully.

"I had become such a terror by this time that the Governor put a price upon my head, but that did not worry me, as none of my associates dared betray me.

"But I got tired of being hunted, and made my arrangements quietly for getting away, only taking Aunt Phyllis into my confidence. After living a year without making any raids, and

assured him that, as all my enemies had been killed, no more outrages need be apprehended from me.

"And now, colonel," concluded Mr. Glover, "you know what I meant when I said I would have to go into my old business again, killing people. Nobody here knows anything about me, and, as I know you are my friend, I hope you will keep my secret to yourself. I only became an outlaw when I was driven to it for revenge. Otherwise I have never in my life harmed any living being."

Here ended his strange story, and it only remains for me to say that Mr. Glover was a quiet, inoffensive man, and that he died peacefully in his bed in Hidalgo County, Texas, a few years ago, and was soon followed to the grave by Aunt Phyllis, who said upon her deathbed that "she was quite willing to die, as she had nothing more to live for since the death of Mr. Glover."

A BABY PARADE.

By THEODORE ADAMS.

An article which will interest our lady readers. The baby parade at Asbury Park, New Jersey, takes place annually in August, and attracts children and their parents from all parts of the United States. Valuable prizes are offered to the juvenile participants in the parade—none of whom are over fifteen—for the best-decorated “turnouts” and dresses, and enormous crowds gather to witness the procession.



“E have firemen’s parades and bicycle parades; why not have a baby parade?” “A capital idea!” was the response, and the speakers, two well-known figures in Asbury Park, N.J., at once set about discussing the feasibility of the project. The result was that within a very short time Asbury Park had witnessed its first baby parade.

This took place in July, 1890, and was in every way a complete success, although, compared with the elaborate carnivals of recent years, of a very unpretentious character. One hundred and sixty-five children took part in the parade, and the novelty and picturesqueness of the sight as they formed into one long procession and, accompanied by the beach band, marched through the main thoroughfares greatly impressed all who saw it. Of valuable prizes, such as are now given, there were none, but every child was made happy by the gift of a box of candy.

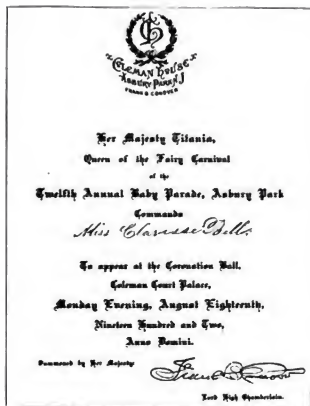
Thus out of a chance conversation was Asbury Park’s famous baby parade founded, and it has ever since remained one of the most unique events of the season at this popular American resort. Each year it gained in popularity, and was attended by larger numbers from near and far. The entries increased, the prizes were made more valuable, and the parade gradually obtained for itself a prominent position in the list of Asbury Park’s social functions.

The progress was uninterrupted until 1900, when, much to the disappointment of all, the parade was not held. The following year, how-

ever, ample amends were made, and that year’s *fête* was the most successful held up to that time. But 1902 was to see even greater things achieved. Instead of being completed in one day, as had hitherto been the case, it extended over three days, and many additional features, greatly increasing its attractiveness, were introduced. In 1901 the carnival was presided over, for the first time, by a Queen and her Court, but last year this pretty idea was elaborated still further. The festivities commenced with a Coronation ball and reception given by Titania, Queen of the Fairies, impersonated by Miss Rhoda Elizabeth Atkins, of New York. This young lady quickly found her way to the hearts of her subjects, and during her short but brilliant reign of three days made herself a general favourite by her courtesy and charm of manner.

Invitations to the ball were eagerly sought, and happy indeed were those who received from Mr. Frank B. Conover, proprietor of Coleman House, who acted as Lord High Chamberlain to the Queen, the following Royal command: “Her Majesty Titania, Queen of the Fairy Carnival of the Twelfth Annual Baby Parade, commands you to appear at the Coronation Ball, Coleman Court Palace, Monday evening, August 18th, 1902. Summoned by Her Majesty.”

The Queen, attired in her Royal robes and attended by pages, heralds, and maids of honour, drove in full state to her Court, where her arrival was proclaimed by a blast from the trumpet of a herald who had preceded the



THE INVITATION TO QUEEN TITANIA'S BALL.

procession. Her Majesty was then escorted to the ball-room, where the Coronation ceremony was held. In honour of the event she was presented with the freedom of the city, together with a handsome gold medal as a souvenir of the occasion. A very pleasant incident during the evening was the presentation to Mr. Conover of a facsimile of the Queen's medal in recognition of his services to the festival.

So far the babies had not been greatly in evidence, but on the following day they had matters all their own way. Adults, indeed, for once found themselves of little or no account, and Asbury Park on this brilliant summer's day was turned into a veritable babies' paradise. Not, however, that the grown-ups were few and far between. On the contrary, every baby seemed to have brought his father and mother, to say nothing of "his sisters and his cousins and his aunts," and they came in such numbers that ten special trains were needed to accommodate them.

Babies dark and babies fair, babies from China, Japan, South

Africa, and South America, as well as one full-bred Indian papoose, were to be seen, and one and all appeared to be enjoying themselves. Every fond mother naturally imagined that her baby was the prettiest one to be seen; indeed, so strong was the faith of some that they even forebore to dress the children in their best attire, thinking their charms sufficient in themselves to gain one of the much-coveted prizes. The children seemed to know that the day was theirs, and appeared determined to do nothing to mar its success.

As the hours passed swiftly by the crowd became denser and even more plentifully besprinkled with babies of all ages, until at four o'clock, the time announced for the start of the parade, it was estimated that upwards of sixty thousand spectators were present. They completely filled all the available space on the sidewalk, while the grand stands were packed to overflowing, as were the streets adjacent to the route of the procession. In fact, every point from which a view of the procession could be obtained had its quota of expectant sightseers.

Ocean Avenue—a fine broad thoroughfare running parallel with the sea—was the scene of the parade. About two-thirds of the avenue had to be traversed by the procession, which then turned and retraced its way to the starting-point. The route was admirably kept, and, though it



TWO QUAIN CHINESE BABIES IN THE PARADE.
From a Photo by Pictorial News Co., New York.

must have been impossible for many to gain more than a momentary glimpse of the pageant, very little grumbling was heard.

Asbury Park had seldom presented a more animated appearance—certainly it had never looked more beautiful—than at the moment when a mounted bugler signalized the approach of the Queen's procession and the commencement of the parade. All eyes were strained to catch the first sight of Her Majesty, and as the fairy-coach came into view it was received with a hearty outburst of cheering, the first of the long succession of cheers with which the parade was greeted all along the route. Never were cheers better deserved, for Queen

served the purpose of a Court, from which Her Majesty watched the parade over which she had been chosen to preside. Her gallant escort had meanwhile taken up its position in front of the stand, where it remained on guard throughout the afternoon. The pavilion on the right of the Queen was reserved for the judges, while that on her left contained a military band. Immediately opposite an immense grand stand was packed with sightseers, and the many-coloured dresses of the ladies lent additional effect to the already brilliant scene.

Without any delay the Queen signified her wish that the procession should start on its way, and immediately the first in the long line of



From a Photo. by

QUEEN TITANIA IN HER FAIRY COACH, ESCORTED BY JUVENILE "ROUGH RIDERS."

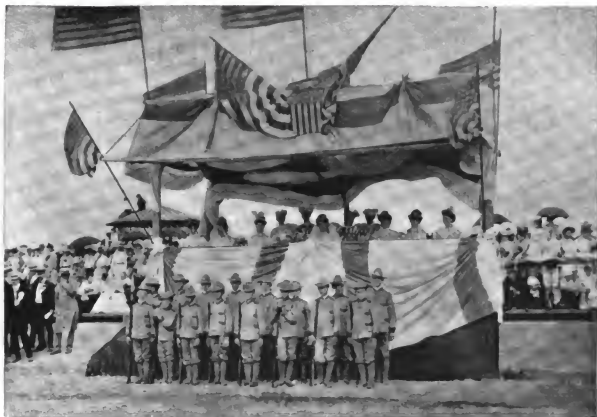
[Turnbull, New York.]

Titania, crowned and wearing her Royal robes, made a charming picture as she passed between the ranks of her subjects in an elaborately decorated gold coach. Her maids of honour, who followed in State carriages, added a sense of dignity to the scene without in any way lessening its beauty.

The Royal procession was escorted by a contingent of juvenile "Rough Riders," and these youthful warriors, dressed in khaki and carrying arms, quickly gained the favour of the crowd by their martial bearing. At a short distance from the starting-point three pavilions had been erected and lavishly decorated with flags, towards which the Royal cortege slowly made its way. The Queen and her maids of honour were conducted to the middle pavilion, which

little folks came into view and was welcomed with a ringing cheer. The procession was headed by "Rough Riders," a contingent of whom acted as advance guard to each of the seven sections into which, in order to facilitate the work of the judges, the competitors were divided.

The fact that the age limit was fixed at fifteen made it possible for the parade to be given a far more varied and animated character than would have seemed likely from its title. Nearly four hundred children were entered in the different classes, and it took quite an hour for the procession to pass the Queen's reviewing stand. The children marched in perfect order, a distance of ten feet being maintained between the "exhibits"—if they may be so called—and



QUEEN TITANIA ON THE REVIEWING STAND FROM WHICH SHE WATCHED THE PARADE.
From a Photo. by Pictorial News Co., New York.

were received with immense cheering and applause all along the line. It was an exceedingly pretty sight, and those who watched closely the almost endless procession of happy faces could not fail to note the pride with which the children realized that the applause was all for them, and them alone. Even the face of some little mite hardly more than a year old would now and then be seen to light up with pleasure as some sight or sound appealed to its childish fancy.

Much variety of opinion was expressed as to the prettiest feature of the show. While some favoured the section devoted to dolls' perambulators, each in charge of its youthful owner, others preferred the elaborately decorated allegorical cars or "floats." But there was something for all tastes in the various sections of the

pageant, and where everything was characterized by a sense of beauty, combined with great simplicity, it would be a difficult and an ungracious task to make comparisons. The appearance of many of the cars was very



ONE OF THE ALLEGORICAL CARS—"AURORA OPENING THE GATES OF DAY."
From a Photo. by Pictorial News Co., New York.



"THE FIRST INHABITANTS OF ASBURY PARK"—THIS CAR WON THE FIRST PRIZE IN ITS SECTION.
From a Photo. by Pictorial News Co., New York.

striking, and it was evident that much time and thought had been expended upon their design and decoration. One, representing, "Aurora Opening the Gates of Day," was of a particularly ambitious design, yet so well was the idea carried out that it was admired and cheered by all. Amongst the subjects represented by the other cars, all of which were accorded a most inspiring reception, were Cleopatra, attended by two black slaves; Ben Hur, in a chariot drawn by three white horses; and the Queen of the Flowers and the Queen of the Roses — over a thousand roses being used in the decoration of the latter car. The prize in this section was awarded to "The First Inhabitants of Asbury Park," showing a wigwam, camp fire, war paint, and all the accessories of Indian life. Some idea of the amount of care bestowed on these exhibits may be gained from our illustrations.

Queen Titania displayed the liveliest interest in the proceedings,

and it was evident that she was greatly charmed with the spectacle. Most of the children, as they passed her Court, looked up at their Fairy Queen with a happy smile, while many blew kisses to her and the maids of honour.

Every kind of baby-carriage was to be seen, and many were decorated in such dainty fashion as to excite expressions of admiration even from the owners of competing turnouts. Many and curious were the devices adopted to keep the

tiny occupants in good humour. One fond mother was happily inspired to decorate her baby's carriage with shells and to fill the bottom with sand, with which the child played delightedly throughout the afternoon.

Great merriment was aroused by the costume section, owing to the amusing variety of the dresses and the solemn walk and serious faces of many of the children. Most of the familiar figures of Fairyland were represented, and



A CHARMING FLORAL BABY-CARRIAGE.
From a Photo. by Pictorial News Co., New York.

*From a Photo. by]*

A PONY-CARRIAGE LOADED WITH MASSES OF FLOWERS.

[Pictorial News Co.

the little tots made a most picturesque sight as they slowly defiled between the walls of cheering spectators. Cupid, impersonated by a little boy only three years and six months old, conquered all his rivals, and thus succeeded in maintaining his reputation. Dolly Varden, Puck, and a capital representation of a Highlander were other figures that met with approval.

The procession now stretched nearly from one end of the route to the other, and, as viewed from the stands, was a singularly beautiful sight. The skilful use made of flowers, both real and artificial, was a notable feature of the scene, and gave it an appearance of daintiness and charm peculiarly in keeping with its character. Despite the heat of the afternoon

*From a Photo. by]*

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE GRAND STAND.

[Pictorial News Co.



THE CROWDS ON THE STANDS, SHOWING THE ROUTE ALONG WHICH THE PROCESSION PASSED.
From a Photo. by Pennypacker, Asbury Park.

the interest of the spectators never flagged, and the applause given to some of the exhibits towards the end of the procession was quite as hearty as that with which the first division had been greeted. Especially capable of artistic decoration were the little pony-carriages so beloved by children of all ages, and some of these were loaded with such masses of flowers that their occupants were scarcely visible.

It was agreed on all sides that the task of the judges was by no means an enviable one, for in the long line which had passed before their stand during the afternoon a very level, yet high, standard of excellence had been maintained. But until the morrow their decisions were to remain secret, and great was the curiosity of the crowd in consequence. It was plain, however, that many a mother making her way home with a tired but happy child was certain in her own mind as to the destination of at least one prize. Would that to-morrow might never come and her happiness remain undisturbed!

On the evening of the next day the festivities were brought to a triumphant close with a Midsummer Night's Fairy Festival. Queen Titania and her Court, with all the members of the Carnival Association, were present, and in the intervals between a most attractive series of *tableaux* Her Majesty presented the prizes to the successful children.

As a result of the three days' festivities the baby parade is now more firmly established than ever as the most unique feature of the season at Asbury Park. What this year has in store remains, at the time of writing, to be seen. An attempt will most likely be made to eclipse last year's record, and another fine time for the children would seem to be in prospect.

Here is an opportunity for some English watering-place to show its enterprise. The first town to organize a baby parade on the lines of that at Asbury Park will surely not have to wait long for its reward, and will probably decide at once to make such a carnival a regular feature of the season.

HOW THE GIPSY QUEEN FOUND HER LOVER.

BY
E. Leslie
Williams.



For twenty years Queen Stella, the gipsy ruler of the Gonzales, had mourned her handsome young lover as dead. She went to America to arrange for the emigration of her people, and there discovered her long-lost sweetheart in a prison cell, still true to her memory! Steps are now being taken to secure his release, and the pretty little romance will end conventionally enough with the sound of wedding bells.



QUEEN STELLA, the gipsy ruler of the Gonzales, a tribe of Spanish gipsies, has for some time been residing in the United States of America in the interests of her people. She believes that the darkest hour in human affairs is just before the dawn, and is herself a living example of the truth of the saying, in the intensely interesting romance of her own life, a romance in which love and tragedy mingle.

After twenty long years of waiting, Queen Stella has at last found the lover of her youth—the handsome young matador who won her girlish heart in the sunny days of long ago in the land of her birth. Though found, the lovers are not yet reunited. That is the pathetic part of the story.

They became separated in Spain and have sought each other ever since. Now they have

met and looked into each other's eyes, and renewed the love of their youth. Nevertheless, they are separated by a barrier greater than the dark-eyed gipsy ever thought possible. And this is the story of it all.

Ever since the time of the Pharaohs, the Gonzales, who claim Egyptian birth, have been roving about, journeying hither and thither in their wanderings, and living the wild care-free life known only to the nomad tribes who first inherited the earth. At last the Gonzales found their way into Spain. It was here that Queen Stella was born, and became the ruler of her people, being the last of a long succession of reigning female sovereigns.

The girl Queen was carefully reared. She received all the advantages of a modern education, which has fitted her to enter the best social circles of every city and town she has ever visited.

Having finished her education, Queen Stella went to America, in the hope of finding somewhere a spot adapted to the needs of her people. She wanted to prove that the gipsy is worthy of honour and respect, and her idea was



QUEEN STELLA, RULER OF THE GONZALES.
From a Photo.

to take the gipsy tribe of the Gonzales over to the States and settle down in the new country, where they could fraternize with those among whom they took up their abode and at the same time engage in their own native arts and industries.

Queen Stella thought that if they settled in close proximity to some large city they could not only follow their own crafts, but, like the troubadours of old, could wander into the midst of the busy life of the town, enlivening it with their gay and festive music of harp and song.

"The gipsy must be free," she said, "but he must not be idle." "Therein lies the difference between the genuine gipsy and the wandering tramp. In this connection she has addressed many societies and colleges in different parts of the States.

While an ardent lover of music, Queen Stella has always followed the gipsy's peculiar profession, the study of the palm. The scientific reading of the hand is her especial *forte*, and it is largely due to her skill that palmistry receives the recognition it now enjoys among cultivated people in the United States.

Some months ago Queen Stella forsook the centres of fashionable Eastern society, going, she herself could not tell why, to the Western cities and towns. All the time she lived in the fashionable whirl no one ever suspected that Queen Stella was other than happy. Her sunny nature and strong will enabled her to conceal the stormy waves of feeling that were surging over her aching heart.

The gipsy tribe of the Gonzales are a people of blood. Every marriage contracted by one of its members must be within the tribe. Its sons and daughters must not wed outside their own race. This much the dark-eyed Queen confided to her friends, but she never told them the secret which was wearing away her heart. That she kept jealously to herself, and no one would ever have found it out had she not gone to Columbus, Ohio, and made her home there.

Twenty years ago, when she lived in her Spanish home, Pedro Gonzales became Queen Stella's accepted lover. His prowess in the bullring had made him famous. Six feet high, and as strong as a lion, his daily struggles with



PEDRO GONZALES, THE LONG-LOST GIPSY.
From a Photo.

the fierce bulls seemed the natural outlet for his temperament. No bullfight was complete unless the matchless young matador participated in it.

The dark-eyed young Queen was proud of her strong, handsome lover, whom she ardently admired. To Pedro, Queen Stella's word was law; not because her rank made it so, but because she reigned supreme in his heart.

But the young Queen was true to her people

her heart, and gave herself wholly to work for her people. Two-thirds of all the money she earned she sent back to them, and no one guessed, as the gipsy Queen read the "lines of fate" in the hands of wealthy and fashionable people at the society assemblies, that her own happiness had been cruelly blighted. She was always so sunny of nature, so bright and laughing.

Shortly after Queen Stella went to Columbus



"THE GIPSY QUEEN READ THE 'LINKS OF FATE' AT THE SOCIETY ASSEMBLIES."

and the mission she had set herself to accomplish. Her own advantages made her conscious of the great obligation she was under to the tribe. So she came to America to prepare a way for her people to come after her. Pedro, it was agreed, was to follow shortly.

Certain members of the Gonzales did come, but months passed, and there was still no word from Pedro. He had disappeared from Spain, it was said, going no one knew whither. At last, word reached Queen Stella that he was dead! Then she locked her love and grief in

she took it into her head one day to visit the prisoners at the State penitentiary. Why she went she does not know, any more than she can explain why she should forsake a circle of friends, whose acquaintance the most fastidious might wish to cultivate, and mingle with altogether new people in parts of the country where she was a stranger. But she followed some inward prompting, and now she is very glad that she did so.

It seemed to her when she saw the convicts that her life was singularly free, while theirs was

most pitiful, shut in as they were within those frowning walls. Her presence, she thought, might bring a little brightness and change into their unutterably monotonous lives. She stayed there for some time, laughing and talking with the prisoners and warders.

The very next day a note was brought to her. It read: "If you are my Dolores, answer. Convict Number 3,003."

Now "Dolores" was what Pedro used to call

It showed her the lover she had lost—her Pedro whom she had mourned as dead! For twenty years she had believed him dead, yet had always hoped against hope that somewhere, some day, she might find him alive. And now her wish was granted: she had found her lover, thousands of miles from sunny Spain, and wearing the hateful garb of a convict!

As soon as he could compose himself Pedro told Queen Stella that he came to America in search of her, wandering from place to place, but could get no trace of his adored Dolores. He had always a wonderful magnetism for horses. They followed readily at his merest word, and, despairing of finding his sweetheart, he became a horse-trainer. It was while engaged in this work that he shot a man—in self-defence, he claims—and was sent to prison.

They call him "Gipsy Bill" in the penitentiary, for he defied all authority and refused to be shorn of his long locks. The emotion he displayed at the sight of his Dolores was the first sign of a softer nature the prison authorities had ever seen in him.

There is now a very good prospect of Pedro being granted "parole," which is half-way to a pardon. President Dunn and the managers of the penitentiary, as well as Warden Darby and Chaplain Starr, have interested themselves in Queen Stella's lover, and have aided her efforts to obtain his release in every way possible. Governor Nash has also encouraged her to hope. Parole once obtained, the way towards pardon is clear. The gipsy Queen's firm conviction is that the darkest hour is just before the dawn, and that it will not

be long now before her lover is a free man, when they will be united.

Pedro, it appears, still has Queen Stella's picture and the watch she gave him when a child. In Pedro's cell there now hangs a painting of his sweetheart, and around his neck he wears a smaller portrait. When he wakes and looks at it, he says, "Good morning, Dolores!"



"THE PRISONER STEPPED FORWARD."

her, but no one else knew her by that name. So Queen Stella answered the note at once, saying she did not know the writer.

The next Sunday, however, when she went to talk to the prisoners, she asked to see Number 3,003. The prisoner stepped forward, but before he could speak Queen Stella lay unconscious at his feet. One glance was enough.

A CARGO OF CATS.

By ASHMORE RUSSAN.

The author is a director of several Brazilian companies. The following diverting story was told him by one of the chief actors therein. For obvious reasons the names of the people concerned and of the ship have been altered.



CAPTAIN ALEXANDER McNAB, of the tramp steamer *Clyde*, was a stranger in the Brazilian port of Bahia. Otherwise he must have learned that Jos McAlister was about the last Scotsman on earth to give utterance to the soft answer that turns aside wrath or to offer the other cheek to the smiter. Had it been his luck, or ill-luck, to mix with the British colony he would have heard stories concerning McAlister, some of them whispered, which would have served as a warning to him.

Certainly Captain McNab did not know his man. But opportunities to look Jos fairly in the eyes had not been lacking, and he ought to have seen latent possibilities in the dark, strong face and square chin, the heavy, broad forehead, creased by a vertical furrow from the nose to the curling hair.

Jos was shipping manganese ore from the port and had engaged the *Clyde* on a strict time-charter to carry it away. Between the captain and him there had been some little friction, but nothing to speak about. However, when the last train-load ought to have been in lighters at the steamer's side, Jos learned that the trucks had toppled down an embankment a few miles from the wharf.

With his customary energy he set to work to save the demurrage, engaged carts, and actually got the ore to the wharf by road only a few hours late. Then he went on board the *Clyde*, taking with him his six-year-old niece, Marsy. The bearded, pawky face of McNab was not visible, but his cat, a fine Persian, lay sunning herself on a roll of tarpaulin.

"Oh, what a lovely pussy!" cried Marsy, clapping her hands. "Do buy her, Uncle Jos!"

The request was enough. Had Marsy wanted him to buy the moon, Jos would have looked about for the very best substitute.

"All right," he said; "you shall have her if the captain will sell her."

Just then McNab stepped on deck from his cabin.

"Na, na," he said; "she's not for sale, McAlister. The crew's mostly Dagos, and she's their mascotte; keeps them from daily manslaughter and throat-cutting. Besides, I couldna weel do without her. But, there—" seeing that Marsy was on the point of crying—"if ye'll send another cat aboard warranted to kill rats and eat cockroaches, and pay that trifle o' demurrage, ye can tak' her."

"What demurrage?" demanded Jos, innocently. "The last of the stuff's on the wharf or in the lighters alongside by now."

"Ye'll be ten hours late by the time it's aboard the *Clyde*," returned McNab; "an' na'ir, I'll no' be able to clear till to-morrow."

"But you can't charge for a delay caused by an accident to the train!"

"Oh, aye, McAlister," laughed McNab, "there's no allowance for that sort of accident in the charter party. Ye've to load a hundred an' feefty tons a day, and the penalty for detention is saxpence per ton o' net register. That's twa thousand saxpences a day, an' proportionally for less than a day. I could charge ye forty pounds, but as ye're a countryman o' mine I'll let ye off ten."

The vertical furrow above McAlister's nose deepened; his face took a darker hue.

"You call yourself a Scotsman, you infernal old Shylock!" he cried. "I'll see you at the bottom of the bay before I'll pay you a cent."

"Ye wull, wull ye?" returned McNab, angrily. "Thirty pounds ye'll hav' to pay, or I'll see you at the bottom o' the bay afore I'll sign yer bill o' lading. Haud on to that, McAlister!" And McNab snapped his fingers in Jos's face.

The fat was in the fire now, with a vengeance. Jos went for McNab in English, German, and Portuguese. The last is a fine language to swear in, or to heap on abuse. Jos piled it up, while he strode the deck, his fists clenched, his eyes flashing. Then he suddenly remembered that Marsy was present, and pulled himself up with a jerk.

"I'll talk to you another time, McNab," he said. "Come on, Marsy. Don't cry, dear."

"I was thinking it was a sair example for the bairn," McNab rejoined, sarcastically. "Never mind, lassie," he added, stroking Marsy's curls, "ye shall ha' the cat if yon raving madman'll send anither aboard."

"I'll do that," said Jos. "Bring it along, Marsy."

The child lad the Persian in her arms in a moment, and followed Jos to the side, drying her tears on the soft fur. But McNab intercepted her and took the cat away.

"I'd no deesappoint the bairn for the world," he said, turning to Jos, "but I must ha' the Brazeelien cat afore I pairt wi' mine, an' I'd have ye no forget that I'll want the thirty pounds demurrage afore I sign the bill o' lading."

Sandy McNab had never in his life been in greater danger of seeing stars and hitting the deck of his own ship with the back of his head. Luckily, or perhaps unluckily, for him, a better punishment occurred to Jos, just as he was about to strike.

"Never mind, Marsy," he said, picking the child up and kissing her, "you shall have the cat all right; and as for that——" relapsing into calumnious Portuguese, and suddenly checking himself—"we'll send him all the cats he wants!"



"WE'LL SEND HIM ALL THE CATS HE WANTS!"

Landing at the wharf, Jos sent Marsy home and went to his office. Ten minutes afterwards the store-keeper, the junior clerk, and the office boy started upon a cat hunt, each armed with a handful of the paper money of Brazil, face value one milreis, equivalent at that time to tenpence. Quickly the word was passed round the negro quarter: "Senhor McAlister wants a thousand cats, to be delivered at his warehouse at once. He will pay one milreis each."

Cats are plentiful in Bahia and cheap. Mostly they are ugly and fierce, blue-grey of colour, long in the leg almost as a greyhound, and thin as a rail. So many negro women and children, each carrying one cat or more, had never before been seen in the neighbourhood. Within a couple of hours Jos had taken in more than two hundred. Like most other merchants in the port he had a superfluity of empty cases, and as the cats arrived they were stowed away, the lids being fastened down lightly.

No need to bore holes in the cases—the cracks would give them sufficient air, and as for light, they would fight less in the dark. When some twenty cases had been packed with ten or twelve cats each, according to size of case and cats, Jos recalled his emissaries and stopped payment, when the supply promptly came to an end.

Having ascertained that Captain McNab was ashore, he had the cases taken to the wharf, hired a roomy boat, and soon reached the *Clyde*, lying about a quarter of a mile away. As he arrived with his cargo the last empty lighter was leaving the ship's side, and Brown, the mate, was shouting to the man in charge:—

"Tell McAlister the cap'n says he'll not sign the bill o' lading till he's paid the demurrage. Oh, never mind; here's Mr. McAlister himself."

"That's all right, Brown," said Jos, climbing aboard. "I've fixed it all up with McNab, and I'm to pay the thirty pounds to you. At tenpence exchange, that will be seven hundred and twenty milreis, won't it?"

Brown scratched his tousled grey head in perplexity.

"I never could understand them :ays and mill rays," he said. "I'll leave it to you, if you don't mind."

"Certainly," Jos rejoined. "Here's the money. I'll take a receipt with the bill of lading. Now for the cats. McNab said they were to go in his cabin."

"Cats? Oh, aye. I heard ye chaffering. Little Missy's to have the cap'n's Persian. I suppose you've brought a couple o' Brazilians with you?"

"I've brought two hundred," said Jos, coolly. "They're in those cases," pointing to the laden boat. "It's a private spec of McNab's. There's a great scarcity of cats at Pernambuco, and he reckons he'll net a conto of reis over them."



"WITHIN A COUPLE OF HOURS JOS HAD TAKEN IN MORE THAN TWO HUNDRED."

"In the cabin, d'ye say?" exclaimed Brown, incredulously. "Two hundred cats in the cap'en's cabin?"

"McNab's orders," said Jos, laconically.

"McNab must ha' gone stark, staring mad."

"Maybe. I've nothing to do with that. He thinks he's very wide awake, and perhaps he is. I've brought some fresh meat for them. I dare say they won't give much trouble if you feed them well."

Having sprinkled the cabin floor with raw meat, Jos had the cases hoisted aboard and their contents unpacked—that is, they were shoved one by one to the door of the cabin, which was on the deck, aft of the bridge, and the lids forced off. The meat did the rest. Naturally, the half-starved animals caused no immediate trouble. When all had been tempted within, Jos fastened the door carefully, secured the Persian, and left the *Clyde*. But he had not finished with McNab. Indeed, he was only just beginning to score off that worthy.

Arrived at the wharf, he made his way to the

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Alfandega—the Customs House. On the road he met the harbour-master, a crony of his own.

"The *Clyde* won't be clearing till to-morrow," he said. "Train ran off the rails, and I've had to pay nearly a conto demurrage. Omission in the charter party, you know. All the same, it's an infernal swindle, and I mean to get level with Captain McNab."

The harbour-master laughed. "Then you'll do it, senhor?" he said.

"With your help. For instance, the *Clyde's* anchored in a forbidden spot, isn't she?"

"True, senhor. Captain McNab has infringed the port regulations; but as he was loading your ore, Senhor Jos, I took care not to see it."

"Never mind my ore," said Jos; "that's all aboard. What's the maximum fine?"

"A conto of reis."

"And the minimum?"

"Two hundred milreis."

"How much does the informer get?"

"One half, senhor."

"See that he's fined the maximum, and that will be more than half the demurrage back. Get on board as soon as you can, Senhor Manoel, there's a good fellow."

The harbour-master hurried away, and Jos entered the Customs House, whistling.

The Chefe da Alfandega was in and would be delighted to see Senhor McAlister. No other foreigner in Bahia was half so popular as he with the native officials. Jos went to the point at once.

"Has Captain McNab of the *Clyde* got his papers?" he asked.

"No, senhor," replied the chefe; "he will call later."

"Glad to hear that. I'm told he's done a big trade while in port."

"In what way, senhor?"

"The usual articles—ready-made clothes."

The rather high and mighty Chefe da Alfandega was on his feet in an instant.

"Smuggled in, of course! *Que cachorra!* To whom were they consigned?"

"Don't know," said Jos, "and it may be an idle story. But it would be just as well to keep back his papers until you have searched the ship."

"But, senhor?"

"Oh, he's no friend of mine, chefe. He's



"THEY WERE SHOVED ONE BY ONE TO THE DOOR OF THE CABIN."

swindled me out of more than seven hundred milreis, and he has got to pay for it."

"Ah, now I understand! A thousand thanks, Senhor McAlister; the *Clyde* shall be searched—thoroughly—and detained—as long as you wish."

"Good," said Jos, adding, as if by an afterthought, "Oh, by the way, there's a stiff export duty on live animals?"

"Certainly."

"I was nearly forgetting. The *Clyde* has two hundred live cats aboard. Good day, senhor; many thanks for the time you have given me." And Jos departed, quite satisfied that he had scored heavily.

When McNab called at the Customs House for the ship's papers he was informed that the *Chefe da Alfandega* had gone aboard the *Clyde* with a number of officers, and that the ship would be detained until a search had taken place.

McNab turned pale. McAlister's shaft, fired

quite at a venture, had got home. The captain had sent ashore several cases of ready-mades, but there was yet another which he had hoped to smuggle in that night. He left the *Alfandega* at once and, hiring the first boat he came across, hastened aboard his ship. Brown met him at the rail.

"Here's a pretty to-do," said the mate. "Harbour-master's aboard; wants a conto o' rays. Says we're a hundred fathoms too near the wharf, and that's the fine. Then there's the boss of the Customs House rummaging all over the ship. He's seized a case of goods as contraband. Says he knows you were going to land it. I tell ye, cap'en, what with one thing an' another, including yer confounded Dago cats, this ship's no place for a decent man."

"Hang the harbour-master with a hundred-fathom rope!" shouted McNab, furious at this budget of bad news. "Chuck the Customs men overboard!"

The *Chefe da Alfandega*, who understood English, cut him short.

"That would be dangerous, Senhor Capitan," he said, smiling blandly, for he did not get a good haul every day, "and would only cause you much greater trouble. I understand it was your intention to land the case of clothes found by my men. I shall save you that trouble, and you may go to your

Consul if you are not satisfied. 'Then there is another little matter. You have two hundred cats on board. There is an export duty on live animals from Brazil. The aggregate duty, Senhor Capitan, will be——"

But McNab interrupted him with a yell.

"Twa hoondred cats! Where—where, mon, where?"

"In your cabin, Senhor Capitan," answered the *chefe*.

McNab rushed at the door in a fury. It was locked, but he burst it open. For an instant he stood in blank amaze, then threw up his hands, gasping:—

"Good heavens! It's true! Twa hoondred cats!"

Huddled closely together, the cats filled every foot of floor space and overflowed it. Twenty or thirty sat on the captain's bunk; at least a dozen had found standing room on his chest of

drawers. Every bit of furniture that could be stood on, sat on, or hung on by claws had its cat or cats—even some of the more massive brackets and curios on the walls.

But only for an instant. All the meat had

The "ready-mades" were duly confiscated. That particular offence is a frequent one in Brazilian ports, punishable by a fine of double the duty and seizure. The chefe stretched a point by taking them off a British ship, but



"THE CATS FILLED EVERY FOOT OF FLOOR SPACE."

long been eaten and the cats were anxious to escape. With one accord they rushed for the open door. McNab staggered back, recoiling from their wild charge, and in a few moments the cats were dispersed all over the ship.

Up the rigging and the funnel stays, down the open hatchways, into the forecabin, on the bridge, wherever a cat could climb, creep, or crawl, they went, and where they went they stayed as long as they could.

The chefe shook with laughter. Senhor Manoel fairly danced about the deck, choking with merriment.

"Oh, Senhor McAlister! Oh, Senhor Jos! This is magnificent!" he cried at intervals.

Captain McNab was ready enough of speech as a rule—a little too ready for his health, on occasion—but speech failed him now. Dropping down on a coil of rope he hid his face in his great hands and sat rocking himself to and fro, silent, except for an intermittent mutter:—

'That devil, McAlister! That devil!'

nothing happened. McNab paid the fine imposed by the harbour authorities, but not the export duty on live animals, for the Chefe da Alfandega was by no means sure that cats were intended to be included, and there was no precedent to guide him. Nobody had ever wanted to export Brazilian cats before. Moreover, McNab's cargo was not taken away. The cats never left the port. All of them were caught and got rid of somehow, mostly by being thrown overboard. They say the bay was dotted with cats for the greater part of the next day, but presumably the majority swam ashore.

The *Clyde* was detained twenty-four hours. After she had steamed away Jos opened a couple of bottles of champagne in his office for the Chefe da Alfandega and Senhor Manoel, and the trio drank each other's healths with many "vivas!" Jos had got back most of his demurrage; and the others—well, there is no evidence that they left themselves out in the cold.

A TRAMP IN SPAIN

By BART KENNEDY

IX. ON THE ROAD TO ZARAGOZA



Our commissioner's journey through Almadrones, Algora, Alcolea del Pinar, and Ateca, on the way to Zaragoza. Mr. Kennedy describes his first experience of drinking wine "a trago" and his meeting with the quaint little company of strolling players.

The road was one of the finest I had ever tramped along in my life. A good, broad road without the hardness that often belongs to an English road. And still a road that was not too soft. One got a lift and a spring out of it at every step.

And the day was not as it was the day before. There was no steady, driving, depressing rain.

It was a bright day, full of sunshine and tempered by a cool wind.

To walk on such a day was a delight to the senses. It made one feel like a giant to swing along in the October air—the air that had in it just a faint touch of sharpness.

Surely soldiers had passed along this road. The thought of it came into my mind as I swung along with my knapsack on my back. Tramping thousands of soldiers—French soldiers—must have gone along this road as I was going now. A century ago! They must have passed along here on their way to Zaragoza—the rapacious, destroying soldiers of Napoleon—the devil-genius who laid waste to Spain and whom England rightly chained to a rock.

Almadrones. I had covered twenty-eight kilômetros, and the sun was but an hour high above the distant mountains. I had met hardly anyone through the whole of the day. It was a lonesome country—lonesome, but still beautiful and fertile. Since the morning I had met but two or three arrieros—men driving mules.

I felt fresh and vigorous. The day had been a wonderful one. If I had had someone to talk to it would have been better, but one can't have



FOUND that Brihuega was off from the main road to Zaragoza and I gave up the idea of going to it. I had heard that it was a fair-sized town, and I knew that this being the case I would have got better accommodation there for the night than in the small villages, but it was in my mind to push on up to the north as rapidly as possible. From Zaragoza I would make for the Republic of Andorra, through which I would pass to the French frontier. Once in France my journey was at an end.

Zaragoza was a long way off. Two hundred and forty-six kilômetros! I had just passed a kilómetro-stone marking the distance. How far Andorra was off from Zaragoza I had no idea. On the map it looked as if it might be four hundred kilômetros still farther north. But maps did not tell one a great deal in Spain.

everything. I would have gone on farther, but the last arriero I had met told me that the next village past Almadrones was more than twenty kilómetros from it. Pressing on for it would mean my getting there in the middle of the night.

Almadrones seemed to be composed only of the posada, which faced right on to the road. But I was told by the people who kept it that the village lay off from the road four kilómetros.

At first I had some difficulty in getting the food I wanted in the posada. The old woman who kept it said that she had no coffee and no huevos (eggs). I did not ask for meat—it would have been useless.

All that there seemed to be in the place was bread and wine. The wine would be all right, but I knew from experience that the bread would be heavy and hard. Wine and that sort of bread was hardly what I wanted.

The old woman's manner suggested complete indifference as to whether my wants were complied with or not. After telling me that she had neither eggs nor coffee, she took no further notice of me. I sat down and waited; it was the only thing to do.

My patience was at last rewarded, for a young, bright-looking woman entered the posada. I appealed to her, and everything was satisfactory. There were eggs and coffee and even ham (jamón) in the posada. I was saved.

I took the precaution of cooking the eggs myself. The Spaniards dealt too much in oil to suit my taste. The old woman gazed upon me with sharp criticism in her eye as I carefully poured into the pan about a tenth of the oil she would have put in. With a great flourish I cracked the eggs, and then I held the pan high up over the flame. "Huevos à la Inglesa," I said. My object was to impress her. But I fear that I failed. In her eye was a look of scorn. She seemed in no way enchanted either with myself or my English method of frying eggs.

We sat down to eat—five of us. There were the old lady and her husband, the young woman and her husband, and my humble self. The men came in just before the meal was ready.

Drinking wine "a trago." It was at this meal where I received my initiation into the art. It was a method of drinking wine that did not quite appeal to me at first. But I soon got to like it. This was the way it was done.

The wine was contained in a bota (leathern wine-bag) which held something over a quart. On the top of the bota was screwed a stopper in which was a very small hole. The performer—or rather drinker—simply held the bota high up above the head with both hands, and from the small hole there flew a thin,

fierce stream of wine right into the drinker's wide-open mouth. When the drinker had stowed in a sufficient quantity he or she passed the bota on to the next one, and the next one passed it on to the next one. To see people drinking wine in this way was not what might be called an inspiring sight, but one got used to it as one gets used to anything. And, besides, it was really the best way to drink wine—far better than drinking it out of a glass. In drinking wine in the ordinary way the rim of the glass goes into the mouth and one necessarily tastes it. But in drinking wine "a trago" one gets the taste and flavour of the wine and nothing more.

In the course of the meal the old lady passed the bota on to me. I felt a bit nervous, but I did not like to ask for a glass. It is always as well to conform as much as possible to the customs of the country you may chance to be in.

I raised the bota valorously up above my head, and—well, I got the thin, fierce stream of wine right in the eye. At this everyone, to put it with mildness, seemed amused. I believe that this accident put me into the good graces of the company. The old lady's eye no longer beamed upon me in an unfriendly, critical manner. My accidental appeal to their sense of humour caused them to adopt a more friendly attitude towards me.

I slept by the fire that night in my clothes, and the next morning I was off on the road again. After going for ten kilómetros I came to a place called Algora. I was now well into the mountains.

In the posada at Algora I met a priest who was most obliging and polite. Indeed, I found the priests right through Spain the most courteous and obliging of men. If a traveller got into any argument or difficulty they were always willing to help him out. I am not, of course, going into any discussion as to the merits of the religion they taught. This would be out of place, and not to the point. But I must testify to the fact that they exercised a civilizing influence over the people. In the big towns through which I passed in Spain I had no means of gauging their influence. But I had in the country. And I must say that their influence seemed to be for the best—I mean for the best from the practical standpoint of keeping unruly elements in order. Another point. Spain is not the priest-ridden country it is alleged to be by people who know nothing whatever about it. It is a fine country, peopled by a fine people, whose ways and methods of living and thinking are, naturally enough, their own ways—Spanish ways.

The priest in Algora helped to get a meal ready for me. He ground the coffee. And over our cigarettes we tried to discuss matters connected with life and the soul. But the discussion sailed under difficulties. My Spanish only extended as far as being able to ask for food, and to ask my way, and to ask how much I had to pay for things. It was therefore difficult for me to discuss ethereal, theological points with the priest. He was a slight, ascetic-looking man, with a pale, intelligent face. He had not been much around, but he evidently knew something of people.

About two kilómetros past Algora I saw a party of people crossing the road. Some of them were mounted, some were afoot. As I got nearer I saw that there were women and children in the party. I wondered who they could be, and then it struck me that perhaps they were gipsies. I hurried towards them.

Yes, I was right. They were gipsies. I could tell them now by their dress.

I hailed them and they stopped. I wanted to see what they were like—these gipsies here in the province of Guadalajara, these strange, mysterious people of the open air. And I gave a woman who sat on a horse a peseta to tell my fortune. She smiled as she looked into my hand and spoke something rapidly in Spanish, the purport of which I could not follow. I said I did not understand, and she asked me if I understood French. No; I did not understand French! And she smiled again and went on telling the meaning of the lines of my hand in Spanish—as before. All the other gipsies crowded around as she was telling my fortune, and I had a good look at them. My object in having my fortune told was so that I could see them at close quarters. They were as the gipsies were in Granada—as, indeed, gipsies are the world over. A brown-faced,



"I GAVE A WOMAN WHO SAT ON A HORSE A PESETA TO TELL MY FORTUNE."

strange people, with mystery in their eyes. They kept silence whilst the woman who sat on the horse spoke. They listened gravely to what she was saying. What she said I don't know, but from the look on the faces of the gipsies it was something that in a way was of import to them. It may have been that the reading of a stranger's hand—one from the outside—had for them a significance of its own. The getting of pesetas thereby was, perhaps, but a thing incidental. The hand of the stranger might tell them something—something of the attitude of the world towards their race.

I left them and went along through the mountains.

The mountains now became lonesome and wild and sinister. And far, far ahead I could see the road winding up and around and up and around as would wind a vast, huge snake. I could see it winding on before me through the mountains for more than twenty kilometres. Now it was lost; now the sun was shining upon it as it curved along far up yonder. To look at it produced in one a feeling of cold. This long, long winding road through the lonesome, sinister mountains.

I felt differently to what I had felt the day before. Then the joy of swinging along through the free, open air was upon me. But now I felt depression. It seemed as if I had been walking along this winding road through these wild mountains for an eternity.

Alcolea del Pinar. It was dark when I arrived here. The sun had been down for two hours. I had walked the last four kilometres in total darkness. But the road was broad and good—one that could not easily be strayed from however dense the darkness.

I liked the posada in Alcolea del Pinar. It was filled with cheerful, noisy people. It was good to hear them talking and laughing loudly after my walk through the lonesome mountains. And Don Esteban, the propietario, was a fellow I liked. He was a fine, big, hearty-looking Spaniard with blue eyes. What often struck me was the number of Spaniards I met with blue eyes.

A great wood fire was crackling and burning. It was cold enough to make sitting before it with a jug of wine pleasant. I had walked over thirty kilometres that day and was feeling as a man might feel after doing a day's work. The loneliness of the walk in the mountains was forgotten as I sat drinking my wine in the midst of the jovial noise around me. Don Esteban went around like a worthy English landlord, supplying the needs of this one and that one. Indeed, he looked as English as it was possible for a Spaniard to look. He had the build and almost the colour of face of a Yorkshireman. I liked Don Esteban.

The next day, just as I got into the province of Soria, I saw a party which was being convoyed through the mountains by two men of the guardia civil. The guards walked on either side of the party with their Mausers held at the trail. They could have shot the life out of anything coming from any side. The only chance that a highway robber would have of borrowing money from the party would be to wait for it in a narrow pass. Even then the enterprise would possess its risks.

The party being convoyed consisted of an old man with a long beard, who rode on a

donkey, a boy who trotted by his side, and another man. There were five in all with the two guardia civiles. They were walking at a smart pace.

As they came on towards me I felt a trifle anxious. I hoped that they would have acuteness enough to perceive that I was a respectable person—that I did not belong to the fraternity who rudely demanded loans from people before they were introduced to them. I walked quickly towards them, thrilled with nervous hope.

It was all right. I stopped and saluted and the party stopped and saluted. The only one who did not salute was the boy. He just stared at me with his mouth open.

The old gentleman with the beard asked me a question which I did not understand, and I answered him politely in English. Then one of the guards asked me something. I answered him also in English. I thought it as well to understand as little as possible. I wished to be going on.

But the guard pointed to my eye-glasses, and motioned to me that he would like to try them on. I took them off and handed them to him, and he put them on and moved his head this way and that way as people do when trying glasses on for the first time. Then he handed them to the other guard, who also tried them on. At this they were handed back to me. I offered them to the old gentleman with the beard who bestrode the donkey. But he refused them with a polite gesture. The other man also refused them, and I put them on myself. At this the guards again trailed arms, everyone saluted, and the party went on and I went on.

Coming across a party being convoyed through the mountains by guards was instructive. It was a proof that these mountains were not quite so safe as they might be. I liked the Spaniards very much; but still, it was easy to see that they were a people who would take naturally to enterprises of an adventurous character. They were essentially a people who possessed a leaning towards violence. Whilst their character was fine, there seemed to be in it an undercurrent of sullenness. This was hardly noticeable in the people of Andalusia, but it was strongly noticeable in the people of Castile. It is the sullen people who kill.

This day was but as the day before—a lonesome tramp through mountains. After meeting the party that was being convoyed I met no one else till I got to Arcos. I arrived there at about nine o'clock at night, and to my joy I found a café, which was presided over by a most impudent boy.

I had a difficulty in getting a place to sleep here, because of the lateness of the hour. There

was no room for me in the café, and when at last I found the posada the old man who kept it would not allow me to come in until I had first given him a peseta. He was an odd-looking old man, who looked like the stage figure Gaspard in the "Bells of Corneville." He had avarice written all over him. He came to the door of the posada with a candle in his shaking hand. On his head was a red night-cap, conical in shape. I would have laughed out loudly, only that I feared he might not let me in. After taking my measure by the light of the candle he decided that I was a person not to be trusted, and he demanded "una peseta." It was the first time that a demand to pay beforehand had been made of me in Spain.

When I got up in the morning he asked me if I wanted breakfast. I told him no: I would get breakfast somewhere else. He had injured my feelings by asking me to pay beforehand for the bed. Whilst I had a feeling that possibly my appearance warranted the making of such a demand, I nevertheless thought that it was only fair play to go and get cheated somewhere else. The accommodation I got for the peseta was of a character the less said about the better.

That night I got to Ariza, a place twenty-five kilómetros from Arcos. As usual, I met hardly anyone through the whole of the day. No one seemed to be living in the country.

On the road to Zaragoza.

It was beginning to get dull. I had tramped along it now for eight days, and I had met practically no one on the road. I had certainly met no travellers — without I reckoned the bearded gentleman of the day before and his party and convoy—the gentleman who bestride

the ass. I thought of him now as I sat in the dimly-lit room of the posada in Ariza. I wondered who and what he could be.

Eight days since I had left Madrid. It seemed a long time to walk along a road in silence, for practically I knew no Spanish and could therefore talk to no one even when I did meet them. All that I could do was to ask for food, and ask if I were on the right road. I understood some words, but not enough to follow coherently what was being said to me.

And I had found out by this time that knowing only a little of a language often enough only led to misunderstanding—that it was in a way worse than knowing nothing.

I would have given the world to have met someone whom I could understand and who could have understood me. I wanted to talk, but I had to keep silence.

I was now in the province of Zaragoza, but I was a hundred and twenty-seven kilómetros away from the town itself. I could make that easily enough in three days by forcing the pace a little. But I was afraid of the three days—they would be as monotonous

as the eight days through which I had gone.

When I came to pay my score on the following morning, I noticed the woman of the posada looking very intently at the duro I had given her, and which she had to change. My bill had come to about three pesetas, and I was to get two pesetas back. I knew it was a good duro, and struck it on the floor with the intention of proving that it was as good as good could be. Alas! it gave forth an awful sound—a dull, leaden sound. It did not give forth the bright, clear ring of silver, as I had hoped it would.



"HE DEMANDED 'UNA PESETA.'"

"Malo duro!" ejaculated the woman, and I had to give her another one—after it had stood the test of being rung on the floor.

I felt sorry for myself. I did not possess too many duros. And how it came to pass that I had had this bad one palmed off on to me escaped me altogether. Spain was the home of bad coins, and I had learned to be extra careful. A bad duro had been shoved on to me by a gentleman of the courier persuasion in Granada, and since then I had kept my weather-eye open. And one needed to keep it open in Spain. They were a charming people, the Spaniards, and I liked them very much, but they had a jocose habit of giving the passing traveller bad money for good.

I went out of the posada and walked along the road looking at the duro. It looked all right, its weight seemed all right—but its sound made one shudder. I tried it on several stones after I got out of the village, but it seemed to get worse. And at last I gave it up as a bad job and put it back into my pocket. It brought some excitement, to be sure, into a journey that was getting dull—but it was an excitement that I could hardly afford.

I saw a man approaching. And, what was more to the point, I saw that he was a stranger to the mountains. How I knew he was a stranger I could not have told. But I was certain of it, nevertheless.

I hurried forward to meet him. He looked very much the worse for wear, and—well, he turned out to be a tramp—a Spanish tramp. I was so glad to meet him that I gave him a peseta. I thought of poor, little, old Aquilino—whom I had got separated from down in Jaén, in Andalusia. This man was going to Madrid just as Aquilino was.

He told me that he was an Andalusian—that he belonged to Malaga, and that he was a marinero (sailor). But I doubted this end of his yarn. He had not the look of a sailor. One can always tell men who have followed the water. They have much the same look in the eyes—and then there is always the gait.

Besides, had he been a sailor he would have picked up some English.

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However, I made him understand that I had been a marinero myself, and that I was glad that he was one. And then we shook hands and parted, wishing each other good fortune.

But hardly were we fifty yards apart when an idea came suddenly into my head. I would consult him and get his opinion about the bad duro.

I called him back and showed it to him. He took it, looked it over carefully, and then sounded it on a stone. "Buena," he said, as he handed it back to me with a smile.

I did not understand him at first. But at last he managed to get it into my head that the coin



"HE SOUNDED IT ON
A STONE."

was good, and the reason that it sounded as it did sound was because it was cracked. I had cracked it myself the time I struck it down before the woman on the stone floor of the posada!

That night I made Ateca, a town of four thousand inhabitants. After the small places through which I had passed a town of this size wore a metropolitan air. It was like getting to a centre—a haven. There were also people living in the country approaching it. After parting from my friend the tramp I met several people coming along. The day had not turned out so lonesome as I was afraid it would.

I put up at the Fonda de Barca, a good place. The propietario was a powerfully built Spaniard with a carefully trimmed beard. He was a bit morose and silent, but a good sort. His name was Vicente, and after dinner he took me over to the café and introduced me around. It was here that I met a Spanish journalist—a dark bearded man wearing a cap. We fraternized together and exchanged ideas as well as we could. He gave me to understand that he was on a paper in Zaragoza, and that he was paying a visit to some friends of his here in Ateca. He was a bright, lively fellow, almost like an Andalusian.

Across the street from the café a strolling company of Spanish actors were giving a theatrical performance. The journalist and I went over to see it. A seat near the stage cost seventy-five centimos—about fivepence. I wanted Vicente to come, but he preferred to stop and play cards in the café.

The hall was small and the stage was small. Indeed, the actors gave one the impression of being bigger than the scenery. The audience, the hall, the little stage, and the actors were in a way similar to what they would be in England in a town the size of Ateca. There was the same shifting of tables and chairs by the actors when playing their parts, the same difficulties with the lowering of the curtain, the same



"TO ME IT SEEMED TO BE A KIND OF HISTORICAL MELODRAMA."

eating of fruit and talking, and occasional interruptions of the audience. To my eye the only real difference was the difference of language. Being here in this little hall made me feel almost as if I were at home in England.

The piece was called "Don Juan Tenorio." To me it seemed to be a kind of historical melodrama, the scene of which was laid in the Spain of the Middle Ages. It was full of fights and love and murder and intrigue. It went well with the audience.

The author of it was a man named José Torrella. He had been dead four years, the journalist informed me, and now his play was having a great vogue.

I told them at the fonda to wake me up at six the next morning, but when the knock came on the door of my room I refrained from getting up. It occurred to me that the time was favourable for the taking of a day off. I had had a wearisome tramp through the mountains, and it seemed to me that I was entitled to a rest. I would loaf and lounge and take it easy for the day in Ateca, and would start for Zaragoza the following morning. So I ignored the knock and fell asleep again.

I got up at about eleven o'clock, and after having breakfast Vicente and I took a gentle walk together around Ateca. It was an old, Moorish-looking sort of town and had a curious, irregularly-shaped market, the entrance to which was through an arch. We passed through it and went on around till we came to the River Jalon, where there were a lot of women washing clothes. As we crossed over the bridge Vicente shook his fist at the river and exclaimed, "Malo rio."

It was a modest, unobtrusive-looking river, and I wondered why Vicente should abuse it, but he gave me to understand that it had nearly destroyed Ateca. A month before it had risen up and swept everything before it. When we got back to the fonda he showed me the water mark along the wall. The river had risen six feet above the level of the main street.

That night I had dinner with the chief of police, an advocate, and a schoolmaster. The chief of police was a good-natured, smart-looking young man, and the advocate looked dreamy and intellectual. I was taken with the advocate. He was very unlike the sharp-faced, shifty-eyed barrister one so often sees in an English court of law. He looked like a poet.

The schoolmaster, however, was quite a different person. His voice was loud and rasping, and his manner was most informing. Much to my discomfort, he took me under his wing. He assailed me with innumerable questions which I did not understand. And whenever I tried to speak a word of Spanish he was extremely anxious that I should get the sound just right. He would pronounce the word after me in his rasping voice, and get me to pronounce it again. And then he would go on at me with a string of questions.

After dinner I went over towards the hall where I had seen the play the night before. There was to be another theatrical performance, and I had got my ticket for it during the afternoon.

But there was no one around. I was surprised at this. I had expected to see a crowd at the door.

I went in, and a lame man came towards me from a small group of people who were standing in the centre of the hall. There were only two or three lights burning, and the little stage looked empty and dark. I held out my ticket to the lame man. He took it, and then offered me the seventy-five centimos I had paid for it.

It was as I had thought. The money that had come in—through the sale of the seats during the day—had been so small that the little company could not afford to play for it, and so they were giving it back.

It went to my heart. I had once myself been a member of a strolling company of players to whom the same thing had happened. A night came—the last night of all—when not enough money had come into the house to make it worth while playing to. And we had given it back just as this little Spanish company was giving it back now.

I did not take the seventy-five centimos that were offered to me, but I walked towards the group standing in the centre of the hall. The lame man went forward to the door. Someone else was coming in with a ticket.

There was the señora who had played the lead in the piece of the night before. Her hair was white, but she was a vital, capable-looking woman. She had, however, the sad and worn expression in the eyes that comes to those who have fought adversity for a long time. She was a woman, perhaps, of forty-five—just one of a band of strolling players. But she had talent for the stage. It might have been that if she had had a chance she would have been recognised by the world as great. Chance is a big word. By her side was a girl of about twelve who had also played the night before. Her own girl. And there was another actress. And an actor.

I bowed to the little group, and soon we were talking to each other as well as we could.

So I was a "camarada"! I, too, had been an actor! Ah, bueno! And so we talked on. I managed to tell them how the company I had been with had had an experience such as they were having now. And the actress with the white hair told me that they were going in the morning to Calatayud. "Ah! ciudad (city) mucha bueno." They were to play there for a week (semana). "Ateca, pobre pueblo" (poor village). And then we all had coffee together and I went back to the Fonda de Barca.

(To be continued)

When the Water Came Down.

A FISHING EXPERIENCE IN THE HIMALAYAS.

By CAPTAIN R. VENOUR DAVIDSON, LATE INDIAN STAFF CORPS.

The author describes how he and his Ghoorka orderly, while fishing a mountain stream, were caught like rats in a trap by a sudden "spate" which came down from the mountains. The orderly was carried away by the raging flood, while Captain Davidson was left perched on a narrow ledge on the face of a cliff.



URING the now half-forgotten Sikkim Expedition of 1888—after the scarcely-disciplined horde of Tibetan invaders had been driven out of their foothold on the heights of Lingtu and the Expeditionary Force had established a strong garrison at Gnathong, on the frontier—the communications between the latter place and the base at Padong were maintained by a series of posts of varying size and importance from ten to fifteen miles apart.

One of the largest of these was at a place called Rongli Chu. "Chu" in Tibetan signifies river, water, or lake, and the Rongli—a brawling, picturesque Himalayan stream—was here confined to a deep, narrow gorge, and spanned by a rude but serviceable cantilever bridge, the only practicable crossing within several miles—for pack animals, at any rate. Hence the alleged importance of the post, which was held by about one hundred native rank and file under two native officers, with myself as subaltern in command and the only European there.

The duties were not too arduous, the scenery and surroundings magnificent beyond all description, and the temperature agreeable—the height of the valley itself was only about four thousand feet, though within a few miles the mountains of the Bhutanese and Tibetan passes reared their heads up to ten and twelve thousand feet.

The variations of vegetation and temperature were most striking, even within a comparatively short journey.

Beyond the periodical rationing of my garrison, and the constant supply of escorts to parties and convoys passing up and down, there was really little to do, and time was beginning to hang heavy on my hands until it

dawned on me, whilst bathing, that the river held mahseer in considerable numbers, if of no very great size. A short voyage of discovery revealed some ideal pools and runs at no very great distance both up and down, though in the neighbourhood of my post, as I have mentioned, the valley narrowed to a gorge, through which the water roared—a seething, rock-indented torrent.

It did not take me long to make up my mind and to dispatch by the next post an order to Calcutta for a serviceable mahseer rod and a variety of tackle, chiefly spoons of various sizes and an assorted lot of traces and casts. In

due course, and sooner than might have been expected, these were delivered to me by the Service substitute for the parcel post.

The next few days and weeks were passed in unalloyed enjoyment, and though in the course of them I saw no signs of mahseer of any notable size, still I secured large daily bags of fish averaging about a pound apiece, and occasionally touching three, which, besides affording



THE AUTHOR, CAPTAIN R. VENOUR DAVIDSON, LATE INDIAN STAFF CORPS.

From a Photo. by Allen & Co., Pembroke Dock.

sufficiently distracting sport, formed a welcome addition to my somewhat meagre and monotonous rations. A small fly-spoon on the finest of traces proved itself the most uniformly successful lure on these waters, though occasionally—more as an experiment and a change than

unimportant in themselves, added their quota to the main stream, altering its character and increasing its volume. A series of fascinating pools soon ensued, alternated with beautiful runs, and in the very first of the former I got a bigger fish than I had struck yet, a nice five-



THE BRIDGE OVER THE RONGLI RIVER WHICH THE AUTHOR HAD TO GUARD.

From a Photo.

anything else—I also secured fish with a fly or by spinning a small minnow or dead bait.

After some weeks of an almost too facile success of this sort the game was beginning to pall a little when my native orderly—a Ghoorka with a roving eye and gallivanting tendencies—informed me that during a recent expedition among the hamlets of the neighbourhood—ostensibly in search of fowls, eggs, and vegetables for my consumption—he had chanced on some amazing pools two or three miles down the river, which, according to his somewhat sanguine account, positively teemed with fish of exceptional size and tameness. I forthwith declared for an expedition there on the morrow, and made an early start, accompanied by the aforesaid orderly—Jangbir—and an armed escort of two Sepoys, who, rather as a demonstration than a precaution, were assigned the rôle of watching over me from the banks above.

The river had been disappointingly low and clear for three or four days, and I dawdled down for the first mile or two, only making an occasional cast in any likely water, and getting an insignificant fish or two. Then I broke fresh ground. A succession of brawling tributaries,

pounder. I began to try larger spoons and a trifle heavier tackle, and in the course of an hour or so had several fish of that size and one beauty of ten pounds.

I had been working my way down stream systematically and with enthusiasm, taking no particular note of time or distance. The river had entered a deep and narrow gorge, and the almost perpendicular cliffs lowered over my head not thirty yards apart. Perhaps for this very reason I had barely noticed a strange stillness in the atmosphere and a deepening gloom in the sky overhead. A big fish had risen half-heartedly to my spoon three consecutive times, and I had determined to have him at all costs, when I was disturbed by hearing one of my escort shouting volubly from the heights above. On looking up I saw him pointing frantically up the river, whence I could distinguish a faint roar, which grew most sensibly in volume even during the second or two that I paused and gazed.

"The water is coming down, sahib! Be quick!" shouted Jangbir, excitedly. Then he threw the fish and my gun over his shoulder, and gazed searchingly at the cliffs on either side.

Even as I splashed out of the water, winding up my line, the muffled roar had become a thunder, and as I reached the dry shingle I beheld a most appalling spectacle. A wall of muddy water, ten feet high, surged round the corner of the gorge, two hundred yards above us. The few yards of shingle lying between me and the cliffs seemed miles as I covered them—my eye all the while on that awful wall of

could not see any way of getting up, but Jangbir was making for a spot where a stout ash sapling grew in a cleft about six feet high, with a hint of a shelf above it.

"Get on my shoulders, sahib!" he shouted in the deepening roar. "Then take the gun and pull me up beside you!"

"Right you are!" I answered, hurriedly. "Let the fish go. I can't save the rod, I'm afraid



"I WAS UP IN THE ANTI-ROOTS IN A SECOND."

water with the thin white crest. Curiously enough, I noted more than anything else a sort of shiver which seemed to seize and pass into the cliffs as the great wave reached and washed them. There was no time for any formulated plan of escape from this overwhelming force, and I am certain I had no anticipation of ultimate safety—only a blind resolve to reach the cliff and scramble for life while I could. I

but I'll stick to the gun if I can." (It was a Greener's hammerless of two or three years' proved reliability, and worth a struggle. Jangbir always carried it whilst I was fishing, on the chance of a jungle-fowl or pheasant, and was generally justified.)

I seemed to get on his shoulders with the impetus of my run—letting the rod go, but taking a turn of line round my wrist—and was

up in the ash-roots in a second, and the gun placed in seeming security as far overhead as my arms would reach. One strenuous heave lauded Jangbir beside me; another effort and I was on his shoulders again and drawing myself on to a shelf above. It was a precarious footing; but I got a good hold of a strong oak-root, and had

log, get astride and balance on it, low in the water, like a good hillman, with his feet well in front of him to fend off the *débris*. Then he rounded the lower corner of the gorge, and I began to consider my own situation.

Suddenly I felt the line snap on my wrist, and saw the white top of my cherished rod bobbing



"HE DROPPED AWAY IN A WASTE OF WHIRLING WATERS."

almost got Jangbir up, when the water was upon us in a mad, frenzied swirl!

"Let me go, sahib; let go!" he shouted, as he swung off to the full length of my arm, and the root cracked and strained in my other hand. "It can never hold us both; and I can surely land lower down."

He loosed his grip of my wrist, and do what I would his hand slipped through mine. He dropped away in a waste of whirling waters, one single atom in a chaos of logs, crops, and drift-wood—all the first-fruits of flood in a congested valley. As I settled myself more firmly on my ledge—the water eddying in its first mad rush a bare two inches below my knees—I saw Jangbir, with his habitual grin, grapple a stout

drunkenly on its way down stream. Logs planks, and beams followed, which I recognised as the reserve of my bridge, and an empty ration-box or two told how high the water had reached in the vicinity of my post. A weary-looking sheep or two passed next, and a small hill-cow, snatched by the flood from the lower-lying pastures. Then came a little, pigmy hillman, astride of his own roof-tree apparently, and in pursuit, as I judged, of the animals.

The cliffs opposite stretched eighty feet overhead, and sloped back in a dense undergrowth of bracken and wormwood. Both the men of my escort were on the same side as myself—the same height, I presumed, above me—and quite inaccessible. After a time I heard the

musical tinkle-tinkle of cow-bells far up the opposite slope, and looked for some sign of the beasts that bore them or their possible attendant.

"Ohé! Ohé! Ohé!" I shouted, imitating the far-reaching hill-call as best I could. I watched intently and called at intervals.

The tinkle came nearer and nearer till, with a sound like the tearing of paper and a heave of horns to right and left, the stolid, foolish face of an old cow buffalo broke through the bracken above me. Astride her neck was a

I was glad now that I had picked up some phrases of hill-speech in the course of sundry shooting and fishing excursions in company with my orderly. A few halting phrases told the little maid where I was; that my men were on the cliff above me; and enjoined her to call to the nearest village on my side for men and ropes.

I could almost see her chuckle as she caught sight of my cramped perch; then she rose on the old cow's back, and I heard her shrill treble echo above the roar of the stream in the hills



"THE FACE OF AN OLD COW BUFFALO BROKE THROUGH THE BRACKEN ABOVE ME."

little naked ten-year-old sprite, who peered through a tangle of tawny hair and squealed mischievously. "Ohé yourself! Who calls from below?"

Mine was not a Ghoorka regiment, but after the introduction of the new *régime* had retained a good few long-enlisted men of that class, and

overhead. An answering shout, gruff in comparison, came from one of my escort, and then again the call trilled out over valley and hill as though it might repeat itself for miles. The girl turned away to gain higher ground, while I waited and watched the turbid flood, hoping that deliverance was nigh.

Half an hour passed, during which I had leisure to study the mood of the *débris*-laden torrent, and concluded that it was abating somewhat in violence, and had even fallen an appreciable inch or so. Again I heard a rustle of undergrowth and a call, and my little friend on her ungainly mount reappeared at the opposite edge.

"Help is coming from above to my lord," she shrilled, adding, however, in a mocking tone, "but if thou hadst but patience thou mightst walk across within an hour."

The "thou" from any but the most ignorant native is a familiarity, if not an insolence; but it was rather refreshing under the circumstances from this quaint, hold little barbarian.

"I thank thee, little daughter!" I shouted back. "It is not very comfortable here. I will walk across to visit and reward thee on another day."

"It is well, my lord!" retorted the minx. "I have a wish to see a sahib somewhat closer. But see—be ready!" she continued, pointing over my head, and I gathered from her further words that a rope was being lowered.

After a short interval a loop dangled before my face—a cord of coarse, twisted fibre, but slender enough in all appearance to trust one's life to. Yet there was no other way, and after all, I argued, I should assuredly find occasional foothold or handgrip to ease the strain. Without more than reasonable hesitation I slung the gun across my back, secured the loop under my arm-pits, gave the signal to haul up, and embarked on my giddy ascent.

The rope creaked and stretched under my weight; but some handy roots, branches, and crevices enabled me now and again to ease off the burden as I mounted laboriously, but surely. A long quarter of an hour and I was landed, somewhat blown, on a rocky bluff beside the two men of my escort and a small group of villagers.

I waved my thanks to the little maid opposite—now about the same level as myself—who clapped her hands in glee while executing a *pas seul* on the buffalo's back as she saw me safe.

"Child," I shouted, when I had recovered some breath, "what is thy name? I will bring thee a present."

"Maia! Maia! Maia!" she answered, gaily; "but generally called 'The Owllet'—daughter of the Chaudhri of Ranchong."

A few words explained to my escort and the villagers the fate of Jangbir, and a voluble discussion arose among the latter. They appeared to hold and express the conviction that, being a hillman and a good swimmer, he

would land near a village about a mile lower down, where the valley opened out. Their apparent confidence was a ray of relief to my conscience, which had been all this time sorely disquieted on his account, and I induced two of them to start promptly for the said village and organize a search. An hour later my misgivings were dispelled when they reappeared with Jangbir between them, holding forth volubly and evidently regarding himself as the hero of the occasion.

"Ah, sahib!" he grinned, as he approached me, "it was better to be on the top of that wave than underneath it. Had we been a second later neither of us would ever have come to the surface. Alas! for the fish and the rod; but it is well indeed that the good gun is safe."

"And well indeed, too, that *you* are safe, Jangbir," I answered, warmly. "For the past two hours I have been greatly concerned on your account. But now," I continued, "it is time to return and see how the camp has fared. Have you any money on you to give these people for their help? I myself have only a few annas."

"I have nothing at all, sahib," he said; "but they shall come and call on your honour at the camp." He spoke a few rapid sentences, to which the villagers assented effusively.

"And tell them," I added, pointing across the gulf, "to bring the little girl or her father, if they can communicate with them."

I waved my hand to the little maid as we turned away, and she answered with a shrill farewell. I was relieved to find, on reaching home, that my camp had been well above flood level. The ration-boxes I had noticed had been swept away from a spot lower and nearer the river, where the men had been used to cook their food.

I was seated under a tree outside my tent on the following day, writing for a new rod, when a sentry approached from the quarter guard, bringing a strangely assorted group of visitors—some ragged hillmen and a gorgeously-armed little girl.

The latter was my small deliverer, and she took upon herself with instant *aplomb* to introduce the others—the men who had pulled me up and her own father.

I called Jangbir to interpret, and then expressed my thanks as becomingly as possible, first in words and afterwards in currency. After a few further formalities the men of the party were given permission to inspect the camp, while "The Owllet" remained seated on the ground by my tent and expressed a wish to see things.

It may be imagined that there would be little in the average Service kit to interest a maiden of tender years, yet the child had some shrewd, pert comment to make about everything. A circular magnifying shaving-glass specially roused

suddenness of the spates on these hill-born, hill-fed streams, unheralded by any local atmospheric disturbance; but without that day's experience should scarcely have credited the avalanche-like descent



"SHE TOOK UPON HERSELF TO INTRODUCE THE OTHERS."

her envy, and I promised it to her as a wedding-present—for the following year this ten-year-old minx was to marry a rich old merchant of Kalimpong.

I had often heard and read of the terrific

of water which had so nearly finished my career.

I fished the Rongli on many subsequent occasions, and secured many a fine fish; but never again without the most careful precautions against a similar surprise.

A MYSTERY OF THE BUSH.

By DR. A. C. WATTS.

Benighted in the New Zealand bush, and unable to proceed farther on account of floods, the author took refuge in a deserted hut by the roadside. There he met with a weird and remarkable experience, which is here described.

SOME years ago I was riding through the backwoods of the North Island of New Zealand, my destination being a homestead on one of the largest sheep stations in that district. Night was fast approaching, and for the past two hours rain had fallen incessantly, at first only lightly, but increasing steadily as evening came on. The road I was following was an unfrequented one, although in past years it had been the main highway from north to south. Now, however, one might ride all day without seeing a soul.

When about nine miles from the homestead I came to the banks of a creek, which could usually be crossed almost dry-footed, but was now swollen by the rains into a dirty and dangerous-looking stream, which I did not care to try to ford without a guide, or at least until I could see the bottom.

I dismounted and stood on the banks for some time thinking. Then I remembered seeing, a couple of miles back, a small cabin, a little off the main road. Here, I thought, I might be able to get some information, so I returned in search of the place.

When I came close to the hut I was saluted by a chorus of barks from dogs of all descriptions, but found no one at home. The dogs were enclosed in a large space fenced in with wire netting, and were evidently a rabbit pack, for these animals were a great scourge in this particular district.

As it was now nearly dark I thought I had better try to make myself comfortable until the owner returned, so I turned my horse loose in a kind of enclosure, where there was plenty of grass, and, after partially changing my damp clothing, looked about for something to eat. I found a sufficiency, rough but ready. The dogs, I had noticed, were well provided with food, and so I presumed (as was really the case) that the owner contemplated being absent for the night at least.

It was still pouring with rain; and in a mountainous country, with snow-capped peaks, I knew that the warm rain would melt the snow and cause all the little streams to become impassable rivers. There was, therefore, no immediate possibility of crossing the creek.

The hut had one large room, fitted up with a big fireplace, door in the middle, one window, and a few shelves containing books and cooking utensils; a rifle and shot-gun hung on the wall, with ammunition alongside.

The dog-kennel was about three hundred feet from the front of the hut. Then came a stretch of cleared land, and then a clump of bush which faced the main road. The hut stood on the banks of a small ravine covered with dense bush, which ran back for thousands of acres to the sea. There was only the one road—the way I had come—and the nearest neighbours were nine miles one way and eleven miles the other.



THE AUTHOR, DR. A. C. WATTS.
From a Photo.

I soon turned into the blankets, and must have slept for some hours when I was roused by a curious feeling, almost indescribable, as though someone had been looking steadily at me. The dogs were growling, and as I sat up in bed I thought I heard footsteps passing the front of the hut.

The door, I should mention, was only fastened with a wooden latch, with a string by which to pull it up outside.

I struck a light. It was midnight. I got up, threw a log on the fire, and listened awhile, but not hearing any sound lay down and soon fell sound asleep.

The loud barking of the dogs roused me again later on, and I distinctly heard the sound of the wooden latch dropping into place. Now thoroughly aroused, I jumped up and ran to the door, but could not see anyone. The rain had ceased, but the night was very dark. I called to the dogs to lie down and, returning to my bed again, tried to sleep. I eventually dozed off, and the sun was well up when I awoke next morning.

As I sat on the edge of the bed thinking over the night's disturbances I was surprised to see a number of muddy footprints made by a naked foot on the hard clay floor. They were not mine, for I had not been outside the door bare-footed, and, besides, these were larger than mine.

Now, no one could get to me from my friends on account of the water; there were no side tracks, as I well knew, and there were no natives within fifty miles. Who, then, was my visitor? It could not be the owner of the hut, for he would have roused me and not have remained out in the wet.

As the rain had ceased I took a look at the creek, which was now overflowing its banks, carrying logs and *débris* down at a great rate. It was obviously unsafe to cross either for horse or footman. I therefore returned to the hut, fed the dogs, and whiled the day away cooking, eating, smoking, and reading.

When night came on I loaded my revolver and lay down partially dressed. This night passed in practically the same manner as the preceding one. Twice I awoke disturbed by

noises, but could never see anyone, as it was too dark.

The third night came, and I was roused as usual—this time about 10.30 p.m. As I lay listening I distinctly saw someone pass the window, which had no blind.

I was so worked up by this time that I determined to keep watch for my mysterious visitor. Just a few yards from the hut door stood the remains of a huge tree. The shell only remained; all the inside had rotted and been burned away by fire. This would make a fine place to hide in, and, accordingly, with my revolver in my belt and the rifle in my hand, I

crept in to await developments.

After what seemed hours of waiting I heard the dogs commence growling—quietly at first, then louder. Acting on an inspiration, I ran to the kennel-door and set them free. Out they came as though shot from a gun, and raced across the open towards the clump of bush, but returned in a few minutes, seemingly cowed and frightened. They crawled into their kennel and refused to come out again, although I coaxed them.

This was strange; dogs that are kept confined are usually only too glad to be loose. What



"I THREW A LOG ON THE FIRE AND LISTENED AWHILE."

could have frightened them? Returning to my tree, I waited expectantly.

After a time the dogs commenced to growl again, and from growling proceeded to barking

wrapped round the body. "Stop! What do you want?" I called out, loudly. The figure paused, and then, without the slightest warning, rushed straight at me. I raised my rifle and



"OUT THEY CAME AS THOUGH SHOT FROM A GUN."

and howling. It was now bright moonlight. Time, 12.45 a.m.

Peeping through a crack in the tree, I clearly saw something white moving in the clump of bush. Nearer and nearer it came. The dogs were now quite frantic, rushing up and down their enclosure, crouching in the far corners, and whining—I might almost say yelling—continually.

I soon saw that the white object was coming towards the hut. I waited until it got within hailing distance, then I stepped out and looked at it. I beheld a tall figure, apparently that of a man with long hair and beard, a spear in one hand and something which I could not make out in the other. The legs, arms, and head were bare, but a garment of some kind was

fired, but evidently missed him, for he still came on. As he rushed past he struck at me with a murderous-looking knife, making a long, but not deep, cut in my shoulder.

I saw that he was a man with long, grey hair and matted beard, with a sheepskin wound round his form, a kind of spear in one hand and a knife in the other. But his eyes! The ferocious glare in them I shall never forget.

The dogs were still howling dismally, but they did not come to my assistance, although the kennel was open.

On rushed the mysterious stranger, and I followed, intent on avenging the assault. Past the hut and down the banks of the ravine he went, and then, as he ascended more slowly the steep banks on the other side, I dropped on



"HE STRUCK AT ME WITH A MURDEROUS-LOOKING KNIFE."

one knee and gave him all the barrels of my revolver. He did not stop, and presently disappeared in the dense bush. I waited about until daylight, and then with some difficulty got several of the dogs to accompany me while I followed up his tracks. I found a few spots of blood, but could go no farther; I was thoroughly unnerved and exhausted. The dogs obstinately refused to follow the trails, running back continually to their kennel.

There were dogs of all kinds in the pack, some that could have thrown a wild bull, but not one would attempt to assist me, and they seemed even more frightened than I was. This puzzled me considerably.

How I got through that day and night I never remember, but on the following morning at daylight—I did not take my clothes off all night—I saddled my horse, and with great difficulty

and danger, after being nearly washed away, managed to cross the flooded creek, and rode to the homestead at top speed.

The manager scarcely credited my extraordinary tale, but the sight of my ugly wound somewhat convinced him. The hut-keeper whose cabin I had occupied was at the homestead waiting for the creek to go down, but he could throw no light upon my adventure, and positively refused to risk his life in attempting to return at once. Accordingly I left them and made for the nearest town to get my wound properly seen to. Then I had a pretty severe attack of nervous prostration.

It was nearly a year later that I got the sequel to this remarkable experience. When the manager had the bush at the back of the hut cleared the bones of a man were found. A knife and a broken shepherd's crook lay beside him, also an old sheepskin. At the inquiry which was held it was decided that the remains must be those of a man who had disappeared two years previously from a neighbouring sheep-run and was thought to have roamed about in the bush and gone insane. The fear displayed by the dogs is to be explained by the fact that most dogs are afraid of madmen. It was a miracle that the crazy wanderer did not murder me in the hut while I slept; he probably would have done so had not the dogs roused me and put me on my guard. Anyway, I am still alive to tell the tale, and none the worse for the experience save for the long scar on my shoulder.

The Story of My Chinese God.

BY ROBERT BANKS, LATE OF THE P. AND O. COMPANY'S SERVICE.

The author's hobby was the collection of Chinese and Japanese curios, and whilst on the China station he attempted to gain possession of a particularly fine god which he saw in a joss-house. What happened subsequently he here relates, including the strange manner in which he finally got the idol after it was apparently lost to him for ever.



ALWAYS had a great liking for curios and rare objects even as a youngster, so that when I joined the P. and O. service as a steward I found many opportunities for pursuing my hobby and making a fair amount of money for myself into the bargain.

In the course of my voyages between England and the Far East I had secured and disposed of many good specimens of nearly every kind of native art, especially carvings in wood and ivory; but when after a time I was ordered to remain for a period at a Chinese station of the company I found myself right in the heart of a district which abounds with the quaintest and most beautiful objects imaginable. In this congenial soil my hobby grew upon me until it became a perfect mania, and I soon got to be recognised, amongst the natives and Chinese labourers who were employed in connection with our vessels, as a ready market for good Japanese and Chinese curios of all descriptions.

Like other nations the Chinese fill their temples with the best specimens of their arts, and some of the idols are really remarkable examples of skill and workmanship. These, however, are naturally very difficult to obtain, and your life would pay the penalty if you were caught, or even suspected of, removing their deities.

It was through one of these gods that I nearly lost my life, and sustained an injury

which took two years to repair, and which will never cease to remind me of the adventure so long as cold or changeable weather exists.

It happened in the early part of 1888, when I was at Woosung, near Shanghai, as chief steward on board the P. and O. ss. *Java*. The weather was piercingly cold, and those who could avoid it did not often show their noses

outside the cabins and lobbies. The morning before we were to sail for Swatow I went on deck to have a smoke and watch the loading of the last part of our cargo. Tyongphong, our Chinese stevedore, caught sight of me idly looking on at his work, and, coming forward, he began to tell me of a Shanghai report that there had been trouble and fighting at Swatow, the port for which we were bound. The converted Christian Chinese, he said, had been playfully wrecking the temples and destroying the gods of the heathen idol worshippers. "Me coming with ship," said he, "and if all lightee me gettee you some nicee gods." He had done me good service

before and had a fair idea of the colour of my money from past experience, so that he was eager to help me now.

The old *Java* made only an indifferent passage, for we met with adverse winds and heavy seas, but she eventually arrived safe and sound at Swatow.

No sooner was it possible to leave the ship than I obtained the captain's permit for myself and Tyongphong and started for the shore.



MR. ROBERT BANKS, LATE OF THE P. AND O. COMPANY'S SERVICE. [Photo.]

When we landed the Chinaman made inquiries, and was assured that the Shanghai news was correct, and that several temples and joss-houses had been wrecked during the disturbances.

This information was quite good enough for me, and I accordingly tried to engage a conveyance to take us inland. The prices asked

the villainous-looking heathens who were following us about like a swarm of bees from attacking me. One fellow began pulling my clothes about and generally overhauling me, and, stupid-like, I let my temper get the better of me and knocked the scoundrel down. The fat was in the fire then, and no mistake! It



"I KNOCKED THE SCOUNDREL DOWN."

seemed ruinous, and as it was very cold we decided that it would be just as well to walk.

We had not got far when it became evident that my English dress was creating bad feeling amongst the small army of Chinese who were following us, but, nevertheless, we took no notice and kept on our way.

We walked steadily on until we were about twelve miles from the shore. The attitude of the crowd behind became more menacing every moment, and presently I saw that I was only risking my life by going farther. It took all the persuasive powers of Tyongphong to prevent

was only after a severe struggle that, with the heroic assistance of my Chinese friend, I managed to escape from the enraged crowd.

Tyongphong suggested that we should get back to the ship again by another route and as rapidly as possible, and I was not slow to consent. After a few miles' walk without any hostile signs from the Chinese my eagerness to reach the ship disappeared, and the sight of some ruined joss-houses quickly made me forget everything but curio-hunting. My Chinese friend and I were soon busy bargaining for carvings and other loot from the temples. One

partly-destroyed joss-house presently attracted my attention, and a really splendid carved image which I saw exposed through the broken walls caused me to hurry towards the spot. I elbowed my way through a crowd of Chinese, closely followed by Tyongphong. I noticed as I moved that these children of the Sun were by no means pleased with my intrusion. A nearer sight of the image gave me a wild desire to possess it, and I turned to my Chinese friend and said, excitedly, "Get me that god," at the same time holding a

down, and I little thought I should see the old *Java* again, much less return to England. Tyongphong shouted one word to me—"Run!"—and I scarcely needed a second hint to try to escape at all costs. Plunging desperately into the crowd I scattered them right and left, and my flight was so sudden and my rush so fierce that I got to the fringe of the mob before they realized what I was doing. Tyongphong was close at my heels, and together we pegged away, gradually leaving the howling crowd behind. So great was the tension



"I HAD FORGOTTEN TO EXTRACT THE KNIFE FROM MY HAND."

sovereign before his eyes. The action had evidently been noticed by the crowd, for hostile murmurs arose. Suddenly I felt a smart blow on my left hand, which was resting on my hip, and a sharp pain in my hand and back. Looking down at my hand, I saw that one of the Chinamen had driven a long spike or rude dagger clean through my hand and into my back. The danger was all the more apparent when I saw that the gigantic ruffian who had wounded me stood calmly by without making any attempt to escape. Quicker than I can write it a hundred hands were uplifted to strike me

of my feelings at the time that I had forgotten to extract the knife from my hand, and it was only when we were at a safe distance that we stopped for this purpose. Tyongphong told me that the last man to give up the chase was the ruffian who had stabbed me. He had pursued us with dogged persistence, loudly calling to us to give him back his knife! This has since struck me as decidedly humorous. For a man to boldly request the return of a weapon with which he has endeavoured to murder you requires a more than ordinary amount of assurance.

We reached the ship's side again in safety, and the first man to greet me was the quartermaster. He seemed to doubt if I was myself or a spirit, for the news of my death had already reached the ship, and a search party had been selected to go inland in the morning to recover my body and gain particulars of my death.

The excitement of the ordeal had now passed, and with quieter feelings came excruciating pain, for the cold had got hold of my wounded hand and side.

On getting my wounds bandaged I went to my bunk, and after a stiff glass of whisky prepared to sleep. Sleep, however, refused to come to me, and, what with the pain, the past excitement, and an overmastering desire to become possessed of that god I had seen, my brain would not remain quiet.

My recovery was slow, and over a year passed before I had more than partial use of my hand, but I never lost my mad desire to gain possession of that Chinese idol I had seen for a few minutes through the ruined wall of the joss-house.

When I resigned from the P. and O. service a year or so afterwards one of the last things I did was again to give gold to the Chinese

stevard who had been my companion in the adventure which so nearly cost me my life, and leave instructions with him to obtain that idol if ever it should be possible.

Some two years after my return to London I received a wire from a fellow-steward who had known me in the China Seas, asking me to come to the docks, as he had a good curio for me. As I had been engaged in the importation and sale of valuable Japanese and Chinese curios since my return, I went off at once to the docks and met my friend. "Come down to the store-room," he said, after greeting me, and leading the way he took me to a corner where stood something covered with a white cloth. "How is that?" he said, whipping off

the cover, and to my joy and surprise I found myself face to face with the identical Chinese god which had so nearly cost me my life!

There is little else to tell. The idol was recognised as exceptionally fine in every detail, and it formed part of the stage furniture in a well-known play for some time. Eventually, while on exhibition at the Northumberland Hotel, London, it was purchased for one hundred and seventy pounds by a wealthy collector. Thus ended my acquaintance with the most remarkable curio in my collection.



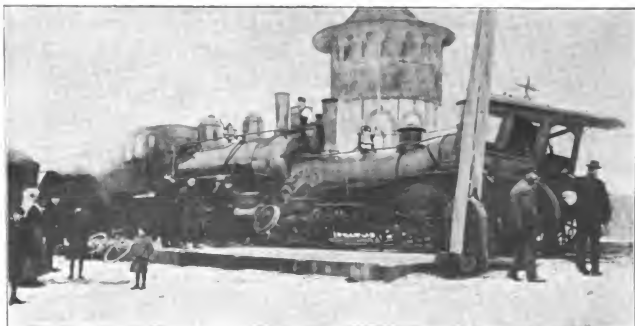
THE CHINESE GOD WHICH NEARLY COST THE AUTHOR
 HIS LIFE. [Photo.]

Odds and Ends.

A Strange Picnic Ground—All that is left of the Buffaloes—The Milkman's Artifice—A Modern "Peter the Hermit," etc..

TUST about six o'clock one dark and foggy November morning, two years ago, the Burlington overland fast mail train, "No. 8," was travelling at eighty miles an hour in an attempt to make up several hours that had been lost in waiting at Chicago for the English pouches. At Riverside, twenty miles west of Chicago, engine No. 1,401 was shunting freight-cars. By one of those unaccountable mistakes which sometimes occur the "train-dispatcher" had failed to set the signals against the overland "flier" while the freight train was on the main track. Meanwhile No. 8 was thundering westwards at eighty miles an hour through a fog which rendered objects more than three hundred feet distant invisible. Both engine-drivers—the one on No. 8 and the man at the throttle of No. 1,401—seem to have seen one another at the same moment. As each saw the huge engine of the other come up out of the fog their brains acted like lightning. Kelly, of No. 8, threw down his throttle, clapped on the air-brakes, and then held his breath and waited for the crash. The

other engine-driver threw his throttle wide open—reversed. Thus, before the three hundred feet of space between them had been bridged, the impetus of the two great monsters which had been flying toward each other had been changed so that they were going in the same direction, and when they struck the "flier" had slowed down to less than half-speed. Engine-driver Kelly was shot through his cab window, beside the boiler, and from there rolled to the ground, a bleeding mass. His fireman, too, was badly hurt, and the conductor of the "flier" and a number of the mail clerks were shaken up. None of the crew of the freight train, however, were much hurt. No damage was done to any of the passenger coaches, which contained nearly five hundred people, but some of the freight-cars were driven down the track to Berwyn, two miles away. The only wheels that left the tracks were those shown in our photograph. The two engines, it was found, had "locked horns," so that it was only with great difficulty they could be separated. There is no doubt that the presence of mind of the two engine-drivers averted a terrible catastrophe.



THESE TWO ENGINES, INEXORABLY LOCKED TOGETHER, FORM A SPEAKING TESTIMONY TO THE MARVELLOUS PRESENCE OF MIND OF THEIR ENGINE-DRIVERS, WHICH AVERTED A TERRIBLE CATASTROPHE.

[Photo.]

The strangest picnic ground in the United States is undoubtedly the La Jolla Caves, situated about twelve miles north of San Diego, California. These caves are seen in the next photograph we reproduce. They are incomparably grand—huge caverns with high vaulted roofs, which echo

strangely to the careless chatter of the happy picnickers, who row in and out in their tiny skiffs. The great plateau above the caves is crowded with people playing games, and children clamber fearlessly over the steep volcanic rocks. The majestic grandeur of the scenery seems to form a curiously incongruous setting for the prosaic outings which take place here.

With what ruthless hands the numberless herds of buffalo which once roamed the vast prairies of Canada and the United States have been swept away—as related in "How 'Buffalo Bill' Won His Name," in our April number—some faint idea may be formed from the photograph below, which was taken at a prairie siding on the Canadian Pacific Railway. For a long time after the terrible butchery had been com-



THE STRANGEST PICNIC GROUND IN THE UNITED STATES—THE LA JOLLA CAVES AT SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA. [Photo, From a]

pleted the Indians, who killed off the buffalo for the sake of their hides, made a living by collecting the bones for use as a fertilizer, and the great piles seen in our illustration are intended for use in this way. It is interesting to note in this connection that there is only one wild herd of buffalo left, the animals in the Yellowstone National Park being more or less tame. This wild herd exists almost in the Arctic Circle, and is guarded by a solitary Canadian mounted policeman.

Any of our readers visiting a foreign country,



A SNAPSHOT AT A PRAIRIE SIDING ON THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY—PILES OF BUFFALO BONES COLLECTED BY THE INDIANS WAITING TO BE SENT EAST FOR USE AS FERTILIZER. [N. P. Edwards, From a Photo by]

and desirous of purchasing some small article, would be somewhat surprised if quietly informed: "Oh, you needn't go out; the shop will be coming round presently." And yet this is what happens in Athens. It is a common sight to see a pedlar leading a diminutive donkey, sandwiched in between two bulky glass-fronted show-cases, which constitute his "shop." The stock usually consists of drapery, stationery, and sweets, and as these perambulating shop-keepers have no rent to pay, and are not dependent on the custom of any particular locality, like the ordinary tradesman, they do very well.

Our next photograph shows the ingenious fashion in which a milking difficulty was overcome. In India cows will rarely yield their milk unless their calves are tied in front of them. This, of course, is inconvenient and sometimes impossible, so that the

stuffed with straw, as shown in the photograph, and placed in front of the animal, which is completely satisfied with the dummy. The cow seen in our illustration pined terribly when her calf died, and all efforts to induce her to take to another one failed. As a last resort her owner fell back upon the milkmen's ruse. The skin of the dead calf was stuffed with straw and placed in front of the cow. She recognised it instantly, and has yielded her milk — some eleven quarts daily — regularly ever since, licking the calf-skin with great content during the operation.

The curious personage seen in the following photo. was, previous to the Boer War, a hermit, and lived near Kroonstad, existing on the charity of the neighbouring farmers. On the outbreak of hostilities he made himself the cross seen in the snap-shot, and wandered about the country like a modern "Peter the Hermit," preaching a holy war and exhorting the Boers to fight. His ministrations, however, were put an end to by the 7th Pom-pom Section R.A., who captured him. He



A PERAMBULATING "SHOP" IN ATHENS.
From a Photo.



THE INDIAN MILKMAN'S ARTIFICE—A CALF-SKIN IS STUFFED WITH STRAW AND PLACED NEAR THE COW IN ORDER TO INDUCE HER TO YIELD HER MILK READILY. *[Photo.]*

Indian milkman — like his English colleague, a shrewd and enterprising person — has hit upon a novel scheme to deceive the cows and make them give up their milk willingly. A calf-skin is



A MODERN "PETER THE HERMIT" — HE WENT ABOUT AMONG THE BOERS PREACHING A HOLY WAR. *[Photo.]*



From a] THE RESULT OF A SUBSIDENCE AT THE CENTRAL RAILWAY STATION, AMSTERDAM.

[Photo.

marched with the section from Kroonstad to Pretoria, barefooted, and carrying his heavy cross and the fantastic weapon seen in his left hand.

The snap-shot given above does not illustrate the effects of an earthquake, as might be

thought, but shows the result of a subsidence of the foundations of one of the buttresses of the Central Railway Station, Amsterdam. The whole of this city, as our readers are aware, is built on piles (see "A City on Stilts" in our issue for August, 1902), and the sinking of some of these in the soft mud has caused the building to slip sideways in a curiously drunken fashion. Owing to the massive masonry of which it is built, and the exceptional softness of the earth composing the site, great difficulty was experienced in building this fine station. The portion seen in

the photograph, not being of any great importance, has apparently been left to its own devices, and will probably continue to astonish visitors to the city until it finally disappears altogether in the oozy mud of its foundations.

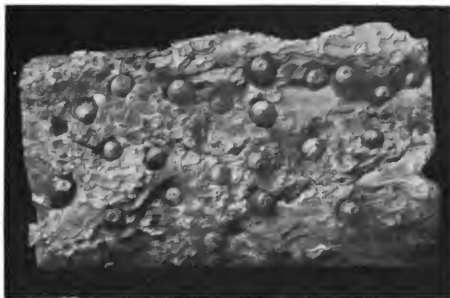
We present herewith a photograph of a rice-

planter's house in Brunei, Borneo. The agriculturists of this almost unknown British possession migrate from their villages once every year and build peculiar little eyries of the kind seen in our photo. These are erected in the jungle clearings, where the natives plant their rice, and the owners live in them until the crop has been gathered. The huts are made high, so as to allow the farmer to have a clear view over his field, for when the rice is ripening huge flocks of birds hover about the fields, on looting bent, and these have to be frightened away with



From a] A RICE-PLANTER'S HOUSE IN BORNEO.

[Photo.



From a]

A WOODPECKER'S STOREHOUSE IN A TREE-TRUNK.

[Photo.

much shouting and beating of gongs. After the harvest the land is allowed to lie fallow for ten years, and so new houses and new clearings are continually required. Some idea of the height of these aerial farm-houses will be gathered by comparison with

the European lady in the foreground. Admission is gained by means of a notched pole.

Students of bird-life will be keenly interested in the remarkable photograph above reproduced. This shows a piece of bark—taken from a pine tree in the Sierra Nevada Mountains of California—which contains a woodpecker's cupboard, filled with the prudent bird's store of food. The woodpecker had first pecked out a series of holes in the bark and then filled them with acorns, sometimes placing two in one hole. The acorns were so cemented in that they kept their position until Mr. Woodpecker wanted a meal, when he dug one or more out.

Altogether, this curious storehouse is a wonderful example of the bird's cleverness and ingenuity.

An officer stationed in India sends us the quaint little snap-shot next reproduced. He writes: "I enclose a photo. of the name of a station on the Madras Railway. As you will see, it is too long to get on to the plate! The name of the station is Periyanaikanpalayam, meaning the 'City of the four Naikain.' One trembles to think what the British porter would make of this awe-inspiring title. With its nineteen letters it must

surely come very near being the longest name possessed by any railway station. Do any of our readers know of a station which can beat it?

We have now to consider a very remarkable snap-shot, for which an enterprising photographer and a skilful "ski"-jumper are



THE AWE-INSPIRING NAME OF AN INDIAN STATION—IT CONTAINS NINETEEN LETTERS!

From a Photo.



From a]

A SKI JUMPER IN THE AIR.

[Photo.

jointly responsible. The man on the "ski" wished to be taken negotiating a jump, and while the photographer was standing ready to snapshot him his friend leaped clean over his head and was photographed in that position. The jump was about fifteen yards.

Everyone has heard of the great Mohammedan pilgrimage to Mecca, but very few people know how the journey is made or what manner of men the pilgrims are. The pilgrim season which has just closed has been a particularly busy one. The photograph reproduced above shows a group of pilgrims waiting at Suez to embark for Jeddah, the port of Mecca, from whence they will journey to the Holy City itself. These pilgrims come from all parts of Asia and also from Europe and Africa, and some of them take two years getting to Suez, as they have to make long marches across the deserts of Tibet and Mongolia before they can take ship. They are most interesting people, and the varieties of dress and language



From a

PILGRIMS ON THE WAY TO MECCA.

[Photo,

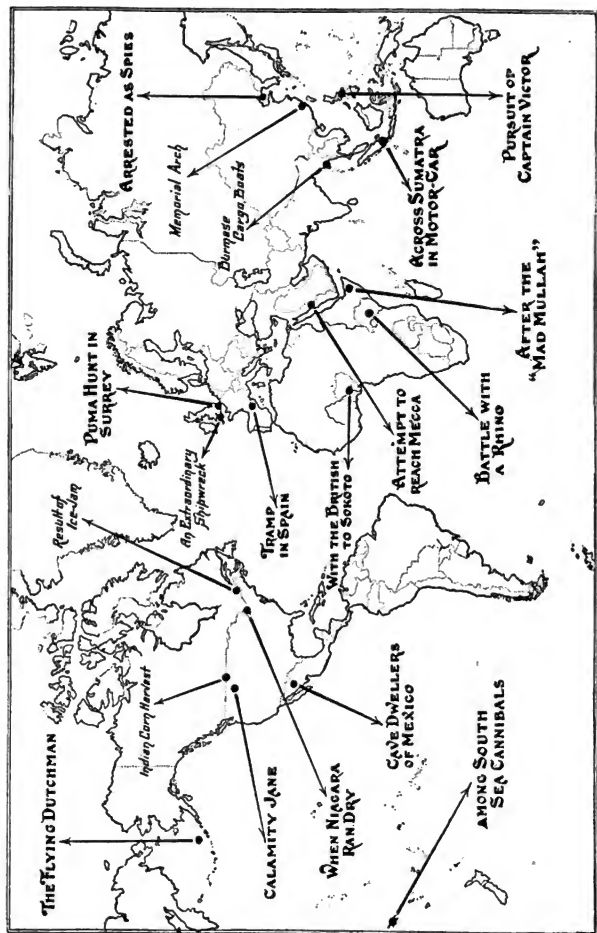
among them are amazing. Those who have already been to Mecca can be distinguished by the green they wear in their turbans. Needless to say, many fall out and die from one cause or another, and a goodly number of those who set out for the Mohammedan Holy of Holies never see their homes again.

The savage has a great many blessings which are unknown to his civilized brother. The native with the square yard of calico and string of beads which serve him for a costume does not have to worry about the fit of his coat or the fact that his trousers are getting baggy at the knee. Look, for example, at our last snapshot, which comes all the way from Mexico. It shows a Zapotec Indian in his waterproof coat, prepared for all kinds of weather. This coat is made of nothing else than a plaited base of dried palmetto leaf, covered with a sort of thatch of the same material. No matter how hard it rains, this unique overcoat will keep out the wet, and—unlike certain mackintoshes known to civilization—it is light and well ventilated.



THE CURBLY MACKINTOSH COAT OF THE ZAPOTEC INDIANS.

From a Photo.



THE NOVEL MAP-CONTENTS OF "THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE," WHICH SHOWS AT A GLANCE THE LOCALITY OF EACH ARTICLE AND NARRATIVE OF ADVENTURE IN THIS NUMBER.



"IT THREW ME CLEAN OVER ITS BACK."

(SEE PAGE 422.)

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No. 65.



Mr. Eastwood's experience is probably unprecedented in the annals of big-game shooting. To be tossed twice and finally knelt upon by an infuriated animal weighing two tons, and then—with a fractured arm, four broken ribs, and other injuries—to wait eight days for medical assistance, is an ordeal that only a man of uncommon vitality and nerve could survive.

FIFTY miles north of the Equator, and a little more than thirty-six degrees east of Greenwich, is a sheet of water some fifteen miles long and five miles wide. This is Lake Baringo. Baringo is the most northern station of the British East Africa Protectorate. It is about sixty miles from the nearest white man and eighty miles from the Uganda railway, from which it can be reached in five or six days' travelling by caravan. It was at Baringo that I had an encounter with a rhinoceros that will ever remain in my memory. To be tossed twice and knelt on by an infuriated animal weighing two tons, and then to wait eight days before medical assistance could be obtained, is an experience that I am sure very few men hanker after; and when those few men are found it is equally certain that I shall not be

one of them. Nevertheless, the experience has fallen to my lot; and the fact of my being alive to write this article is, I consider, due to the care and attention I received before medical aid arrived from a man who was a stranger to me—Mr. E. L. Pearson.

Baringo is noted amongst those who are interested in big-game shooting as one of the very few places in British East Africa—if not the only place—where it is possible to find the greater koodoo and the oryx beisa; and it was with the intention of shooting two of each of these animals to add to my collection that I made a journey to Baringo in October, 1902.

On the 3rd of October I left Nairobi for Londiani, a station on the railway five hundred miles up country and about eighty miles from Baringo.

The first day's march from Londiani was a

small one, only about ten miles, and I pitched camp at five o'clock. The following day I was on the way before six o'clock, and reached the Eldoma Ravine Government Station about eleven. The road so far had been a very good one, but onwards to Baringo there was only a path sometimes a foot, sometimes eighteen inches, wide. Where the soil was hard and dry it almost disappeared altogether.

On Monday, October 6th, I left the Ravine rather late. The road generally was bad—rocky and stony in some places, sandy wastes covered with dry scrub in others. There was practically no game all the way. This was a very great disappointment, as I had looked forward to some shooting on the journey out.

I pitched camp on the Wednesday night at Njemps Mkubwa, a large Masai village, where I met an old acquaintance in a Msuahili trader, who made me presents of milk and honey—both very dirty—and insisted upon his own

nearly three feet of water while he was carrying me across a stream.

I pitched my camp at the edge of the lake, put a good hedge of thorns round it, in order to keep out any midnight intruders, and after a stroll of four hours in the afternoon had dinner and went to bed—unfortunately without a mosquito net.

The night was rather an exciting one. The mosquitoes and jackals between them prevented any sleep for hours; and just as I was dropping off I was roused by cries of "Simba, simba!" ("Lion, lion!"), and some Wasuahili, who lived in a grass hut forty yards from my camp, came tearing across to my camp as if they were trying to lower the world's record for the distance. I asked in a sleepy manner what was the matter. "A lion in the hut," they said. "Well," I replied, "give it my salaams and tell it to stop there." Then I tried to sleep again, but with very indifferent success. In the morning I was told



"AS I HAD A FAIR SHOT I FIRED."

servants pitching my tent. I made arrangements for two men to explore the country where the koodoo were to be found, and felt that I was at last nearing the object of my quest.

On the Thursday morning I left Njemps at a quarter to six and reached the boma (fort) at Baringo at eight o'clock, the only incident on the way being that a boy dropped me into

that a man had been wounded by the lion, so I went over in my pyjamas and slippers, and found that a lion had actually gone into the hut where four men were sleeping round a fire and tried to pull one of them out, inflicting two gashes in the back of the man's neck, one on the left shoulder, and one in the back about six inches down. I sent for some water, permanganate of potash, lint, etc., and commenced to wash him, when someone cried out that the lion was still waiting a little distance off. I picked up the '303 Lee-Metford, told my boy to bring the '577 Express, and went after the beast, which was three to four hundred yards distant. Up to a distance of two hundred yards

it stood and growled, and then turned and walked slowly away. When I got within one hundred and fifty yards it again stood and growled, and then wheeled round to go into the bush. As I had a fair shot I fired, and hit it just above the tail. It dropped dead where it stood. The bullet was found in skinning lying against the left cheek, having traversed the whole body. I then went back and finished dressing the man's wounds. By seven o'clock the lion was nearly skinned, the injured man was fairly comfortable, and I had exchanged my sleeping garments for the ordinary daily attire of khaki. The man, by the way, had been attacked by a lion and badly injured on a previous occasion, rather a curious coincidence.

During the next few days I had varying luck, as game was very shy.

On Saturday, the 18th, however, I did a big day's walk—over twelve hours—and bagged a couple of gazelle, a wild cat, a wart-hog, and some lesser bustard. I also saw fresh tracks of rhino, giraffe, eland, lion, and leopard, and tracks, several days old, of the greater koodoo. 'This was the last day of the old *régime*, but, not knowing it, I went to sleep in blissful ignorance of my impending fate.

On October 19th I was out at a quarter to six, and made straight for a big hill some nine or ten miles away, where I had seen koodoo tracks on the preceding day. I found signs of their having been there within the past few hours. I worked round the hill for some time, and then decided that if I could find water I would camp on the spot for a night or two, so as to be ready in the early morning and late evening.

I had wandered some distance up the valley, shooting a steinbock on the way, when I saw two rhino. Now, I particularly wanted two rhino, and therefore hailed their appearance with pleasure. They were about a mile away and the country was fairly open, so that before I could get within range they had disappeared in some dry scrub. I saw what I thought was a low hillock just inside the scrub, and I intended using it for stalking purposes, but my gun-bearer, Sulimani, objected to this most strongly.

He said it was not a hillock, but rhinoceroses. So we crouched down behind a wretched little bush and waited, but not for long. We were hardly down before my "hillock" opened and I saw that there were seven rhinoceroses in a cluster. Two came charging in my direction, and at forty yards I fired at one so as to put a solid '303 in the centre of its chest (I had the '577 ready in case of emergency), but it put its head down and received the bullet in its head instead. Then it performed such a wonderful variety of antics that I could not resist sitting down and laughing. It spun round and round, shaking its head in every direction; it tried to stand up, it half sat down, and then it galloped off.

I came up with it three to four hundred yards farther on and dropped it. I discovered that the first bullet had struck it between the eye and the horn. I afterwards found that it had splintered the nose, and I now have the huge splinter of bone, eighteen inches long and six inches wide, with the horns mounted on it.

After showing Sulimani how I wanted the beast skinned, I went in a north-westerly direction after an oryx that I could see considerably more than a mile away, taking one porter with me to carry my gun, but I could not get anywhere near it. I followed it for nearly five miles, passing on the way a giraffe, which stood and stared at me until I was not more than seventy yards off. Then it turned and galloped away with its curious sidelong gait. I also saw a rhino, which I marked down as my own in case I lost the oryx.

On the way back I passed an immense herd of eland, fully a hundred in number, and then came to the rhino. He was about one hundred and twenty yards away with his back towards me, so I sat down in the grass, which was about eighteen inches high, and waited. After ten minutes the beast turned round and walked slowly up towards me, grazing all the way. It occurred to me that if I shot it I should have all my work cut out to reach camp before dark, as it was then one o'clock and the camp was nearly fifteen miles away. While waiting, the



THE AUTHOR, MR. B. EASTWOOD.
From a Photo. by L. R. Protheroe, Bristol.

man I had with me became frightened, and after creeping through the grass for some distance rose to his feet and ran away. This evidently roused the rhino, for it lifted up its head and looked after the man, giving me the chance that I wanted, and I put a solid bullet in the centre of its chest, about twelve inches up. The wounded animal took two or three short, quick steps, and then went down heavily, head first, its body sluicing round a little as it fell. It made a futile attempt to rise, but did not succeed in even lifting its head, and then lay motionless.

I put in a second shot to make sure, but might just as well have fired at a rock, as it did not move in any way. It seemed as if there were not the slightest breath of life left in it; so I walked up to it, wondering what its horns measured and how I could possibly manage to have it skinned and still reach the camp before dark.

All these conjectures were rudely knocked on the head. I was not twenty yards away when the huge beast suddenly gave a roll and got partly on to its feet. My rifle was up at once and I put a shot in its shoulder, but before I could get another shot in it was on its feet and charging straight at me. I decided then that I was wanted somewhere else, and commenced to run at right angles to the way the rhino was going, thinking it would probably go on in a straight line, as they usually do. Unfortunately, however, the very first step I took I slipped and fell, and before I could regain my feet the great brute was on top of me. Curiously enough, the fact that struck me most was not that I was going to be smashed up, but how like a gigantic wart-hog the rhino looked.

I was nearly on my feet again when it struck me. It hit me first with its nose, fell with both knees on me, and then, drawing back a little for the blow, threw me clean over its back, the horn entering the back of my left thigh; and I saw the animal well underneath me as I went flying through the air. It threw me a second time, but I cannot recollect that throw clearly—I think it must have been a foul—and then came on a third time. I was lying on my right side when the great black snout was pushed against me, and I shoved it away with my left hand for all that I was worth, just the same as one hands a man off at football. Then I found myself upon my feet—how, I don't know—and staggered off. As I went an inky blackness came upon me.

I had gone about forty yards when I found that my right arm was very painful and I was compelled to drop my rifle, which I had kept up till then. I went on another forty or fifty

yards, expecting every moment to be charged again, and then I felt that I might as well lie down and let the rhino finish its work without any more trouble; so I dropped to the ground.

After a little time the light commenced to come in patches, and at last I could see quite clearly again. My first thought was—I shall get sunstroke (an equatorial sun at one o'clock is rather hot), so I put my handkerchief over my head. Then the question occurred to me—Shall I be picked up or not? I was feeling very sorry for myself. Blood was flowing from the wound in my leg and I was lying in a puddle of it; my left side was so painful that I did not care about moving; my right arm, which I had drawn across my chest and was nursing with the left hand, was split open right across the wrist, and two broken bones were sticking out nearly two inches; and I was generally badly shaken up.

I speculated as to my men finding me. If the man had gone back to the first rhino, help might arrive in one and a half to two hours; if he had gone to the camp, then it was good-bye to life; and I tried to possess my soul in patience. I had one overwhelming desire—to see my home and children again. I could see a swarm of vultures overhead, and one hawk sailed lazily over me, so close that I could hear the heavy *dop-dop* of its wings. Once I tried to stand and walk towards the camp, but it was a failure, so I lay down again and, with an ever-increasing thirst, waited.

The desire to see my home just to say "good-bye" was almost maddening. If I could only see them once it would not matter. If I had to die—well, I had to die, and nothing that I could do would alter it; but I wanted to see them all again before I went. It is wonderful how children's little fingers entangle a man's heart-strings, and pull with so irresistible a force that all other feelings, however strong they may be, are practically unheeded. Would Sulimani never come? Surely I had been lying there many, many hours? The porter, I decided, must have gone to the camp; but then I looked at the sun and saw that the time was but short, and I tried to be more patient. I had lost a tooth and my face was badly grazed on the left side, and the blood had caked round the corner of my mouth, causing the feeling of thirst to be almost intolerable. I would have given anything for a drink of water. But over all other feelings there was one dominant wish: only let me say "good-bye" before I go. I think that while I lay there helpless I went through the Valley of the Shadow, for from that time all bitterness passed. And as I waited, waited, waited, at last I heard voices, and with

a great effort shouted and brought Sulimani and a porter to where I lay.

My first want was water and then to know the time. I drank two bottles full of water and was told that it was half-past three; so that I had been lying there a good two hours. The next thing was to stop the bleeding of my leg; but they had no string and no stick to form a tourniquet. What was to be done? Could they find my rifle? Yes! This was brought to me, and the pull-through and my skinning-knife did all that was required. The latter had the point fixed towards the knee,

Taken altogether, the journey was very far from being a pleasant one.

The first thing I did was to arrange for help. I was under the impression (erroneous, however) that signals could be exchanged at night between the stations at Baringo and the Ravine, and I knew that the nearest doctor was at Fort Ternan, thirty-six miles by rail and fully another one hundred miles more by road from where I then was. I looked at my right hand and said "good-bye" to it. Then I wrote the following note to Pearson at the boma, Sulimani holding my diary for me to write in with my left hand



"I WROTE TO PEARSON, SULIMANI HOLDING MY DIARY FOR ME TO WRITE IN WITH MY LEFT HAND."

so that it was quite safe. My gun-bearer, by the way, had the greatest possible objection to my trousers being cut open; I suppose he looked upon it as damaging his future property. I had sent one of the porters back to the camp for men when the first rhino was killed; and Sulimani, with a grasp of the situation that was marvellous in him, had sent another man to hurry them on, and, as he had been searching round about for nearly an hour before I heard him, I knew that they ought to turn up before long. At half-past four they came, a hammock was made with two blankets knotted together and slung on a pole, and the homeward journey was commenced. Part of it was in the dark—from seven o'clock to nearly ten—and then the moon came up. We heard a lion once, and it was half-past eleven before my tent was reached.

As I lay on my back: "Gored by rhino. Lose R.H. Signal Isaacs at Ravine to arrange for doctor from Fort Ternan.—B. E."

I told them to send this at once by a runner—it was a beautiful moonlight night—and did not find out until afterwards that the messenger had not left until five the following morning. Then I had my clothes cut off—poor Sulimani! more property damaged—washed the wounds as well as I could with clean water, had a tin of Brand's essence, and, figuratively speaking, retired for the night.

The first thing on Monday morning I sent a man off to the camp at the lake to bring my boy and cook, and the box with my clothes and medicines in it. I lay and waited for a reply from Pearson, filling in the time by making a litter, the groundwork of which I had taken

with me in case anyone was hurt, little thinking that I should be the first to use it. The flies were innumerable, and I had to have a man continually beating them off; the tent was black with them. About four o'clock the men came from the lake, and as the messenger had not left until nearly six it meant that he had done about forty miles in ten hours. Shortly after their arrival an answer came from Pearson in the form of a litter carried by six Nubians and an invitation to go at once to the boma.

After a little consideration I determined to set off at once. It was moonlight, I should be able to travel in the cool of the night and not have to endure the fierce heat of the sun, and I should see a white man and have some medical aid twelve hours earlier than if I stopped until the following morning. My porters, however, raised a very decided objection to this course. They were very tired—ten of them had done nothing all day but eat meat—they were hungry, they did not know the road, it was night-time, and they were frightened of the rhinos and lions. I had one answer only—“*Haithuru, nitakwenda*” (“It does not matter, I will go”); but it was not until the cook had helped me to my feet to walk it that they were shamed into bringing in the litter.

We started at five o'clock (they carried me out feet first) and marched until seven, when we lost the way in the dark and lighted fires, then sat down until the moon came up, about ten o'clock. After that we marched until six o'clock the next morning and reached the boma just as the sun was rising. The journey had been agonizing, and I was almost in a state of collapse. Six men had carried the litter, two at each end and one on each side at the middle. The road was very rough, up and down hill, stony and rocky. I had a smashed arm on one side, four ribs broken on the other; and the men on either side of me, owing to the unavoidable jolting, were continually striking and jarring the damaged parts; and by the time we reached the boma I had had quite enough of it. I am not a glutton. Once I groaned at a heavier blow than usual, and was told: “*Amri ya Muungu bwana*” (“It is the will of God, master”), which, however true, did not ease the pain very much. As I said before, it was six o'clock when I arrived—forty-one hours after the accident. Pearson was up and partly dressed; he had not expected me until evening, but at once, much against my wish, turned out of his house—a Nubian grass hut—so that I might occupy it and stand less chance of fever. Then I was washed, my wounds were dressed, and I settled down for the day. I learned that

a runner had been sent to the Ravine the previous day and that an answer might be expected on the morrow. We discussed the advisability or otherwise of my going on to meet the doctor. Finally we decided to wait, and I think wisely, as I am sure I could not have stood the journey. After that we talked over all kinds of subjects, and I began to feel quite chirpy.

The following day, Wednesday, the 22nd, a certain grim philosophy came to my aid. I was an absolute wreck, nobody had a hand in the show except myself, and the only thing to do was to take it smiling; so I commenced to write a humorous rhyming account of the trip, but I could not manage more than one verse. I had got so bad by this time that I could not lift up my head, and had to be fed as I lay. I was greatly amused by hearing that a party of Wasuk warriors had come in and offered their services. They said that they thoroughly understood the treatment of broken bones. Pearson very diplomatically told them that one of our own doctors had been sent for, so that he could not accept their services then, but if our doctor could not cure me he would ask them to come again. We looked out for an answer that day from the Ravine, but did not receive one.

On Thursday, the 23rd, the expected letter arrived, and said that Dr. Falkener would be at the Ravine that day. This led to a lot of speculation as to what time in the day he would be there, and if he would leave the same day or wait until the morning of the 24th. Things did not look quite so rosy, as my arm was getting worse. I did not like the look of things, so I settled up my earthly affairs as far as possible; made a will—Pearson, by the way, charged me fifteen rupees for registering it—and waited on. That night Pearson sat up with me, as I had a temperature of 102deg.

Friday, the 24th, opened with conjectures as to when the doctor would come. Pearson was obviously getting decidedly anxious. All the time that he could spare from his duties he spent with me. He used to sit down and talk, then stop abruptly, walk to the one opening in the hut which served for doors and windows, and gaze towards the pass in the hills about three miles distant, where the path ran. But there was no doctor and no news of him that day. That night Pearson again sat up with me.

Saturday, the 25th, went very slowly. We thought that the doctor *must* come that day, and knew that if he did not arrive soon he would be too late. I still had a certain amount of hope, and, although I had my farewell letter for home all ready in my mind, I refrained from

writing it until I was sure the proper time had arrived. And so another day dragged wearily on, Pearson continually standing at the door and looking out over the distant road. He sat up again with me that night.

On the morning of the 26th a letter came from the doctor saying he would be at the boma in the forenoon, but he had underestimated the distance, and it was half-past one before he arrived. The thought of his coming raised our spirits very considerably.

He was several hours in advance of his porters, who had his instruments, drugs, etc., so that he could do nothing until they came, and it was nearly six o'clock before he commenced operations. He felt my ribs and said that there were three or four broken, and I at once began to feel that I was really ill, for up to that time I thought they were only sprained. The hole in the leg was pronounced to be superficial; I was very glad to hear it, for I had thought very differently indeed about it. However, that balanced the ribs, so that I was in the same state as before. Then came the arm, and the doctor's face lengthened as he looked at it. "I am very sorry," he said at last. "It has to go?" I asked, and he replied, "Yes."

When I recovered consciousness after the operation the doctor asked me how I felt. "All right," I said.

"Have you a headache?"

"No."

While we were talking I put out my left hand quite mechanically to adjust the bad arm, which was aching rather more than usual. There was no arm there! Then I had an injection of morphia and slept peacefully until

the next morning, when my ribs were strapped, and I had to settle down for a weary wait of four weeks.

I had, previous to the arrival of the doctor, prepared a litter, thinking that I might perhaps be moved at once. This, however, was not to be. The litter was made of the canvas of a camp bed with two long poles run through where the sides of the bed would be in the ordinary course. Two short poles acted as stretchers, and a covering was formed by sticks bent from side to side in a hoop, covered with a bright-coloured cloth inside and a blanket outside. It turned out a great success, when the time came for it to be used.

We had a long discussion as to how my arm was injured, and finally came to the conclusion that it was done in falling after one of the throws. Falling head first I instinctively threw

out my arms. The right arm, holding the rifle, must have been quite rigid. The rifle would, of course, lie on the surface of the ground, thus forming a rest for the hand, and the weight of my body must have driven the forearm through the joint at the wrist.

The four weeks seemed as if they would



"THE RAIN CAME DOWN IN A DELUGE."

never end. The days were not bad, as I could look out of the doorway of the hut, the only opening, and watch the clouds go by, but the nights were fearful. I had two long sleepless stretches, one of six and one of five nights, and soporifics had no effect. A sentry was on guard outside, and after waiting until it seemed as if dawn must be on the point of breaking I called him and asked the time. "Half-past eleven," came the answer. Then I waited apparently another five or six hours and asked again. "Twelve o'clock." And so night after night dragged on; nights that seem to me even now to be like some horrible nightmare.

the rain came down in such a deluge that I thought my litter would have been washed away. In a few minutes the cover of the litter was soaked, the mattress was saturated, and I was lying in a stream of water that was rushing down the plain. The storm lasted for about half an hour, and when it was over we decided to camp for the night on a little patch of ground two to three feet above the surface of the flooded plain. The first thing to do was to get dry and to dry my bedding; but this was no easy task, although we expected the donkeys to arrive every moment, and were looking forward to a change of clothing and some food. We waited



MR. EASTWOOD IN HIS LITTER ON THE WAY TO THE COAST—THE PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN BY THE DOCTOR.

After about a fortnight Pearson had to leave on a tour round his district. I tried to thank him once for what he had done. It was very difficult to find words; but his sole reply was, "It was only my duty."

On the 22nd of November we—the doctor and myself—set out on our homeward journey. All my caravan, with the exception of my boy, had been sent back on the 28th of October, so that arrangements had to be made for transport. The doctor had about a dozen men, and as it was necessary for me to have men to carry my litter I exchanged two donkeys for four men, and got another ten donkeys for my loads, tents, provisions, etc.

The road at first was mountainous, and I was terribly afraid of being thrown out of the litter—a feeling, by the way, which I never wholly recovered from. We set out at ten o'clock, and with a rest of nearly an hour at midday marched until four, when we halted, owing to a very heavy storm. I was put under a tree for shelter, but

until nearly dark for them and then sent a man to meet them, but he returned alone. We fired our rifles as a signal, but all to no avail, and we finally made up our minds to the inevitable. There was a small tent belonging to the porters, which we appropriated; there was dinner in the form of tinned corned beef (by itself) and champagne; there was sleeping accommodation in the doctor's bed (he had the mattress, I had the bed) and finally there were mosquitoes. They sailed in at eight o'clock, when we went to bed, and never left us until we got up the next morning. Altogether it was a most wretched time, although, looking back at it, it had also a humorous side. The missing donkeys turned up at about eight the following morning, and, as we were ready, we at once set off on another day's march.

Nothing very exciting happened, with the exception that the porters tried to find a road through a swamp full of hippopotami, a course to which I had the most decided objection.

The grass and papyrus were at least twelve feet high, there were hippos bellowing all over the place, and I could not quite see the force of escaping from a rhinoceros only to be charged and finally finished off by a hippopotamus. Pachyderms, so far as I was concerned, were at a discount. They are too thick-skinned and devoid of all sense of fair play for my liking. We finally escaped the swamp by climbing up the side of a hill and walking about six hundred yards—my first walk beyond a few steps—and I found it very hard work. We stopped that night close to a camp of Somali traders, who very kindly sent me nearly a gallon of fresh milk. The following morning they also brought a lot more milk, which was boiled and taken on for future consumption. We marched the third day about twenty miles, and I was very glad when the march was over, as the jolting was getting most decidedly monotonous and objectionable.

Our camp that night was pitched practically on the Equator. On the morning of the fourth day the doctor and myself parted company, and just before leaving he photographed me in my

litter. The porters wanted to stop for the day after two hours' marching, but I would not hear of it, and we did eight hours before we finished. I walked a little that day in order to take the stiffness out of my muscles, and felt very proud of myself, as I was able to stand up without being assisted to my feet. I camped that night only one day's march—eighteen miles—out of Nakuro, and feasted my men on a tin of Army rations and preserved fruit each.

On the fifth day I was on the march at five. Every time the porters put the litter down for a rest I walked on, and when I saw the railway in the distance I abandoned the litter altogether and walked the last five or six miles, reaching the station at half-past twelve. There was no train that day, but one left early the following morning, and I was back at Nairobi about three o'clock on November 27th, practically fit again—with the few trifling exceptions of a leg that would persist in a limp, a half-side of ribs that was rather sore, and a continuous pain in a hand that I had not got. None of these, however, really counted when the fact that I was home again was taken into consideration.



From a]

SOME OF THE AUTHOR'S AFRICAN HUNTING TROPHIES.

[Photo.

After the "Mad Mullah."

BY CAPTAIN A. H. DIXON, KING'S AFRICAN RIFLES.

II.

Captain Dixon has just returned from Somaliland, where he fought in two expeditions against the Mad Mullah, and raised and commanded a company of native Somali levies. He gives an interesting account of the difficulties and privations of campaigning in that desolate portion of the Dark Continent, illustrating his narrative with some striking photographs taken by himself.



N returning to Burao at the end of the first expedition most of the levy were disbanded, only a few of the officers and about four companies being temporarily detained.

Personally, I remained at Burao with one other officer, and besides the small garrison had some hundred and fifty Dervish prisoners, whose time I employed in building a stockaded fort. As they had never done any work before in their lives, they objected strongly and made many desperate efforts to escape, which, however, were generally frustrated. We made a golf links, too, in the dry river-bed, with the putting greens on the high banks at the sides, the greens being made of loose sand, watered daily and hammered, but the difficulties of the course would, I think, have upset even a professional player. To begin with, whenever the river *did* come down it always altered the whole course, and what one day was soft sand would be quite hard the next, and where there was previously a hole a bank would spring up, and *vice versa*. Again, every animal in the place used to consider the putting greens were specially made to roll on, and as they were made of sand you often found a species of ploughed field awaiting your efforts.

The tin pot (generally a Quaker oats one) which was buried in the sand to serve as a hole greatly excited the Somalis' cupidity, and in consequence our "holes" were constantly being dug up and carried away. And the thorn bushes! If you drove the least bit crooked, or when nearing the green approached too hard, into a thorn bush your ball went to a certainty, often burying itself so far in that the only means of recovering it was to half burn the tree down.

There are some hundred and fifty wells at Burao, and day and night crowds of natives bring in their animals to water. All sorts of curious scenes were to be witnessed. There were always difficult points to settle, as the natives all look upon the white man as a sort of pocket-lawyer. One of their customs is that if a man dies his brother has to marry his wives, and this occasionally leads to complications. One fine, big woman of about



A FINE SPECIMEN OF THE LARGEST SPECIES OF ANTELOPE IN THE WORLD,
From a SHOT BY CAPTAIN DIXON. *[Photo.]*

twenty-five years of age came to me and protested against having to marry an infant of some six months old, which she held in her arms, and which was her husband's only brother! We quite sympathized with her, but the case was too deep for us, and we had to refer it to the elders of the tribe, but I never heard their decision.

The Midgan or hunter tribe of Somalis are also the doctors, and are excellent surgeons, doing the most wonderful operations with an old, blunt knife; and, curiously enough, half the heads in the country seem to have been trepanned at one time or another.

If there is an English doctor about, anyone who is sick or wounded always comes to him first and then goes off to the Midgan, who generally undoes all the good the doctor has done. Nothing will induce them to keep a bandage on the minute they are out of sight of the doctor.

One day a small boy had gone down a well to pick up a bucket which had been dropped, when someone above accidentally kicked over a stone, which fell on the boy's head and cracked his skull clean across. He was brought to the doctor, who bandaged him up nicely. The boy would soon have been all right again, but his father took him off to a Midgan, who removed about two square inches of his skull, so that you could look right into his head, and then joined the scalp across the hole with an ordinary bit of rope, bringing the boy to us to show how much cleverer he was than our doctor! Naturally, the boy died a few days later.

Soon after this a very pigeon-chested youth was brought to be cured. The doctor told him nothing could be done, so away he went, and I saw him a few days after, when he had been operated upon by a

Midgan, who had cut his chest, bones and all, down the centre and then flattened him out, presumably by sitting on it! This "case" recovered, but I should imagine he was somewhat weak in the chest afterwards.

Our evenings were beguiled with a banjo, comic songs, and a gramophone, the latter being a great source of joy to the natives, who called it "Shaitan Sundak," or Devil's box. For comic songs my old felt hat, the only one in the country, was frequently brought into requisition.

Just before Christmas, 1901, news began to arrive that the Mullah had again organized his scattered forces and was advancing northwards with some ten thousand men to raid our tribes. It all happened so quickly that there was no time to collect enough forces to oppose him, and he descended on the un-

fortunate Halr Toljala tribe, who were grazing their camels at Oodaweina, some sixty miles off, and raided all their live stock—sparing neither man, woman, nor child. Two old men, who

were unable through age to run away, had both their arms and legs broken, and in this condition were brought into Burao by their friends. We patched them up as best we could, and after about two months they had quite recovered.

A little girl of four, whose parents had been killed, was stoned by these inhuman wretches, whilst the onlookers jeered at her and



"THE ONLY FELT HAT IN SOMALILAND"—IT CAME IN VERY USEFUL AT CAMP CONCERTS. *[From a Photo.]*



THE FORT AT BOMOTLEH BUILT BY THE BRITISH TROOPS. *[From a Photo.]*



THE INTERIOR OF AN OFFICER'S TENT, SHOWING THE ONLY BED IN THE EXPEDITION. [Photo.]

told her to run to her friends the "Kafirs" (an insulting term for anyone who is not a friend of the Mullah).

The Mullah had a chief executioner called Kasadir, who luckily got hit as he was running away at the Battle of Ergo, and died two days afterwards. This brute in human form said that he was unable to sleep properly at night unless he had killed at least one man during the course of the day!

The Mullah about this time gave it out that any white man he caught would be put into a pot of cold water and gradually boiled alive. Luckily, he has never had the chance of carrying out his evil intentions. I was informed that his plan with any soldier he catches is to cut off a foot and make the man mark time on the stump; this he calls infantry drill.

As an instance of the pace at which a raid is carried out and the difficulty of catching the raiders, I will give a short account of one which took place only eighteen miles from Burao, on the Arrori Plain. The Mullah collected some three thousand men at Bohotleh, one hundred and seventeen miles distant, and as it was the dry season there was not a soul in the intervening space to give timely warning of his intentions, and he descended upon the unsuspecting tribe about four in the morning, raiding everything they possessed. We got the news at Burao about 10 a.m., and an hour after-

wards were off in hot pursuit, though all the companies were out route marching at the time the news arrived and had to double all the way back to Burao, so that some of us had done fourteen miles *before* we started in pursuit of the Mullah. At this season of the year it was quite impossible to keep any ponies at Burao, as there was not a blade of grass in any direction, and therefore we had all to go on foot; but we managed to collect some half-dozen horses, which had come in to the wells to water.

We started about 11 a.m. and marched till 9 p.m. without a halt. We then rested for one and a half hours and marched on till 11 a.m. next day, by which time we had covered (not including our previous route march) fifty-eight miles. Our six pony men then went on another twenty miles and succeeded in getting back all the sheep which had been raided and killing ten of the Mullah's men; but the camels we were unable to recover.

The second expedition against the Mullah started from Burao on the 28th May, 1902, and as he had established himself in an almost inaccessible place on the far side of the waterless Haud, and the dry season had commenced, we had to content ourselves with looting and engagements with any small bodies of the enemy that could be met with, until such time as the rains again commenced and enabled us to cross the desert and attack him.



A FOUR-FOOT PUFF ADLER—ITS BITE IS FATAL IN A FEW MINUTES. [Photo.]

At the same time, as we held all the water-holes in the Nogal Valley, his followers were kept very short of water, and the mortality amongst his ponies, upon which he depends for his great mobility, was enormous. Major Sharp and Lieutenant Salmon, whilst the main column were in the Nogal, were left at Bohotleh with some four hundred men, a couple of Arab masons, and two crowbars. With this equipment they managed to dig out enough solid rock to build the fort shown in one of the photographs, making their own lime and cutting the requisite timber with native axes.

The fort is octagonal in shape, each side being twelve and a half yards long, two feet six inches thick, and about twenty-four feet high; whilst the whole place is so surrounded by entanglements and barbed wire that it looks like a veritable bird's cage. We were in the Nogal for nearly five months, during which time no news of the outer world reached us, and as we were marching long distances daily a temporary halt was welcomed by all. Another of the photographs shows one of our captains making himself comfortable on the only bed in the force, and reading, probably for the twentieth



AT EVERY CAMP THE EXPEDITION LEFT BEHIND MANY DEAD AND DYING CAMELS. [Photo.]

how much you try, they will not die before midnight, and certainly this one, which had its head smashed absolutely flat at ten in the morning, was still moving about at sunset that night.

Our losses in camels were great. These animals are very delicate and cannot stand the strain of continuous marching, and at almost every camp we left a good many behind dead and dying.

While we were in the Nogal, which was very stony, we often made "sangars," such as are used in India, as an additional defence to our zareba, but, unfortunately, the Mullah never saw fit to attack us when we were inside one of these. A typical sangar is shown here-with.



FROM A] A TYPICAL "SANGAR" IN THE WILDERNESS. [Photo.]

cally ended at the Battle of Erego, on the 6th October, 1902, in which the Mullah's forces, although they temporarily prevented our further

time, one of the few remaining four-month-old papers.

There are a great many snakes in this valley. They look exactly like dead wood, and are a species of puff adder, having four fangs; a bite from one is fatal in four minutes. The photo. on the previous page shows one we killed. It was four feet long and about three inches in girth. The natives say that, no matter

The second expedition practi-

advance, suffered such severe loss that he was completely unable to raise any force to again come and attack us, and after a four days' halt at Badel Erego, about six miles from the scene of the fight, we slowly retired through the densest bush I have ever seen to Bohotleh.

At this fight Captain Howard was badly wounded through the leg, and the photograph here reproduced shows him about six weeks later on his way to the coast.



From a] A WOUNDED OFFICER ON HIS WAY TO THE COAST. [Photo.

Badel Erego

was the Mullah's head-quarters for a considerable period, and we found quite a large deserted village there made of sticks covered with "dur," a long species of grass only found in the Haud.

On arrival at Bohotleh Colonel Swayne proceeded with most of the Somali levies and all the camp-followers to the coast, where they were paid off. Colonel Cobbe, with two Somali companies and the three companies 2nd King's African Rifles, went to Garraro, some ten days' march nearer the coast, to establish a fortified post, whilst the 6th Battalion King's African Rifles (three companies) and one Somali company remained at Bohotleh to garrison the fort.

The two wounded officers and all the worst cases amongst the Somalis also remained, and a terribly trying time we had of it before we were relieved, six weeks later.

Bohotleh is an open space of about half a mile square, covered with grass, and having some hundred and fifty or so wells, completely surrounded with dense bush. The fort itself has no roof, and most of the garrison stock, therefore, to live in an adjoining stockade. The duties were terribly heavy, as we never knew when we might be attacked, and the surrounding bush

had to be constantly patrolled night and day. The only rations we had for the men were some two hundred and fifty camels, which had to go out into the jungle daily to graze and required a guard of at least one company, for if they had been raided we should have been starved out.

The Mullah was continually sending in parties of spies to endeavour to obtain information about our strength, etc., for, though he wanted badly to attack us, he would not do so until he had

something definite to go on, and we were constantly having small skirmishes in the bush with these people, but they never succeeded in breaking through, and we managed to kill a good many and captured about ten warriors. From these latter we got the first reliable information we had received about what had really happened to the Mullah's force at Erego and what a drubbing he had sustained.



From a] A DERELICT HOUSE AT BADEL EREGO. [Photo.

Our worst troubles began about three days after the main body had left us, when it started to rain in torrents and hardly ceased at all for a month on end. Neither men nor officers had any huts or tents, and the few waterproof sheets we possessed were so full of holes and generally worn out as to be practically valueless. We were, therefore, drenched to the skin night after night, and it was a marvel any of us lived to tell the tale.

Shortly after the rain commenced mosquitoes came in myriads, rendering sleep a sheer impossibility. I have been in most parts of this globe, but never have I seen such dense masses of these pests or met with a more virulent and persistent species than the Bohotleh variety.

The men, who for the last six months had had nothing but meat to eat, and were completely worn out by the hard marching and fighting they had undergone, now proceeded to go down with fever, and gradually succumbed one by one until over 45 per cent. were



OFFICERS ENJOYING A REST AFTER TEN MONTHS' CAMPAIGNING IN THE DESERT. [Photo.]

completely prostrated and a great many died. This, of course, threw double work on everybody, and many men were on duty all day, and again had to go on at night. Yet the whole time every Somali who was not too ill did his work cheerfully and without complaint, and I think it speaks wonders for them that not a man deserted, though being so close to their own country they could easily have done so.

The whole of the surrounding country was now turned

into a huge lake, and we made rafts of water-tins joined together by stretcher-poles, on which we used to punt about the camp. The accompanying photo. shows me punting about on my raft.

We were relieved on the 20th of November last, and after a most trying march down to the coast with all the sick, many of whom died on the way, we reached Berbera, and found it in full preparation for a new expedition, which we all fervently hope may finally end in the capture or, at any rate, the final break-up of the Mullah's influence and power in Somaliland.



THE AUTHOR PUNTING ABOUT THE FLOODED CAMP. From a Photo.

The Pursuit of Captain Victor.

BY SERGEANT HARRY GLENN, U.S. MARINE CORPS.

II.

The story of the American campaign against the Filipino "insurrectos" in the Island of Samar is one of the most exciting in the annals of modern war. Below will be found the conclusion of the only full account which has yet been published of one of the most striking phases of this remarkable campaign—the hunting down of the cruel and wily Filipino outlaw Captain Victor, whom both Spanish and American troops had sought in vain to capture. The story is written by a member of the little force which, after enduring terrible privations in the wilderness, finally captured the "Scourge of Samar," as Captain Victor was called.



O be lost in a wilderness is, under any circumstances, an unpleasant experience; but in a situation like ours it was likely to be fraught with most serious consequences.

There was not a single man in good physical condition. Many were able to keep their feet and march by sheer force of will-power alone; some were almost blind from the attacks of the leeches; and all were weak from loss of blood and semi-starvation. The shoes of fully three-fourths were worn out and the soles of their feet were cut by stones and gravel, while our bodies were torn and lacerated by the thorny bushes. Wild plants which could be used for food purposes were scarce, and native clearings were rarely met with. To add to the desperate nature of our situation, several men had begun to develop signs of fever.

Under the circumstances it is not surprising that, when the men felt they were lost in this unknown wilderness, the cheerfulness which had hitherto sustained them departed and they saw nothing ahead but starvation and death.

The native carriers alone appeared to be none the worse for the journey or the experiences we were undergoing. The healthiest and most cheerful among them all was Victor, the carrier who devoted himself exclusively to Major Waller. Although he mingled very little with the other natives and held aloof from the Americans, Victor devoted himself with marked zeal to the comfort of our commanding officer, anticipating his every want. He insisted on carrying the Major's belongings and even offered to relieve him of the weight of his bolo and heavy Colt's revolver.

In those dark hours of depression and despair only two men maintained a bold and undaunted front. They were Major Waller and Captain Porter. Even Corporal Murphy, our joker, who was wont to make light of hardships, gave way for the time being to the general melancholy.

A council of officers was called to discuss the situation, and all, with the exception of Major Waller and Captain Porter, wanted to turn back and try to reach the garrison town. They held

that we were now in about the centre of the island; and that, considering the awful condition of the men and that the stores were exhausted and the journey only half completed, it was wiser to retreat. The Major and the Captain, however, were confident that we could get through, and that it was better to go forward than back.

It was finally decided that Major Waller should take a few men and push ahead, leaving the bulk of the party behind under command of Captain Porter. When this conclusion was communicated to the rest of us, the men, forgetting military discipline, protested. It was not insubordination; it was love of their commander which moved them. With tears in their eyes they begged him not to embark upon an undertaking which seemed to them suicidal.

His voice shaking with feeling, the Major turned to us and replied:—

"It is my duty to go, men. It will be your death if I don't. I believe it is our only hope."

Taking thirteen of the men the Major departed, and with him went his tireless, assiduous native carrier. Twelve hours later the little advance guard came upon a clearing, in which there was a deserted hut and a vegetable garden. For the first time in many days there was an abundance of food. While a meal was being prepared the Major wrote a hurried note to Captain Porter, apprising him of the timely find and directing him to hurry his men forward. Sealing it, he called the faithful Victor.

"Take this letter with all speed to Captain Porter," the Major said.

Victor saluted respectfully and departed on his errand. In a few minutes he was lost among the tangled recesses of the forest, travelling along the trail that had been painfully cut by the tired men now lying about the little clearing. Hours passed and Victor did not return. Major Waller began to be uneasy. At length, however, the missing carrier came back, much dishevelled, and with every appearance of fright. In his hand he carried the missive with which he had been entrusted.

"I could not get through to Captain Porter, Major," Victor reported. "The woods are full of 'insurrectos.' I had great difficulty in escaping them and returning."

This information was as astonishing as it was

Leaving a note for Captain Porter fastened to a tree in the clearing, Major Waller mustered his men and the march was resumed. Next morning the little detachment came to a river which had to be passed. The frequent rains had

swollen it greatly, and the water rushed along at the rate of twelve or fifteen knots an hour. It was too deep to ford, so the strongest man in the party swam across and, releasing a long bajuca vine, carried the free end back to his comrades. Then one by one the men seized it, the current carrying them quickly to the other side.

An hour later another shack was come upon and the natives living in it, the first yet seen, were captured; one, a boy, agreed to guide the party to the Sojoton. That night the rains descended with unusual fury, and the little band of exhausted men camped in the dense forest. With the exception of the sentry and Major Waller every man fell into a deep slumber, with the torrential rain pouring down on their recumbent forms.

Yet there were scenes surrounding them that might well have kept stronger men awake—scenes that would chill the blood of the superstitious and arouse the keen interest of investigators.

As soon as evening succeeded day a faint, weird glimmer of palely glancing light began to twinkle over the ground, among the leaves, and on the trunks of trees.

As darkness increased and the rain fell more heavily the shifting lights grew in number and intensity, until the ground, the bushes, the trees—everything, in fact, in that mighty forest—glowed with dancing shafts of lurid flame which yet gave out no heat. At length, when the vegetation became saturated with moisture, the light grew so intense that it was possible to read by it, and clear and distinct shadows were cast. This weird radiance was the glow of a curious phosphorescent fungus found in tropical woods, but rarely so extensively as on the spot occupied by the wearied marines.

The Major sat at the foot of a great tree, with



"I COULD NOT GET THROUGH TO CAPTAIN PORTER, MAJOR, VICTOR REPORTED."

disquieting. Throughout the entire journey there had not been the slightest sign of hostile bands. Indeed, since we entered the forest country only two or three native clearings showed that any human life had ever existed in this awful wilderness. The Major, therefore, could scarcely credit the intelligence, despite the fidelity which had been shown all along by the messenger. He questioned him closely, but the man never deviated in the slightest degree from his original story, and the Major was finally compelled to accept it as true.

It was now imperative that the party should push forward as rapidly as possible for help.

his back resting against the trunk. Captain Bearss lay close beside him, with his head on the Major's lap. Major Waller could not sleep. The desperate situation of the men under his care, the fate of the party under Captain Porter, and his weird surroundings combined to keep him awake.

Suddenly he felt a curious sense of impending peril, and at once became keenly alert to what was going on around him. There was no sound save the monotonous beat of the rain on the leaves, the occasional snapping of a decayed branch, and the sighing of the wind. With stealthy hand he felt for his bolo. His heart seemed to stand still—the weapon was gone!

Leaning over, he hurriedly woke the sleeping Bearss. "Be quiet, Bearss," he whispered. "There is devilry afoot. My bolo has been stolen!"

As he spoke the strange phosphorescent light cast before him the shadow of a man, wearing a rain-hat, crouching under some bushes. With a hand quick and firm Major Waller thrust aside the head of Captain Bearss. A sure, swift spring and he was on the skulker and had him by the throat, dragging him out into a place where the phosphorescent light shone strongly. As he did so the missing bolo dropped from the nerveless hand of the prisoner.

The Major peered earnestly into his captive's face, and could hardly repress an exclamation of astonishment. It was the faithful Victor, the carrier who had been serving him with such assiduous care! For the first time a faint suspicion crossed the Major's mind.

"Who are you?" he demanded, sternly.

The man drew himself up haughtily and gave a truly astonishing reply.

"I am Captain Victor!" he answered, proudly.

Major Waller stared at him in absolute amazement. At length he managed to ejaculate:—

"You! You Captain Victor! Why did you join this party?"

"To kill you," was the laconic reply. "I am sorry I failed."



"I AM CAPTAIN VICTOR!" HE ANSWERED, PROUDLY."

The Major did some hard thinking for a moment. Then he turned to Captain Bearss.

"Bearss," he said, "we must keep the knowledge of this man's identity to ourselves until we get back to Basey. The men would tear him to pieces."

Bearss assented. The notorious Ladrone chieftain, whose identity had been so strangely revealed, was turned over to the guard, with the terse statement that he had been caught acting treacherously and must be kept a close prisoner. The next day Major Waller and his little party reached the Sojoton River and safety.

After the departure of Major Waller, the men left behind under command of Captain Porter were consumed with deep anxiety. A day passed and there came no word. Captain Porter summoned a native.

"I want you," he said, "to search for information concerning the whereabouts of Major Waller and report as quickly as possible. You should be back by morning."

Morning came, but the native had not returned. It was near noon before he came in, apparently footsore and weary, with the report that he could find no traces of the Major and his men.

The Captain was now in desperate straits. Nearly all the men were ill, and food was about exhausted. There were only a few cans of bacon and one ration of coffee left. Porter accordingly decided to take six of his strongest men and return over the trail to a place called Lenang, where he hoped to secure help. The rest of the party were placed under the command of Lieutenant Williams.

The seven men suffered appalling hardships, but finally reached their destination safely on the evening of January 16th. Meanwhile, the rest of us, complete wrecks, made feeble preparations for retreat. About an hour after the departure of Captain Porter we broke camp and began crawling painfully over the old trail towards the Sojoton.

On the night before rain had descended heavily. The mountain streams became so swollen as to be almost impassable. So great were the difficulties which confronted us that we were two and a half days in ascending a mountain we had previously descended in a little more than an hour. Reaching the top, the condition of the men, both mental and physical, made a rest of nearly two days necessary; and the only food we had in that time were two meals of camotes and two of garbi.

From this time forth night and day were all

one to us. We stumbled along, scarcely conscious of what we were doing. Even the attitude of the few natives we saw—which became more and more threatening as we proceeded—failed to awaken us from our apathy. By day we stumbled painfully and half unconsciously over the rough path, leaving trails of blood behind from our lacerated feet. By night we sank to the ground wherever we happened to be, and lay there in a stupor until aroused next morning to begin again our torturing march.

Finally, the brain of one man, Private Murray, could stand the fearful strain no longer. He went mad. He did not become violent, but simply sat down on the ground, smiled with a loving kindness that was heartbreaking to see, waved his hands to his comrades, and refused to leave. As we passed out of sight among the trees he was still smiling—smiling and waving a friendly farewell.

Another man, Private Baroni, had previously



"A FRIENDLY FAREWELL."

given out from illness and been left at a little clearing, as

we were too weak to carry him. After that, one by one others dropped from the ranks, sank by the wayside, and had to be abandoned, until ten—Connell, Sanjule, Foster, Britt, Woods, Brown,

Bassett, Baily, and the two others I have named—were behind us.

Two days more of bitter suffering and there came a crisis with the native carriers. It was on the afternoon of January 17th. We had reached the banks of a river and were making preparations for crossing. Lieutenant Williams, reconnoitring, strolled away up the banks and was soon out of sight. Suddenly we heard a feeble cry for help and the sound of clashing steel. We seized our rifles and tottered in the direction of the conflict. Parting the bushes, we saw Lieutenant Williams defending himself with his bolo against the attack of three of our native carriers.

We gave a cry of rage and staggered on, striving to raise our rifles to shoot the treacherous natives. Seeing us, the traitors turned and fled to the thickets and disappeared. Sergeant

McCaffrey, who was in advance of the little party of rescuers, was so weak that he could not work the bolt of his rifle when he attempted to shoot. Realizing his helplessness he leaned on the barrel of his weapon and wept hot tears of anger and mortification.

But our misery, fortunately, was nearly over. At noon the next day we heard a crashing of bushes, then a wild American cheer, and a party of our "boys" burst into sight. They had been sent out to search for us after the arrival of Captain Porter's little party at Lenang. They picked us up like children, carried us to waiting bancos (native boats), and took us to Lenang. No trace was ever found of the ten poor fellows we left behind, although search parties were sent all over the route taken. It was thought that some of the native carriers who deserted went back and murdered them in cold blood,

afterwards concealing their bodies.

Of the forty men who succeeded in reaching the garrisons again after that awful march, more than one half subsequently died. One became stone blind, and few of those who did survive have entirely recovered their health.

When the officers met they compared notes, and it was discovered that the native sent out by Captain Porter met Captain Victor, the messenger of Major Waller. Between them they concocted the tales which each carried back to his commander. It was also ascertained that nearly all the natives attached to the party had joined with the deliberate intention of assassinating the officers and massacring the men at the first opportunity. The plot was conceived by Captain Victor and two or three others.



"THEY PICKED US UP LIKE CHILDREN."

All the carriers, of course, were arrested. There were some forty-five prisoners, among whom, it was found, eleven were ringleaders. A conference of officers was held, and it was unanimously decided that Major Waller was justified in ordering the summary execution of the traitors. Within ten minutes after the decision was arrived at, Captain Victor and another Filipino leader were brought before Major Waller.

"Victor," said he, "you will remember I warned you some time ago that, because of your horrible crimes, if I ever got hold of you, I would settle your case speedily. Now you have attempted to assassinate me."

"Yes," broke in Victor, defiantly, "and I am sorry I failed."

"I am going to have you shot at once," con-

sulting Victor, "and you too," he added, turning to Victor's companion.

But the rifle-shots this time had a deep significance. With their echoes went out the lives of eleven scoundrels, among whom was Captain Victor, the "Scourge of Samar."

Because of a report that the execution was accompanied with tortures, Major Waller was tried by a court-martial on the charge of murder. He was honourably acquitted, and not long ago was promoted to lieutenant-colonel.

I am beside him still. Both of us came unscathed through the innumerable dangers of



"I AM GOING TO HAVE YOU SHOT AT ONCE," CONTINUED THE MAJOR.

tinued the Major; "and you too," he added, turning to Victor's companion.

The face of Captain Victor became ashen. His knees swayed. Sinking at the feet of Major Waller in abject terror, he begged for his life. The other traitor folded his arms and took his sentence stoically. With a sad face Major Waller signed to the guards, and they bore the

that terrible march. But always fresh in my mind are the memories of the pitfall-studded trails, the merciless onslaught of the leeches, the wistful faces of our poor comrades who fell out to die by the wayside, and the ashen pallor on the face of Captain Victor when he understood at last that his manifold crimes had passed the limits of the white man's mercy.

The Cave-Dwellers of Mexico.

BY DR. CARL LUMHOLTZ.

Dr. Lumholtz spent several years in the practically unknown Sierra Madre del Norte region of Mexico, where he discovered some extraordinary races of cave-dwellers, living to-day exactly as they did before the Spanish conquest. In order to study these primitive people Dr. Lumholtz lived with them for some considerable time. He describes his experiences in the accompanying article, which is illustrated with some remarkable photographs, and has been specially written for "The Wide World Magazine."



HO has not heard of the wonderful cliff dwellings in the south-western section of the North American continent? They were discovered only some forty years ago, and ever since curious tourists and earnest scientists have visited Flagstaff, Arizona, or Mancos Canyon in Colorado to look at those marvellous structures, which, with unseeing eyes, like some uncanny spectres of a bygone time, stare into the present age, wondering and to be wondered at. If those stones could speak, what a story they might tell! But present-day investigators have ways and means of eliciting information from such mute relics as the flint arrow-heads, pottery sherds, and remnants of plaited mats and baskets found in these cell-like apartments on the steep mountain walls.

Prehistoric these ruins certainly are, yet it is a question whether they are really ancient, as there is some indication that when the conquering Spaniards first came upon them some of these cliff-dwellings were still inhabited. Moreover, the builders of these curious habitations extended over an immense area, for I found ruins of the same style in the remote mountain ranges of North-Western Mexico.

Travelling some four hundred miles

south of the boundary line between the United States and Mexico, in the forbidding mountain fastnesses of the Sierra Madre, I came upon natives who to this day prefer to live in caves rather than in the shelter of houses of their own construction.

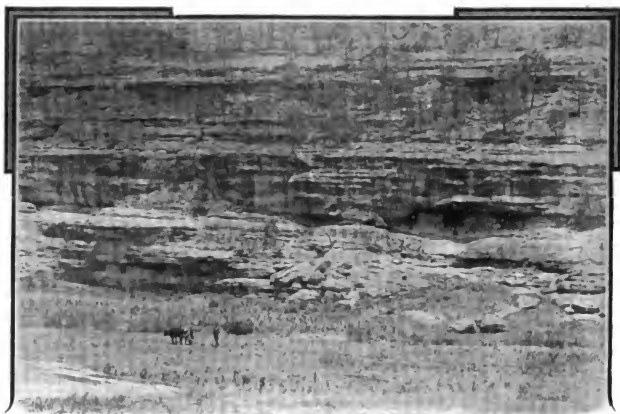
Thanks to the geological nature of the country, in which sandstone and weathered porphyry abound, the mountain slopes are full of caverns; and primitive man gratefully and contentedly accepted Nature's bounty. Caves, especially in winter, are preferred by a great many of these people, as they are warm and a much more effective protection against the elements than the huts which the more progressive members of the tribe fashion, with primitive tools and appliances, from split pine-logs.

The Mexican cave-dwellers of to-day, the



AN ANCIENT CAVE-DWELLING IN THE SIERRA MADRE DEL NORTE.

From a Photo.



THE GREAT WALL OF ROCK IN WHICH MOST OF THE TARAHUMARE CAVE-DWELLINGS ARE FOUND.

From a Photo.

Tarahumare Indians, once occupied the main part of the present State of Chihuahua, but nowadays they are confined to part of that immense mountainous region which under the name of Sierra Madre del Norte runs along the western coast of Mexico. Viewing this range from the west, it appears like a towering rugged wall, while towards the east it rises more gradually. Many rivers have their origin here, and after a more or less tortuous course empty into the Pacific Ocean, running in precipitous canyons or barrancas, like deep gashes in the mountain range, which make this part of Mexico hard to traverse. In this region, so difficult of access, we find the cave-dwellers—practically beyond reach of and out of touch with the outer world—leading a primitive life of their own. So little have they outgrown the childhood stage of mankind that on the approach of a stranger they will, like deer, flee out of sight, leaving the homestead at the mercy of the intruder. But they do not lose sight of it, any more than a bird will fly too far from the nest that is being ravaged; and woe to the man who disregards the rights of property. Quicker than to the average white man would seem possible they call their neighbours within a radius of some twenty miles, and in a few hours fifty men may be on the spot to wreak vengeance for the

outrage. Timid as they are when alone, their aggregate courage knows no limit, and cases are known when Mexicans have had to pay with their lives the penalty of an offence.

As often as not the cave is accepted as Nature made it, rough and ready; but the more fastidious add such improvements as a low stone wall, partially to close the mouth of the cavern and serving as a protection against wind and animals. Mortar is never used in the building of this rampart, but mud sometimes serves in its stead. At one side of the habitation, under the overhanging cliff, the housewife has her metate, or flat stone for grinding maize, the staple food of all Indians. In a corner or on a ledge the man keeps his bow and arrows. Privacy is secured by the distance at which the next-door neighbour lives—some three or four miles away. The cave, with its level floor, serves as parlour, sitting-room, and kitchen, and at night skins are spread in lieu of beds around the fire, which here, as always, is the greatest comfort to primitive man.

If the lord of the manor should be the happy possessor of some cattle, sheep, or goats, he may build a corral inside the cave for the accommodation of the animals, the safety of which is of greater importance to him than his own ease. In fact, his personal comfort is always secondary

to his earthly possessions, and the only substantial improvement in the cave consists in a storehouse, which he erects of stone and mud, or of wood. Here he keeps his winter supply of corn, an extra blanket that the thrifty housewife has woven on her primitive loom, some woollen yarn that she has spun, or some similar valuables. Few are so poor that all the family wealth can be stored within the limited space of one such cupboard, and as a rule they have storehouses in various directions outside of the home. Thus a man's riches may be estimated by the number of these queer little round or square structures, sometimes not large enough

by an artistically woven girdle. For dignity rather than any other reason the man may wear a poncho around his shoulders and the woman may put on a short tunic, and either of them may wrap a blanket around the body up to the eyes. Mothers make use of this typical Indian garment in holding their little ones on their backs.

The daily life of these people is full of quaint touches. The family begin to bestir themselves at daybreak. With a pine-cone the man makes an attempt to disentangle his raven hair, which hangs straight and thick around his head. The wife in the meantime grinds the corn and pre-



A TYPICAL CAVE-DWELLING—OBSERVE THE STOREHOUSE ON THE RIGHT. (Photo.)

to accommodate a good-sized dog. The most peculiar thing about them is that they have neither lock nor key. They are closed with a board plastered against the wall with mud; anyone might with ease remove it, but in primitive society there seems to exist a higher regard for *meum* and *tuum* than among more advanced people. To break open a storehouse sealed in the manner indicated is considered the most heinous crime; and let me record it here that the unsophisticated Tarahumare, before he "learns better" from the wily whites, never cheats at bargains.

The people, living in a style and manner that was outgrown by Europeans thousands of years ago, are a hearty, healthy, and by no means unintelligent race. In colour they are light chocolate brown. The climate necessitates but little clothing. When at home the men are satisfied with a breech-cloth, the women with a skirt of cotton-cloth, held up around the waist

by an artistically woven girdle. For dignity rather than any other reason the man may wear a poncho around his shoulders and the woman may put on a short tunic, and either of them may wrap a blanket around the body up to the eyes. Mothers make use of this typical Indian garment in holding their little ones on their backs. The daily life of these people is full of quaint touches. The family begin to bestir themselves at daybreak. With a pine-cone the man makes an attempt to disentangle his raven hair, which hangs straight and thick around his head. The wife in the meantime grinds the corn and pre-

pare the indispensable tortillas (corn-cakes), roasting them dexterously in a shallow earthenware dish placed on the glowing cinders. In a gourd bowl she stirs some corn meal and water with a flavouring of herbs as a drink, and in a jar placed on three small stones some beans may be boiling. A favourite food with the Tarahumares is mice. They are so fond of these little animals that "civilized" Tarahumares have been known to ask Mexicans for permission to enter their houses in order to hunt for mice; but the main supply is secured by means of ingeniously constructed traps that testify to the mechanical gift inherent in the tribe. In preparing the "game" for the table the animals are skinned, the little carcasses being threaded

alongside of one another on a wooden spit and grilled before the fire. So close to the hearts of the people are these little rodents that among women the most admired are those who have "eyes like a mouse."

The morning meal over, the man takes his bow and arrows and goes out on a day's hunt. He also takes his axe along with him, to use in case he may be lucky enough to find a squirrel. This kind of game is not hunted in the way that would seem to us the most simple—bringing it down with an arrow. The Tarahumare considers an arrow too valuable to waste in this way. So he starts to *chop down the tree*, and expects his dogs to help him catch the squirrel when the tree falls! But the creature is very agile and may escape to another tree, in which case the patient hunter goes to work to cut down tree number two. In this way he may have to fell as many as ten trees before the quarry is secured. This accomplished, he feels compensated for the day's labour, for time and

the daily needs of a family and the gathering of herbs and roots would seem a sufficiently large task. She has to mind the children and to make all her own pottery, which is more clumsy than substantial and needs constant replenishing. What little time is left her she spends at her loom, weaving girdles and blankets for the family. And the ever-varying designs and patterns which she manages to work out in the coarse home-spun, home-dyed woollen yarn are eloquent expressions of the innate artistic sense of the race.

When I first came among these strange people it looked for a time as if I should never be able to establish friendly relations with them. They are naturally distrustful of strangers, and an unfortunate event rendered the task of gaining their confidence almost hopeless. From an ancient burial-place we had taken some skulls, which had been left lying outside my tent until we could pack them. A native whom we had engaged to show us the way over the high-



From a]

TARAHUMARE INDIANS AT HOME.

[Photo.

work have no fixed value in his mind. The wife is most appreciative and well-satisfied with whatever the husband brings home. After cleaning it and scraping the hair off she boils it, leaving the skin on, in order not to waste any nourishment.

The Indian woman's work is by no means confined to the preparation of the meals, though the grinding of the quantities of corn required by

lands had his own peculiar ideas about the presence of these uncanny relics, until finally at dusk, while he was eating his supper, something startled him, and, leaving supper, blanket, and all behind, he ran away never to be seen by us again. But we soon found to our sorrow that the interpretations he put on what he had seen in our camp were of the wildest nature. According to his account, we were nothing less

than man-eaters, and the skulls of the victims of our cannibalistic propensities were lying around by the tents. The weapon used for killing the Tarahumares was the camera, with which I "shot" the people. While in our camp, said the guide, he had seen the jar made ready in which he himself was to be boiled for our supper!

The rumours about the terrible white men who subsisted on Tarahumare women and children and green corn spread like wildfire. Wherever we came we found the little farms deserted, and women and children who caught sight of us screaming with terror and running for their lives. For a couple of months I could not get within speaking distance of the people I wanted to study. But everything comes to him who waits, and to me it came from an entirely unexpected quarter.

There had been for a long time a most distressing drought in these mountains. Every day the Indians fired the forest to make clouds, believing that clouds of any description bring rain. They succeeded only in bringing the calamity more vividly home to me, as they were destroying what little grass the sun had spared and making travel next to impossible. Finally, when I had decided to start out alone with a couple of Mexicans on an excursion of some weeks' duration, preferring to submit to all sorts of hardships and difficulties rather than to remain idle any longer, I was overtaken on the first day of my trip by a heavy shower. From that day onwards the showers seemed to follow me, not always in accord with my personal comfort, yet to my entire satisfaction, as the Indians soon began to think that in some mysterious way I was connected with them. In this somewhat dry country the natives value rain more than anything else on earth. They became anxious to pose before the hitherto dreaded camera, which they began to look upon as a powerful rain-maker. They even expressed regret when I departed, as they feared I might take the rain with me.

But the story of the skulls was by no means forgotten. Many months afterwards I was taken to task on that account. My interpreter, whom I sent to straighten out the matter, volunteered an explanation, which I am convinced was strictly in accord with his own conviction. It was to the effect that the skulls had been dug out in order that the white man might see whether the people had been properly baptized! The Indians were entirely satisfied with this reason.

The roughness of the country through which I travelled precluded the taking along of a large pack-train, and under the circumstances civilized

man's provisions soon gave out. I had then to subsist on what I could procure from the Indians, and they could give only what they had—corn and beans, and now and then a sheep or a goat. The Tarahumare does not like to sell and has no use for money. The corn was prepared for consumption in the ways known to the natives, the simplest being to toast the grains on a piece of crockery over the fire. This dish tastes well enough and is easy to prepare, especially when you are too tired to fuss with the cooking. But the kernels thus prepared assume the consistency of little pebbles, and on my return to civilization I was astonished to learn of the insidious work they had done to my molars, the building up of which taxed the ingenuity of American dentistry.

I made a palatable drink for myself out of honey and water, and fortunately I had a good supply of splendid California honey in tin cans, which lasted me for five years. The first thing after pitching camp and unsaddling the mules was always to get my kettle of water boiling, and into a large cupful of it I stirred a few spoonfuls of honey. This drink was wonderfully refreshing after a hard day's work, and, what was still more important, it gave me an appetite for the frugal meals to which I was confined. That is to say, it enabled me to swallow the stuff. To eat became a labour which I was always glad to get through with, and I can remember instances when, even with my honey, I was obliged to lie down and chew and chew indefinitely until at last able to get the food down. Animals may do well enough on a monotonous diet; but if civilized man has to eat the same dish three times a day, week in and week out, he will, after a month or so, find it a pretty tough job.

Like all pagan Indians in Mexico, the Tarahumares worship their gods by dancing, which, in diametrical contrast to our social diversion, is to them a solemn and ceremonious ritual, performed in the most earnest, prayerful, and devout mood, no matter what impression they make upon the uninitiated white man. The chief purpose of all the worship is to make it rain, and they implore all the animals to help them in bringing about this consummation. The birds who sing in the spring, the cooing doves, the croaking frogs, the chirping locusts—all pray for the same thing and get an answer in the copious summer rains. Everyone participates in the dance, the men in one set or group, the women in another, to the singing of the medicine-man, who leads the dance, accompanying himself with a gourd rattle, which he swings like a bâton, with much enthusiasm. They dance, as they express it, "to the cross," which is always erected in front of the

cave or hut. This is a simple combination of a long upright and a short horizontal stick, and sometimes there may be two, or even three, crosses placed side by side. The earliest records show that the Tarahumares used this symbol long before the arrival of the Spaniards, who were dumfounded at seeing these heathens worship a cross, which, however, has no Christian significance. To the Indian the cross stands for the perfect man, Father Sun; and where there is a plurality of crosses they represent Mother Moon and her son, the Morning Star.

The dancing goes on throughout the night, and with the dawn the second part of the feast—but by no means secondary in importance—is ushered in. Food, and plenty of it, has been

make it strong and keep it from getting ill, and throughout his earthly career tesvino is to the Tarahumare the *sine quâ non* in all and every event. It is food and drink to him; it is his medicine for internal and external use; it is the chief medium sacrificed to propitiate the gods. As one Tarahumare friend of mine put it: "The rain makes the corn grow, from the corn the tesvino is made, and the tesvino is used to bring on the rain."

The medicine-man is not only priest, but doctor as well. He is consulted in every illness, real or fancied, and he effects his cures with remedies or with magic. Once I determined to test the efficiency of a Tarahumare medicine-man's art. As I was suffering at the



From a]

A GROUP OF HUICHOLS, ANOTHER TRIBE OF CAVE-DWELLERS.

[Photo.

prepared, and is now dispatched. It is against good form to eat much on the premises; the meat in its broth, tortillas, beans, etc., are handed to the women, who fill them into jars specially brought for the purpose, and take them home. The drink, however, is consumed on the spot.

This liquor, known as tesvino, is a peculiar home-brewed beer made from maize. It is quite pleasant in taste and but mildly stimulating; but the Indians take it in such incredibly large quantities that they invariably become senselessly intoxicated, and when they finally adjourn the meeting and start homeward they rarely get very far before they have to lie down and sleep off the effects of their carouse.

Tesvino is given to the new-born babe to

time from a slight cold I requested one of them to cure me. Of course, he was quite ready to do this—for a consideration—and told me to go ahead to my camp, where he promised to follow me immediately. On his arrival he asked me to kneel down. Then he began to squeeze my head between his dirty hands, and applying his lips to my left ear sucked at it forcibly, producing a sensation that can be appreciated only by those who have been unfortunate enough to have had an insect in their ear. After sucking my other ear in a like manner, and one of my ankles, he spat into a cup a lot of blood mixed with some grass seeds, which he gravely asserted had been the cause of my illness. The cup was then ceremoniously taken away by my Indian attendant, with an order to

bury its contents that they might never return and cause further trouble.

The tribe is remarkably fond of games and sport, especially foot races. There is probably no other people in the world which can compete with them in running, not so much in regard to speed as to endurance, for a Tarahumare is able to run continuously from noon till sunrise, making a hundred and seventy miles without stopping, on a slow, steady trot! His propensity for running is so great that the tribe derives its native name from it. *Ralámeri*, as the Tarahumares call themselves, means "foot-runners."

a man owns. In accordance with the independent position of the woman among the Mexican Indians, however, she is never made an object of gambling.

The women, by the way, have foot races of their own, but instead of tossing a ball they throw rings of yucca fibre, using for the purpose sticks slightly bent at the top.

The idea of immortality is very prevalent among the Mexican Indians, but they are afraid of their dead, who, they say, feeling lonely in the spirit world and desirous of having their friends and relatives join them, come back and make them ill. The dead also envy the heirs all the



IN FRONT OF THE MEN WILL BE SEEN A GROUP OF HUTCHOL
[From a] "SACRED OBJECTS." [Photo.]

In their running races each of the two parties matched against the other has a wooden ball, which they toss ahead while running. The ball is moved onward by a kick with the toes and must not be touched by the hand. A prominent feature of the race is the betting connected with it, the stakes being blankets, bows and arrows, girdles, coloured handkerchiefs, balls of woollen yarn, etc., all of which are thrown into one or two heaps, and afterwards distributed among the winning speculators. The victor himself gets no material award, but is highly honoured. Cattle, too, are sometimes put up in these betting transactions—in fact, everything

good things they have left behind. To pacify the departed the surviving members of the family make a number of feasts for him in the course of the first year after his demise, giving him all the food and necessities of life he craves for. After each feast they hunt him off by throwing ashes and making speeches, in which they emphasize their unwillingness to have anything further to do with him. The Tarahumare make three feasts for a man, but four for a

woman ; it takes more effort to drive her away, as she does not run so fast.

To the average man all Indians, like all "coons," look alike, but to the thoughtful observer different tribes have different characteristics. A few hundred miles south of the Tarahumare, yet still within the range of the Sierra Madre del Norte, I came upon another tribe of Indians in many ways unlike them. These are the Huichols, who number about four thousand souls and occupy a section which is exceedingly difficult of access on account of the stupendous mountain ridges encompassing them on all sides. They have been able to adhere to the customs and beliefs left them by uncounted generations, to such a degree that they are to-day practically in the same state of development as they were when their relatives, the Aztecs, succumbed to the fire and sword of the invading Spaniards.

So well is the tribe protected by its natural fortifications that the country was not conquered until 1723.



HUICHOI, GOD-HOUSES.
From a Photo.

The impress which the Franciscan monks, who followed the victorious soldiers, made upon the mountaineers was but slight, and they therefore typify the status of the Indian more plainly than any other tribe found nowadays north of Panama.

The name Huichols (pronounced Veetchols) means healers, or doctors. Though in general appearance much resembling the Tarahumares,

in temperament they are different, being impulsive, quick-tempered, imaginative, and vivacious. Nature has endowed them more lavishly than many other tribes ; they are musical, and have better voices than any of the aboriginals I have heard singing. The women manifest a high artistic sense in the decoration of their dress, be it textile or embroidery work ; and what is still more interesting, though for the civilized man well-nigh impossible to realize, is that every bit of this ornamentation is an expression of the religious sentiment of the maker or wearer of the article, as each ornament conveys a distinct prayer. Pagans though the Huichols are, their life from birth to death is one of devotion to their deities.

The men make a great number of beautiful symbolic objects, by which they express to the gods the wishes and needs of the people, and most of their time is taken up in this way and by feasts intended to propitiate the gods. For the latter are supposed to be angry with man and jealous of him ; they especially want to keep for themselves the clouds, which the

Huichols are sorely in need of for their agriculture. The gods must, therefore, be appeased, and the medicine-men know how to do this by singing epics for at least two successive nights at each feast, reciting the ancient deeds of the gods. With this and the subsequent sacrifice of oxen, etc., the deities are pleased, and they consent to give up the clouds in favour of the Huichols, who thus gain the much-desired rain.

There are no fewer than eighteen temples in



A HUICHOL PLAYING THE
DRUM AND SINGING.

From a Photo.

the little country—circular structures with conical thatched roofs—and here the people gather for the feasts. In the middle of the temple the greatest god, the fire, is burning. The ceremonies consist mainly of a peculiar dance to the singing of the medicine-man, who at times accompanies himself by beating the native drum with his hands. The temples have only one aperture for the entrance and exit of the people, but as there is no door the building can never be closed. In the vicinity of the temples there is always found a number of small oblong houses which serve as special places of devotion for different gods, and which, therefore, may be fitly called god-houses. Such structures are also to be found at lonely places in the woods. The interior always presents a striking appearance on account of the multitude of strange varicoloured symbolic objects placed there in honour of the special god to whom the house is dedicated.

In the Huichol country there are also innumerable sacred caves, where some deity is invoked in much the same manner as in the god-houses. Many of these caves owe their sacred character to the presence of a pool or

spring in which the deity is supposed to reside, and people come here at different times of the year to bathe their heads. Every child born in the tribe has to be "baptized" with water from a holy spring. Whatever a Huichol has on his mind he brings before the gods in one of these caves, depositing with



A SACRED CAVE IN WHICH A GOD IS SUPPOSED TO DWELL.

From a Photo.

his prayers some beautiful object as a sacrifice.

The holiest of all the sacred places in the Huichol country is supposed to be the residence of the God of Fire, the greatest of all the deities, and several small houses have been erected here in token of the reverence in which the people hold him and the other gods who reside with him. Here was also kept until very recently the most ancient statue of the God of Fire. I was the first white man to visit the place,

and I noticed that the idol, which was made of tufa, had a large hole in the right side. This had been made by the people who came to ask him for success in healing, and who thought they could increase their powers by surreptitiously scraping off and eating a few particles of the god's body.

There are other caves of much interest connected with the history of this god. In one of them he was born, and a large block of volcanic tufa lying in the middle of the cave represents him as an infant. A small temple has been erected here in his honour. My Huichol guides were, at my request, obliging enough to take a statue of the deity

out of the temple in order that it might be photographed. The idol may be seen in the illustration.

The number of gods which the pious Huichol feels called upon to appease is not so great as the number of names would seem to imply, as there are names for the many different manifestations of each deity. They are all supposed to stand around the horizon of the country, listening to what the people are saying and seeing what they are doing. When a Huichol wants a favour granted, therefore, he is not satisfied with praying to one of them, but addresses many, "for," says he, "if one does not respond, another one may!"



THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE GOD OF FIRE.
From a Photo.

"CALAMITY JANE."

A HEROINE OF THE WILD WEST.

By W. G. PATTERSON.

There are few frontier characters who possess a more romantic and pathetic history than "Calamity Jane," the famous woman-scout, pony express rider, and Indian fighter, who is now, by the irony of fate, spending her last days in a Wyoming gaol. Her thrilling adventures have formed the basis of innumerable "blood-and-thunder" stories, and the full narrative of her eventful career would fill many volumes, more exciting than the most melodramatic fiction. Mr. Patterson here relates a few of "Calamity's" exploits, and shows under what pitiful circumstances this faithful old servant of the State is now awaiting "the last roll-call."



EFT an orphan at eight years of age, "Calamity Jane," then plain Jane, became the mascot or "daughter of the regiment" of a devil-may-care squadron of soldiers in a frontier barracks. Between then and now Jane has been, successively, an army messenger, a frontier guide, an Indian scout and mail-carrier through a hostile country, an artiste in a mining-camp

she is to-day. Though "Calamity Jane" lived—I use the past tense, for her career is practically run—an abnormal life, she seemed somehow to fit into it. In just what sort of a "Wild Western" play Jane could be staged it would be difficult to determine off-hand; she is so unusual, so entirely different from other women, good or bad.

Though Jane was many times in the Montana



From a

"CALAMITY JANE" AND HER FAMOUS MARE, JESS.

[Photo,

variety theatre, a soldier and Indian fighter in male attire, and a typical, though feminine, frontier-town "bad man," riding her horse into saloons, shooting the lights out, and performing other orthodox feats in the most approved fashion. Then, by easy steps, as her age increased, she descended the incline to be what

town where I was residing, it was never my fortune to see her but once. Imagine a town thronged with well-dressed women—for Butte is as modish in these days as Boston—and then picture the bent figure of a creature whom you guess is a woman, garbed in rough gunny-sacking, stamping along in men's boots. This

was Jane a few years ago. Her hair, grey and tousled, hung down over her brow, and a cowboy hat topped off the picturesque costume. It was on a cold winter's day when I saw the old woman. As I looked through a front-office window, Jane, who had turned quickly to resent some thoughtless gibe from a lad across the way, slipped on the icy pavement, and, in falling, cut an ugly gash across her forehead. Several of us rushed to her assistance and brought her inside the office. Her real grievance seemed to be for the stirring days that were gone; the times when impertinent youngsters held "Calamity Jane's" personal

en route one day, when the command was passing through an especially rough mountain country, and at a moment when the soldiers were entering a deep canyon, walled with boulders and stunted pines, they were cleverly ambushed by the Indians. One of the white officers was shot by a concealed red-skin and fell from his horse, whereupon two other painted savages rushed from their hiding-places, intending to secure the fallen man's scalp. At this critical juncture, however, the young girl scout spurred her pony forward at a gallop, protecting herself Indian fashion by clinging to the animal's side. She shot one red-skin dead as



"SHE SHOT ONE RED-SKIN DEAD."

prowess in wholesome respect; the days when savage Indians, pitted against a troop of soldiers of whom she was one, found they "had a man to deal with," and when brave after brave went down before her unerring rifle.

It was upon one such occasion as this that she earned the sobriquet which clung to her for life. She was piloting several companies of soldiers from the Montana barracks across the wild, wolf-infested prairies for a distance of six hundred miles to the Black Hills country in Lower Dakota, where a large band of hostile Sioux were said to be besieging the gold-miners. No more intrepid guide could have been found in the whole North-West, though at the time Jane was a girl barely out of her teens. While

he was on the very point of securing his ghastly trophy, and then, her horse still running, reached down from her insecure position, seized the prostrate soldier from the ground, and, throwing the unconscious body across her saddle, escaped with it to the main body of troops. When the officer finally recovered consciousness and learned how he had been rescued from certain death he made some remark about "a man being unusually lucky to have such heroines as Jane around in times of calamity." The combination of words and the remembered circumstance itself caused "Calamity" to be added to the young heroine's name, and she became "Calamity Jane," a sobriquet she has borne ever since.

Jane's real name, her full name, is open to doubt. A gentleman who has known her from infancy up has a dim idea that her family name was "Marks"—"though which family, that of her parents or of one of her husbands," he added, with a laugh, "is by no means sure." Jane's marital ventures have been variously estimated at from one to fourteen. An unsigned but very graphic biography of "Calamity" which appeared recently in the *Helena (Mont.) Independent*—which, among a score of written and verbal

Another interesting and pertinent extract from this same authority reads as follows:—

"In 1875 Jane went as a scout with Captain Crook to the Black Hills, then an Indian reservation, and not subject to settlement, to drive the (illegal) settlers out. In 1876 she was sent with important messages to General Custer. This ride across country through the bitter cold—for it was dead of winter—almost cost Jane her life, and at the same time it probably saved her, for it was only the sickness which



"AFTER THE INDIAN WARS JANE DROVE THE STAGE."

authorities on the subject consulted by me to help out my own recollections, I consider the most concise and interesting—has this to say as to "Calamity's" marriages: "If she had a surname (and she had more than a dozen, for she has been married time and again) she would not acknowledge it. It is a singular fact that, while Jane has fought in many battles without a wound and braved many dangers, every one of her twelve husbands met a violent death, and that, too, soon after marriage. It was a by-word at one time in Montana that the man who married Jane married certain 'calamity.'"

followed that prevented her being present at the fatal Custer engagement.

"After the Indian wars Jane took to carrying mails for the Government. She drove stage and waggon trains, she served her time as a cattle-puncher, and she was in every posse that went out after a desperado. She lived for many years in Deadwood, which was the 'toughest' town in the Black Hills, and for a time she carried the mail between Deadwood and Custer City.

"'Calamity Jane' was as keen in a hunt after criminals as she was when on the Indians'

trails. She was in the party that went after the notorious Jack McCall. It was she, moreover, who caught the man. She cornered him in a meat-shop, and, cleaver in hand, made him surrender. Everybody knows, more or less, of 'Calamity Jane,' who is the last of the old Indian fighters and army scouts. She deserves recognition for being the bravest and the pluckiest and the wildest of them all."

As I gazed on the grotesque and decrepit form of "Calamity" that day when she fell on the ice in the streets of Butte, I could not help comparing the wretched creature before me—whose wounded forehead a kind-hearted woman employé was tenderly bathing—with a picture I had seen of her twenty years earlier, as the saucy-faced "soubrette" of a frontier dance-hall, bespangled and bediamonded.

This unfortunate woman undoubtedly possessed great force of character, together with inherent energy and wonderful bravery. Had she been reared amid favourable surroundings, and not thrown practically upon her own resources while the merest child into the probably well-intentioned and kind-hearted but incompetent protection of a company of soldiers in an unsettled country, the chances are that she would have grown up a splendid woman.

With all her callousness and more recently dissipated life, "Calamity" recognised the fact that she was a social outcast. She had one child, a daughter, whom she had educated "back East." Upon this daughter she never intruded herself. She kept her in an Eastern State all her life; and while her affection for her child was great, she never allowed her

daughter to know just how degraded a mother she possessed.

To Mr. George Martz, the night overseer at the Helena gaol, and to a number of prominent Butte gentlemen, all of whom had known, or heard of, "Calamity Jane" in early days, and all of whom had a word of regret for the poor woman's approaching end, I am also indebted for information. Each man had one or more anecdotes to tell in which Jane figured. To economize space I will not attempt to classify

this information, but treat it as history. In the *Montana Post*, an early-day newspaper, I also found pertinent items.

For a number of years I had lost sight of "Calamity." The last word I heard of her was in the year of the pan-American Exposition (1900-1), in Buffalo, N.Y. This was to the effect that some alleged "charitable" society had added Jane to the big show, in a way which was to put the old lady in Easy Street for the rest of her days. I find now, in the *Independent* sketch, a statement that Jane's so-called benefactors were suspected by their *protégé* to be reaping the greater part of the money accruing from her personal exhibition at the fair. Moreover, poor "Calamity" mourned for her wild mountain home, the locality where there

was "room for an old woman to breathe."

Buffalo Bill (Colonel Wm. F. Cody, of "Wild West" fame) chanced to visit the exposition. Jane espied him when he stepped from the cars. Knowing him well, as she knew and was known by every prominent Westerner, she immediately approached him.

"They've got me buffaloed," said "Calamity" to the famous ex-scout. "I want to go back. There's no place for me in the East. Stake me



From a] "CALAMITY JANE" IN FEMALE COSTUME. [Photo.

for a railroad ticket and the price of the meals and send me home."

"After this fashion," continues the biography mentioned, "Jane got back to Livingston, Montana, in September, 1901. She made a round of the town with tears in her eyes, and over and over again expressed her joy at being 'home' again."

The next public mention of this wonderful but unfortunate woman was the announcement that she had, in some half-demented return to the old days, undertaken to "shoot up" the town of Cheyenne, which sad error had landed her in duress.

There is something of tragedy in the account given me by a city night gaol-guard (for gaols have been Jane's retreats during these later years of her life) of his experience with the old lady during a recent sojourn in his hostelry.

"She was very ill indeed," said my informant, "and I actually feared, when she came ambling in through the corridor and announced that she'd come for a night's lodging, that she would never leave the building except in a coffin. She was as shaky as a person with ague, and her face was as white as a ghost's. She was going to reform, she said, if she recovered, and go back East, after 'bracing her wardrobe' and 'corralling her old grey locks,' and pass the balance of her days in respectability with her 'little gal.'"

"Well, the matron got her to bed in the women's ward, and having a full house that night, and being accustomed to Jane's visits, I soon forgot all about her.

"About a couple of hours after midnight, however, as I sat reading over the day's log, a loud screech from the upper tier, where the women's cells are, brought me out of my chair. I'm accustomed to more or less loud noises in

the gaol at night. What with crazy folks *en route* to the asylum, drunken Indians, and our own crop of vagabonds, it's more or less of a pandemonium the whole night long.

"But this screech was somehow different. It had an unearthly sound; and presently the matron came hurrying down to say that Jane was taken bad. 'She's thinking she's fighting Indians,' said the matron, 'and I can't do anything at all to control her.'"

"So I went up there myself, fearing the old

lady might do herself some injury. She had the quilt off her cot wrapped about her body, and seemed to have her own rôle mixed up with a red-skin's. She had clutched a loosened round out of a chair, and was aiming it as if it were a rifle. 'Just watch me wing the red scoundrel, captain,' said Jane, addressing some visionary officer near by. 'Wait till he shows those two snake's eyes of his again over that clump of brush. Why, that's the villain who shot my Bess!' she fairly screamed, casting her staring, unseeing eyes about her, as though someone had protested. Bess, I should explain, was a bay mare presented to 'Calamity' nearly thirty years ago by General Crook—a magnificent beast, which, barring Jane's daughter, was the one

thing she ever really loved. The mare was shot from under her by the Sioux in the Black Hills country one day when Jane was escaping from a band of them, and she mourned about it for years. Now she was living those stirring scenes all over again.

"We finally quieted her to some extent. She hadn't the vitality to keep that state of excitement up long. She'd start to shout something good and brave to the soldier boys she thought were around, but each time the sentence would dwindle to an old-age quiver. It was the first



"CALAMITY JANE" IN HER BUCKSKIN SCOUTING ATTIRE.
From a Photo.

time I had ever realized how very near done with life poor 'Calamity' was.

"I'm telling you, friend," said this speaker to me in conclusion, "that I wasn't finding a thing in the poor old woman's wanderings to laugh at. She's been up against hard luck the whole of her life. She has never had the least kind of chance to be other than what she was."

For a fact, if anyone could collect and arrange in proper chronological order just the most thrilling events in "Calamity Jane's" life he would have material for a good-sized book. A great part of it would read like the "blood-and-thunder" literature which we grown-ups used to hide in the hay-mow and read surreptitiously; but it would possess the merit, at least, of being the truth.

Up to within a few years ago her life was full of exciting adventure such as everyone likes to read of. As a mail-carrier through a section of what is now South Dakota, while she was riding at twilight through a narrow pass in the hills, a mountain cat, or jaguar, leaped off the bank above her head, giving vent to one of those unearthly, hair-lifting screeches of theirs—a sound that has made more than one brave man turn cold when it has resounded unexpectedly in the night. The jaguar just missed its human prey in its leap, but landed on the shoulders and neck of the horse. Jane, instead of getting frightened and going into hysterics, shot the brute dead, putting the muzzle of a six-shooter right into the animal's ear; and barring some ugly claw-marks on her horse's neck there was no harm done. The stuffed hide of this identical jaguar was later presented to Colonel W. E. Reynolds, of General Crook's staff, my informant believed, if his memory served him right.

Upon another occasion, also when she was acting as mail-carrier and soon after the encounter with the mountain cat, "Calamity" was being pursued by two Sioux warriors one day near noon, when in leaping her horse across a small stream on the open plain the animal stumbled and broke his leg. She was armed only with a revolver, which contained but two cartridges. The red-skins set up a wild howl of delight at her misfortune, and spurred their ponies forward at a dead run; but Jane, as coolly as she used to "call a bluff" in a poker game, first mercifully emptied one of the two loaded barrels of her weapon into the brain of her wounded horse, to put him out of his misery, and then shot the foremost red-skin through the head with the remaining charge, after which she simply scared the second Sioux off with an empty gun! She was, unfortunately, entirely out of cartridges, through an oversight—

something, by the way, she was seldom guilty of—but her "bluff" answered. She bound the Indian's hands across his back, unassisted; tied his ankles together by a long loop under his horse's body, using for the purpose her own bridle-reins and the ropes which held the mail sacks on. Then she marched her prisoner back to Deadwood without further difficulty, riding the dead Indian's pony herself!

In the days when, as a mere girl, she first entered the Government service, she went upon lonesome trips, lasting one and two weeks, as a messenger between remote army posts. She built little rough shelters to protect herself at night—just a few logs stuck end up in the ground—and often the timber wolves and coyotes, and sometimes even mountain lions, would come nosing around so close that she could feel their hot, fetid breath on her face. She grew so accustomed to this, however, in time that, providing the animals were decently quiet in their investigations, she paid no attention to them, but slept calmly on.

Without doubt, the event which most proved the mettle and fearlessness of this peculiarly gifted but unfortunate woman was her daring escape from Black Elk and a small band of his companions, which occurred soon after her single-handed capture of the Sioux warrior.

The Indians had surprised her at a moment when she was dismounted, busily engaged in removing a pebble from her pony's hoof. They had her nearly surrounded before she espied them. She was in her saddle, however, at a single bound, and, putting spurs to the beast, distanced the red-skins before they could hurl a tomahawk or fire a shot. An edict had gone forth in the Sioux camp just before that Jane must be captured at all costs. She had shot too many braves, escaped too many ambushes, proved her intrepidity in too many ways, to make her a desirable person to leave longer at liberty.

Looking back over her shoulder after a hard ride of several miles, Jane was as alarmed as she ever allowed herself to be at personal danger to observe that her pursuers were gaining on her. Usually the most thoughtful of persons with her dumb companions, she again dug the spurs into her pony's heaving flanks, and then bending low over his neck—being now within possible range of the pursuers' fire—she managed to maintain what proved a safe distance from the howling demons, until she reached the cover of a small clump of cottonwoods—what Westerners call a "jark." These trees extended in an unbroken mass to the edge of a deep gorge, a short distance to the right, and parallel with



"JANE SHOT THE BRUTE DEAD."

which she had been riding for miles. With the foliage to hide her movements, Jane quickly followed the cover to the cliff, where, without a moment's hesitation, she forced her tired and frightened pony down a narrow trail to the bottom of the canyon, over a rocky path which would have scarcely furnished secure foothold to a Rocky Mountain goat. When the red-skins reached the "park," and "beat it up" to discover their quarry, they were completely baffled. They saw no sign of her on the broad prairies

beyond the wood, and yet she was not among the trees. They were naturally dumfounded. The thought that any sane person would attempt the perilous descent into the canyon never once occurred to even those fearless riders of the plains.

Finally, by accident, a young brave, searching by himself, espied Jane many hundred feet down the precipitous wall of rock, and shouted the startling news to his comrades.

Gathered in an awe-stricken group at the



"THEY SAW THE BRAVE RIDER SLOWLY WORKING HER WAY DOWN THE FACE OF THE CLIFF."

edge of the precipice and peering over, they saw the brave rider slowly working her way down the face of the cliff, finally reaching the bottom in safety. They had no doubt in their superstitious minds that she had been safeguarded in the feat by the Great Spirit. As they looked, they beheld the pale-faced maiden glance up and wave her Winchester at them in defiance, and later ride slowly down the canyon

towards her original destination. This latter she finally reached some three days late, on the back of a borrowed "cayuse," her own pony having put a climax upon his experiences by falling dead under her. The balance of her trip is a story of adventure by itself, which I shall have to omit.

"I knew I wasn't going to die then," said "Calamity," some time later. "Once a fortune-teller told me that I'd die when I got to be eighty, of old age. I always believe whatever I'm told, so I wasn't frightened."

Though the old woman is a number of years "to the good" of the octogenarian limit set her by the fortune-teller, it is evident that she will soon answer the last roll-call.

It seems pitiful that a worn-out old servant of her country, and such a faithful one as Jane has been, cannot be given a more seemly place to die in than a gloomy prison cell. It may be argued that the old scout will have none of the restrictions of "homes for the aged and feeble," and this was undoubtedly true while she still possessed vitality. But to-day it is different. The fast-dimming eyes might at least turn their last glance upon the free, open skies and the

broad plains she loved so well. The dying woman's cot might, with no violent exercise of charity and common humanity, be drawn tenderly before some sunlit window, where there should be a vista of her beloved mountain-sides; where she might draw in one last deep breath of pure mountain air, in place of the fetid atmosphere of her steel-barred prison. She is deserving of a kindlier treatment and a fairer passing. "Forget the evil and remember the good." It would be but a slight token of appreciation, and, more than that, it would be the truest form of that charity which the Good Book recommends. Poor "Calamity Jane"!



II.—ASCENDING THE NIGER.

We have made arrangements with a British officer for an illustrated account of his experiences on a journey from London to the mysterious sacred city of Sokoto, and thence to Lake Tchad. This expedition, involving over two thousand miles of travel in regions hitherto quite unknown, should prove of unique interest, as the author was a member of the expedition which penetrated six hundred miles up the Niger and thence marched westward to Sokoto—a city which had previously been visited by only one Englishman, who went there many years ago in disguise, since when the treacherous and fanatical Fulani have refused the white man all access. The greater portion of the country dealt with is an absolute terra incognita, being the hunting-ground of the Tuareg, the Fulani, and the slave-raider. In this series—the first detailed account of the most important expedition of recent years in British West Africa—Captain Foulkes will deal with the adventures and episodes of everyday life in the interior, illustrating his descriptions with his own photographs.

DURING the night that we lay at anchor a little way above Onicha a tremendous tornado came upon us about two o'clock, accompanied by the most magnificent display of lightning I have ever witnessed. Some of the flashes seemed to last for three or four seconds, and Asaba, lying on the opposite side of the river, was brilliantly lighted up at short intervals. The deluge of rain which fell flooded several of the cabins on one side of our boat, but I was favourably placed and escaped it. I could, however, sympathize with the drowned-out victims, who used most violent language. One of our fellow-passengers—an officer of the West African Frontier Force—who was returning from leave in England, was sleeping on deck, and at the moment of his rescue he was found

in a horizontal position in the air, hanging on desperately to his mosquito curtains, which were tied to the roof. However, after the storm passed there was a general collection of kit and a redistribution of dry blankets, after which everyone turned in again. At noon we arrived at Lokoja. For some miles below the town there are high hills on both sides of the river. Rugged, flat-topped, steep, and covered with masses of bare granite, they resemble very much in shape some of the South African kopjes.

Soon we caught our first glimpse of the great River Benue, which runs for hundreds of miles eastwards towards Lake Tchad, and which at this point is about as wide as the Niger itself.

As we steamed up to the wooden high-level pier we saw the *Empire*, a stern-wheel boat

used as a Government yacht; and the Union Jack flying at the mast informed us that the High Commissioner, Sir Frederick Lugard, was on board.

From a glance at the map Lokoja would appear to be an ideal situation for the headquarters of Northern Nigeria, placed as it is at the junction of the two great waterways which facilitate communication between it and the outer world to the south, and also with the eastern and northern extremities of the Colony. As a matter of fact, it was for some time the

centre of Government, but the place has now been abandoned in favour of Zungeru, a site on the Kaduna River, which joins the Niger one hundred and fifty miles higher up. Lokoja is not considered sufficiently far to the north, nor has it the reputation of being particularly healthy; nevertheless the new site for head-quarters seems to be universally unpopular in the Colony.

The officers' mess at Lokoja has, as it would be easy to imagine, many curious African war trophies, such as spears, barbed and poisoned arrows, etc., and in front of the building, on either side of the entrance, stand two brass muzzle-loading rifled guns which were recently captured from the natives in action at Yola, far up the Benue.

It is possible that, as is said, these guns were manufactured in the country, but, if so, how such words as "Toulouse," "Douai," and the

Napoleonic crest happened to be cast on them must always remain a mystery.

Lokoja is an important military centre, one battalion of troops having its head-quarters here. The native artillery company is armed with the

7-pounder mountain gun, but some good 75-millimetre breech-loading guns have lately been received, which I saw do some excellent practice shooting on the river-bank one morning. The company is well drilled, and the carriers—the guns and carriages take to pieces for man-transport—are trained to remain

under cover in rear of the battery when the latter is in action, and come up on the word of command, with no confusion, and sling and take up their loads ready to march away.

The native drum and fife band also gives a very creditable performance, though it seems rather incongruous to see these stalwart blacks marching to, say, the inspiring strains of "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

Another photo, shows the "Waffs," as they are called, on parade. These are the troops who afterwards occupied Kano and Sokoto.

Altogether military life in Lokoja compares very favourably with many other stations one could mention, though some of the "bush" detachments up

country are hard put to it at times for amusement and even for food.

Ponies do well in this part of the country, and polo is played three times a week. When



From a

THE HIGH COMMISSIONER'S YACHT "EMPIRE."

(Photo.



OLD BRASS NAPOLEONIC GUN CAPTURED FROM THE NATIVES AT YOLA.

From a Photo.



From a

THE NATIVE ARTILLERY BATTERY AT PRACTICE ON THE RIVER-BANK.

[Photo.

we were at Lokoja a gymkhana was held on the polo ground, when good sport was provided for the men, who took great interest in the proceedings.

One of the photographs reproduced shows a "bucket race" about to commence.

Towards the end of our stay in Lokoja con-

fimation was received of rumours which had previously been current to the effect that a big military expedition was being arranged to start for Kano and Sokoto.

It was now stated definitely that a force was to be concentrated at head-quarters at Zungeru against Kano, and that three hundred men were



THE "WAFFS" ON PARADE—THESE ARE THE TROOPS WHO AFTERWARDS CAPTURED KANO AND SOKOTO.

From a Photo.



From a] COMPETITORS LINED UP FOR THE "BUCKET RACE" AT THE LOKOJA GYMKHANA. [Photo.

to be taken from Lokoja. Naturally this produced considerable bustle, the preparations being on a much larger scale than in the case of any previous "war palaver" in this country. Some hundreds of Hausa carriers were engaged, and the R.A. "millimètre" battery was detailed to leave Lokoja in advance of the remainder of the contingent.

The Hausas make excellent carriers, being

bazaar at Lokoja to the effect that the Argungu garrison had been attacked by the Emperor of Sokoto and had been annihilated.

This was, of course, not believed, but it was of some interest to our party, as this was the force from which we hoped to draw an escort on our arrival near Sokoto. News also arrived that Zaria, a military station strongly held, was being threatened from the direction of Kano,



From a] ENROLLING CARRIERS FOR THE EXPEDITION TO KANO. [Photo.

sturdy and possessing great staying powers. They are enrolled in gangs under a headman, and each answers to a name and has, in addition, a brass identification ticket given him. The accompanying photo. shows a number of these carriers being enrolled at Lokoja.

A startling rumour was brought in from the

and that the expedition was to advance first to the relief of this place. So it was in anticipation of stirring events as well as of novel experiences that we finally left Lokoja for the north in the Niger Company's stern-wheel boat *N^o Kissi*.

On the evening of our first day's steaming we

stuck fast on a sand-bank and spent the night there.

The river had fallen nearly twenty feet at Lokoja since our arrival, and now sand-banks were to be seen everywhere. On these flocks of geese, cranes, and pelicans rested, and greyish-green crocodiles basked in the sun, open-mouthed. For the last-named we kept a sharp look-out all day, and shot at them whenever an opportunity occurred. Looking through field-glasses one could see these horrible monsters sleeping at full length at the water's edge, secure in the dread in which they are held by the natives. Then all of a sudden a volley from three or four rifles would ring out from the steamer, the water was splashed up in two or three places, and the crocodile woke up, jerked his hideous head towards us for a moment, and then suddenly wriggled into the river with a movement or two of his tail. A few seconds later a low, dark line would be visible on the surface of the water a little distance off, which would at once disappear on another shot being fired.

At this time of year the portion of the Niger in which we now were is bordered with vast flat plains overgrown with long grass and rushes, which at high water must be covered several feet deep. Hills are found for some

débris at their foot is an indication of the rapidity with which the river alters its course, and of the constant changes that are taking place in its bed. In fact, the pilots do not shape their course from charts or from memory, but merely judge it from the appearance of the surface of the water.

On the low banks and on recently exposed sandy islands we steamed by many temporary settlements of natives, who, passing up and down in their canoes, put up little mat shelters in which to spend the night.

We stopped at the regular wooding stations as we proceeded along the Niger, in order to replenish our fuel. Short logs are carried on board in deep wicker baskets by employes of the Niger Company. Numbers of women and girls—old and young—jostle each other over the narrow planks that are thrown from the boat to the bank; and the chattering and laughter, with the terrified screams of the little ones when they are pushed aside into the shallow water, produce a babel of sounds that is the necessary accompaniment of every typical African scene.

Wood fuel serves its purpose sufficiently well, but it is productive of showers of sparks which burn everything hung up on the deck-rail, or even standing well within it. Towards dusk these lumps of glowing charcoal produce a very pretty

effect, trailing on either side of the steamer and also well behind it.

Faither up river our engines broke down and we had to be taken in tow by the *N'Doni*, a sister boat to ours. In this way we steamed for two days, passing the large villages of Shonga and Rabba. We also grounded several times on hidden sand-banks. As we approached Jebba rocks became visible for the first time on the banks and in the river itself, and we soon came in view of hills nearly a thousand feet high, towering directly over the river.

At Jebba we disembarked with all our belongings, as the navigation is dangerous above this point, and the remainder of our long journey was to be accomplished in canoes. Jebba is a very considerable native town on the direct route between Ilorin, on the west of the Niger, and Kano, the great Hausa trade centre on the east. It consists of four distinct



THE RIVER-BANKS ARE OF SAND AND CONTINUALLY FALLING IN—THE NATIVE PILOTS JUDGE THEIR COURSE FROM THE APPEARANCE OF THE WATER. (Photo.)

distance up similar to those at Lokoja—flat-topped and rocky, with trees growing on them in tufts, like the wool on a negro's head.

The banks of the river are of sand and vertical; they are continually falling in, and the

parts, two of which are built on opposite sides of the river and the other two on either side of an intervening island. It is called Port Florin, and the scene at the landing-place is a very busy one. In former days, when this was the headquarters of Northern Nigeria, there must have been still more movement and water traffic. Now that nearly all the Europeans have left the place, little is landed excepting native trade goods, the chief article imported being salt, in bags.

I took a photo. of the natives landing this salt. Every man, woman, or child carrying a bag of salt from the steamer to the Niger Company's dépôt close by receives as payment twelve cowrie shells. A man can carry two

or so voracious as those at Lokoja, where it is almost impossible on their account to sit down to a card-table after dinner.

After a few days' stay we left Jebba and entered upon the final stage of our river journey, which had to be done in canoes.

Although vessels have steamed higher up the river than Jebba—as far as Leaba, in fact—the navigation is very dangerous, owing to rocks, and the journey is never now attempted. For some time before our arrival steps had been taken in Jebba to collect a sufficient number of native canoes to carry all our stores, and twenty were drawn up in line at the landing place by the time we were ready to go on.

In other parts of the West Coast of Africa



From a) NATIVES LANDING SALT AT JEBBA—THEY RECEIVE TWELVE COWRIE SHELLS PER BAG.

[Photo.

bags at a time, but the little girls stagger along half-hidden under one, supremely happy in their gradually increasing store of cowries.

Three hundred cowries are valued at one shilling, so employers have no reason to grumble at the price of labour here. Official Jebba is now in a state of dismantlement.

There is only a small detachment of soldiers here now, which will probably be replaced shortly by police.

The hungalows on the hill, including the old Government House, are being taken to pieces to be shipped off to Zungeru, and the place has in consequence a very deserted appearance. Mosquitoes are more numerous than on the river itself, but they are not nearly so plentiful

canoes are often met with built up with planks, and fitted with mats for sailing; but these canoes were all "dug-outs," hollowed out of a single tree-trunk. Sometimes an end is added or a perfectly serviceable patch made by fastening extra pieces to the main body of the canoe with iron staples of native manufacture.

The canoes, of course, vary very much in shape, length, and breadth; they generally have square ends and flat bottoms, and some have a distinct curve in them! A few are forty or fifty feet long and four feet wide, but these are exceptional.

A certain amount of caulking had to be done in our canoes before the loads were distributed in them according to their bulk and value. It



From a

THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE CANOE VOYAGE.

[Photo.

was fortunate that these preliminary precautions were taken, as more than one accident occurred subsequently, and the ascent of the river proved to be really dangerous in places. When the word was finally given to start all the canoes pushed off together, the native pole-men jabbering away to each other as is their wont, and shouting out farewells to their wives and friends on shore.

It was a singular spectacle, seen from behind, this fleet of canoes stretched out in a long procession hugging the bank, a forest of poles being wielded in the air in all sorts of ways and at all angles.

Two men work the smaller canoes, one standing in the bow and the other in the stern; each is armed with a light pole twelve or fifteen feet long, and also with a paddle.

The current is too strong in most places to allow of canoes ascending in mid-stream, and poling is almost entirely resorted to.

Canoes in consequence have to skirt along the banks, the men finding purchase for their poles when possible in the bottom of the river. Sometimes projecting and overhanging branches are made use of, or the *débris* of half-sunk trees.

In places, too, where the current is very strong twigs or reeds are seized by which the canoes are pulled along by hand, the man in the stern assisting with his paddle and helping to maintain the direction. Canoeing is a very tedious method of ascending a rapid river, but when, as in our case, a large number of loads have to be conveyed no other means of transport is available, in view of the difficulty of collecting any con-

siderable number of carriers for overland travelling.

Going up the Niger we generally struck camp by starlight and moved off in the grey of early dawn, often in a dense mist that hung over the river and the low-lying country on either side of it.

Islands are very numerous in this part of the river; sometimes they consist of huge rocks, smooth and bare, standing straight up out of the water, with the current swirling round their flanks; others are low clumps of bush, with little sandy beaches.

In the case of the large islands—some of which occupy the greater part of the width of the river

—the water runs in narrow channels on either side like a mill-race, and it was in just such a place that our first accident occurred.

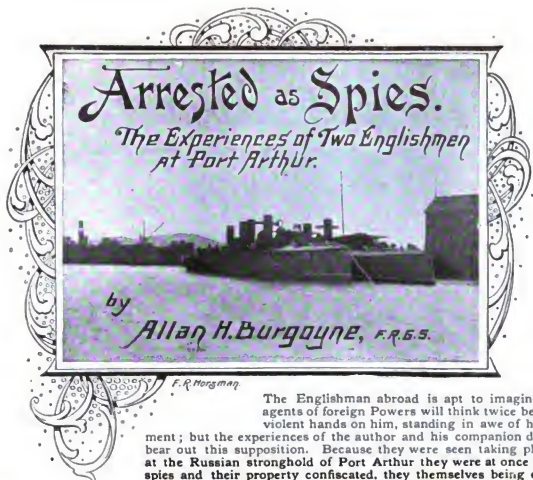
One of the canoes—loaded, fortunately, only with bales of cloth, with which we had provided ourselves to make purchases up country and for presents—struck on a rock, and while we were trying to get it off it turned broadside to the current and immediately capsized and sank. The river was not deep at this spot, however, and the canoe was soon recovered from the bottom and reloaded.

In some parts of the river it is difficult to make any progress at all, and travelling in these unstable craft is not only disagreeable but absolutely dangerous, particularly for twenty or thirty miles above Jebba.

Here the banks are lined with projecting trees, which often stand out in deep rapid water like an abattis; and the task of moving forward, and at the same time preventing the head of the canoe from swinging round, taxed the resources of our canoe-men to the utmost.

Sometimes large, sharp-biting flies, like the English horse-fly, darted out from the bushes, and immense brown mosquitoes, disturbed from their resting-places in the reeds, infested the canoes, and were in certain parts of the river an almost intolerable nuisance throughout the day. In one place, too, I heard the hum of a swarm of bees in the branches overhead, and was very thankful when we passed the spot, having had a most unpleasant experience with African bees on a former occasion.

(To be continued.)



Chinese murderers! How they escaped this terrible fate, which would have meant almost certain death, and finally got away from Port Arthur is here narrated.

IT does not fall to the lot of every traveller to be arrested as a spy—at a Russian naval stronghold of all places—and the following account of how we got the better of our captors after being wrongly detained on this charge will, perhaps, interest WIDE WORLD readers.

At Pekin, from whence we started on the journey that was to end in so strange a manner, our passports had been certified by Sir Ernest Satow, the British Minister, to be ample for safe travel in any land under the jurisdiction of Europeans or civilized white people. We naturally concluded that the Russians were included in this category.

Our first thought before starting was regarding money, and to save trouble later on we obtained several hundred roubles in notes from a branch of the Russo-Chinese Government Bank at Shanghai, carrying this with us until we started on our projected trip.

We left Pekin station by an early train on as fine a day as ever dawned over China—a country of sunshine and azure skies—and travelled between low-lying, uninteresting sand-

plains down to Taku, where we were to meet the train for Shan-hai-kwang. As the day wore on the heat from the sun's rays increased in intensity, and a hot haze hung over the yellow dunes, showing up in sharp relief the thousands of cone-shaped graves which mark the line of advance of the Allies along the railway five years ago. At Taku we had some little time to wait and made a tour of the deplorably dirty town, or rather village—a village with a greater reputation for filth than even Pekin itself.

The journey to Shan-hai-kwan, the city on the Great Chinese Wall, was fairly uneventful, for up to this point the line was (at that time) controlled by the British, and the posts of ticket-collector, guard, and porter were being efficiently carried out by Mr. Thomas Atkins, who seemed to quite enjoy the unusual work. It provided them with plenty of exercise, too, in turning out the many Celestials who did not, or would not, understand the necessity for having a ticket.

At Shan-hai-kwan we were the guests of the 38th Dogras, who certainly did us well, and to whom we owe a debt of gratitude. From this military post onwards the line is under Russian

control; and it was after this that our difficulties commenced. After passing the Great Wall the train settled down to a comfortable fifteen to eighteen miles an hour, with stops at stations of not more than two hours at a time. The journey was instructive, however, as showing the difference between railways under British and Russian control. A two-days' journey brought us to Newchuang. Once across the river we found we were indeed on Russian soil. Here we had our first experience of Russian



officialdom. To reach the terminus of the Newchuang, Dalny, and Port Arthur line it was necessary to take a launch, and so, after inquiry, our baggage was placed aboard a large vessel, employed by the railway company to meet every train. No sooner was it on than a Russian soldier, through the medium of a Chinese interpreter, ordered us to take it off again, as the boat was provided to take passengers only; nothing was said about their baggage—at least, so he told us. Of course, we refused, and he made towards our travelling kit with evident intent to put it ashore himself, and only on the threat of being given a gratis bath in the river did he suddenly give the order to proceed, luggage and all. He reported us to the commanding officer on arrival, however, and I feel convinced that from that moment we were marked men. At the station a new rebuff

awaited us: when our tickets had been made out they refused to accept our rouble notes in payment, as they had been issued in China!

In vain did we expostulate and point out that they represented Russian money; it was all to no purpose. Imagine having a five-pound note refused in Ireland because it had been issued in London! We turned away in despair, seeing no alternative but to return to Taku—the way we had come—when to our great surprise a tall man, speaking in the best of English, politely offered to lend us any money we needed, nor would he take a refusal; and in the end we found ourselves sitting beside Mr. Schwob—for such was his name—*en route* for Port Arthur. Our benefactor was a French-Canadian, travelling for his brother's firm, and throughout that journey he performed the office of paymaster for us. It would not be worth my while to give a detailed account of this three-days' journey; suffice it to say that for the maximum of discomfort and dirt, and the minimum of speed and interest, it would be hard to beat.

Dalny was passed on the last day, two hours before reaching Port Arthur, a fine town without inhabitants, for the designers of this city looked well to the future in considering its population. From Dalny onwards the country is very mountainous, and we came on the fine harbour of our destination quite suddenly, after passing a deep-cutting between two hills. At the station, knowing no word of the language, we looked about for someone who might give us aid; and again fortune favoured us, for a short, genial man, evidently a Frenchman, asked whether we desired to go to the hotel. *Eh, bien!* that was just what we *did* want.

Calling a drosky and a pair-horse trolley, we saw our baggage placed on the latter, and with Mr. Schwob and the Frenchman—sub-manager of the hotel, he told us—drove off down the dusty road to our destination. And what an hotel! Never has word been so abused. A ramshackle shed of one storey, repaired and patched; around it, built out on to rock, half-a-dozen cupboards, yclept bedrooms. A Frenchwoman met us at the door with a beaming smile, and, having kennelled our luggage in the holes

allotted us, invited us to satisfy our hunger. This was our first of the many disgusting so-called meals we were to have at Port Arthur, but, having come to see the place, we were not disposed to quibble at culinary trifles—if those meals *could* be called trifles! After the repast, taking our cameras with us, we sauntered out. Our passports had already been taken and *visés* as correct and in order, and we felt as safe as at home.

The city would be a fine one were it not for the excessive filth and all-pervading stench, with a complete lack of drainage—drainage, indeed, being a thing almost unknown in Russia itself. The streets are narrow, but, where possible, are being widened, and are in all cases lined with square, open trenches, into which the sewage is run. The hilly nature of the country and wretchedness of the soil are chiefly to blame for the deplorable state of these roads, which, in dry weather, are thickly coated with a grey pestilential dust, and during the rainy season compare favourably with a farmyard in the quality of their mud and slush. So much for the town. Its appearance so disgusted us that on the second day we decided to leave the following evening, and on our way back to the hotel, after a row on the harbour, booked berths in a Japanese steamer for Chefoo, on our way to Chemulpo.

Then came the fateful proposition. Behind the hotel rose a high hill, perhaps eight hundred or nine hundred feet in elevation, and situated on its summit stood a lighthouse. "Come along," I said, "let us climb that hill, as I am certain we shall get a magnificent view from the summit."

"Are you taking your camera?" asked Hoghton.*

"Oh, certainly," I replied, and off we set. Half an hour's climbing saw us at the top, and we seated ourselves on the stone coping of the beacon to gaze in admiration at the wonderful panorama spread before our eyes. Port Arthur, the Kronstadt of the East, lay exposed below us as on a contour map. Every hill seemed to have been set by Nature in such a position as to aid in making the place impregnable, and all around, on this height and on that, were giant forts and huge batteries. Those facing the sea seemed but a stone's throw away—no more, and we watched the hundreds of workers extending the fortifications to left and right of the narrow entrance. The muzzles of many great guns shone in the sun, and the tramp of troops rose up from the barracks on our left. Then I saw a long, four-funnelled, wicked-looking craft creep

out of the harbour, and when clear of the main head stoke up and gather speed, spurning the water into foam with her whirling propellers.

"A destroyer at her trials," I remarked, and we sat down to watch her evolutions. So engrossed were we that we did not hear the approach of some men, until suddenly a stone rolled and I turned round to find two Cossacks sitting at my side. To be sociable I essayed conversation. German was no good, however, and French equally useless, and I had no Russian to try, so at last I said to my companion:—

"We'll go down now, but I'll take a few snapshots first." Suiting the action to the word, I took the most interesting views I could see, with, I must confess, scant thought as to whether I should get fortifications in as well. That I was doing wrong never occurred to me. Then we turned to descend.

One of the men touched me on the shoulder and interrogatively said "Ingleese?"

"Yes," I nodded, and then noticed that his companion had disappeared, and that there was much shouting and ringing of bells in the lighthouse, from which he presently emerged.

He had, we discovered later, been telephoning to the police. Starting down the hill, the Cossack beckoned us to follow him. This we did, still unsuspecting. At the hotel he surprised us by coming in as well, and going straight to the manager talked volubly for a few minutes. We saw the good man start, and then he said in French:—

"This soldier has been ordered by telephone to take you to the police-station; you have been caught in the act of spying!"

Our first impulse was to roar with laughter, but the troubled face of the Frenchman let us know only too plainly how serious the matter really was. The manageress then joined in and threatened a scene.

"Mon Dieu! mon Dieu! what have you done? Oh, the good name of my house, of myself! I am ruined, I am betrayed!" etc.

She quite took it for granted, apparently, that we were spies.

Then Schwob entered, and we asked his advice. He took the matter most solemnly, and we began to feel somewhat uneasy.

"This is a most serious matter, my friends," he said. "One never knows how they may take it; and as there are no Consuls here you have no one to whom you can appeal. At all events, you must go to the prison and face the music."

A policeman now came up, evidently sent to meet us, and we were ordered to step into a drosky waiting outside, our two guards coming with us. The drive to the prison was long, and

* Mr. C. K. Hoghton was my travelling companion for over fifty-two thousand miles.

the presence of our captors made us objects of great interest to all the passers-by. We discovered later that even in that short time the "capture of two British spies" had already been noised abroad.

At last a solid, bleak, greystone building came in sight, obviously the prison, and in a few minutes we were driving through the gates up to the entrance. A crowd of uniformed men stood round waiting our arrival, and as we got out at the steps a gruff-looking, bearded sergeant came forward and queried in German:—

"Sie sprechen Deutsch, Herren?"

"Yes," I answered in the same tongue, and, with Houghton, followed him in. After going down several passages we at last found ourselves in a large room. Sitting behind a deal table

papers, money, letters, keys—and we were left paupers, save for our clothes. At last the examiner seemed satisfied, and, rising, went into an inner room to the commander of the prison, we being given chairs to sit down and wait outside.

After a few minutes the old sergeant commenced a conversation with us.

"This is a bad thing you have done, gentlemen; I fear me you will have to go into the dark!" (meaning prison).

I told him we were sorry, and that we had no idea we were doing wrong. Having once started a conversation I was soon in the thick of a long account of our travels, from which topic we got on to Germany.

"How is it," I said, "that you speak such excellent German?"

"I am German," he replied, to my astonishment, and straightway I saw a possible chance of escape; by gaining this



"THE SERGEANT ORDERED SHARPLY: 'PUT YOUR CAMERA DOWN; EMPTY YOUR POCKETS.'"

was an officer, a clerk furnished with writing materials being on each side of him. We approached the table, a row of soldiers closing in behind us, and the sergeant who had met us ordered sharply:—

"Put your camera down; empty your pockets on the table—everything."

This done, he commenced a cross-examination that went into hours, and with which I will not weary my readers. As each question was answered, so did our interlocutor translate the reply for the benefit of the officer and clerks. Everything but our clothes was removed—

man's friendship we might at least avoid imprisonment. So I talked of his home, his wife and children—of which he had two—of how fond I was of Germans, of the sagacity of their Emperor and the kindness of the nation as a whole, of their friendship for England, etc., until he suddenly stopped me and said:—

"Gentlemen, I am sure of your innocence, and I will do what I can; they will never dare throw you into prison, as there are between fifty and sixty Chinese there, awaiting execution for murders and dacoity around the city."



A PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE NEW TOWN, PORT ARTHUR—IT WAS THROUGH SNAPSHOTTING THIS AND OTHER POINTS OF INTEREST SHOWN IN THE ACCOMPANYING PHOTOGRAPHS THAT THE AUTHOR WAS ARRESTED. [Photo.

This was very cheering, and after so good a beginning we were soon on excellent terms with our erstwhile enemy. At last the lieutenant came out again and gave a long order to the German, whose face grew more and more glum as he proceeded. Turning to us, he held up a long sheet of closely-written paper and said :—

"This is what I expected, gentlemen ; it is an

dangerous. "For," the prisoners argue, "we can't be more than killed, and we might as well die for ten murders as one." My readers will therefore understand why we dreaded incarceration in the common prison. We would as soon have entered a corral of wild elephants.

Prisons in the East are not divided into cells, but are merely walled and roofed dens, with one



From a]

THE HARBOUR OF PORT ARTHUR.

[Photo.

order to throw you into prison with the Chinese—it is the only prison we have !"

Now, I had often read in books of men getting cold shivers down their spines and of the lips becoming dry at the thought of some particularly unpleasant ordeal, but had never personally experienced such feelings until the sergeant told us of our fate. The mere fact of prison would not have moved us—indeed, we would rather have liked to have seen the interior of a Russian lock-up for a short time ; but with three - score condemned Chinese murderers ready to take vengeance on any white man they could lay hands on, as being instrumental in bringing about their death, the matter was quite different. I have been in Chinese prisons, and remember my visits with disgust and loathing—they are revoltingly filthy, and to white men such visits are decidedly

opening, closed by heavy iron gates, outside which stand the guards. They are never cleaned, and have no sanitary conveniences. Into such an inferno we were now to be thrown !

There seemed no way out of it, however, and we prepared to face the inevitable. For a few brief moments the German stood, looking first at us and then at the officer. Seeing his



THE BUILDING ON THE RIGHT IS THE COURT-HOUSE WHERE THE AUTHOR AND HIS FRIEND WERE TRIED. [Photo.

hesitation the latter started forward, and in an angry voice asked him (the meaning was obvious, though we could not understand it) why he did not execute his order.

"Gentlemen, I won't do it; the responsibility shall rest with someone else," he said to me in German; and then, drawing himself up to the salute, his heels coming together with a true military click, he told the officer of his determination. The mean, bearded face of this petty tyrant became in an instant convulsed with ungovernable rage, and for a moment we dreaded what the result might be.

Our benefactor stood stolid and unmoved before the flow of abuse levelled at him, and at last, grasping the fact that all his energy was being wasted, the lieutenant stamped off to his commanding officer.

You can imagine how surprised we were at all this. How was it, we argued, that this sergeant dared to disobey the orders of his superior? Why was he himself not immediately placed under arrest for insubordination? Not until afterwards did we know the reason, and it was this. In Russia there exists a great and insuperable jealousy between the police and the military, and the civil force never loses an opportunity of showing that it is not subservient to the soldiery. The same type of jealousy is to be found in Germany and even in France, but it can only be seen in its worst form on the colonial stations of those Powers. It

was owing to one of these many differences of opinion that we escaped as we did. The sergeant was of the police, the officer of the army, and, the German being in command for the day, the officer could exercise none of the authority which would have been his in the case of a sergeant in his own service.

We were not kept long in suspense as to what was to become of us; two minutes had scarcely elapsed ere a fat, bearded, and unkempt man strode violently up to our saviour and they were soon involved in a heated altercation, the newcomer getting more and more angry, the other, however, keeping reserved and cool. We watched the verbal duel with some amusement, and noticed that the ire of the corpulent officer was calming down before the quiet logic of the sergeant of police. To make a long story short, they decided to compromise, and allowed us, after giving a written parole, to return to our hotel under escort. The good sergeant, who was one of the two who accompanied us, asked for my trunks and boxes, and with the help of a soldier made a systematic search of these, taking all books, papers, letters, and photographic plates he came across. By some

wonderful fortune he only secured half-a-dozen unexposed boxes, and left (through an oversight) those I had taken of Port Arthur, some of which are here reproduced. With a caution not to go outside the house, our guards finally left us, and said we should hear further about the matter on the morrow.

That evening we met K—y, a Russo-English student, undergoing a three years' exile for becoming involved in three political *affaires*. Interested in our story, he offered to be our advocate—this being his natural calling. As he spoke both Russian and English equally fluently,



"THE SERGEANT MADE A SYSTEMATIC SEARCH."



From a]

THE ARSENAL AND MAIN FORT, PORT ARTHUR.

[Photo.

we gladly fell in with his proposal. We also held a meeting, at which the French manager, Schwob, and K—y were present, to decide what should be done in the event of our being incarcerated. And this is what we decided.

If at the next trial we were imprisoned, each of the three would dispatch a separate cable to the British Minister in St. Petersburg, to Lord Lansdowne, and to our respective fathers. Some at least of these would get through. There are two cables, and neither, luckily, is under Russian control.

The next morning at about nine-thirty a soldier called round to say that a special naval court had been convened for five that day. When five o'clock arrived our old friend the German came personally to conduct us to the court-house, K—y accompanying us this time. Arrived at the court, we found three naval officers sitting behind a high desk, all our papers, plates, and paraphernalia before them. The cross-examination of the day before was again gone through, K—y doing the interpreting. We put forward our case in this manner: "If," we said, "you do anything to us our friends will cable to Europe, and the matter will speedily become an international affair. If, on the other hand, we are not guilty, you must return us all our belongings unharmed, recoup us for lost passage, broken plates, cab-fares, etc., and finally beg our pardons for this unwarrantable detention."

I saw the president's face broaden into a wide smile of amusement as our problem was translated to him; all three embarked on a pro-

longed discussion, and at last we were told:—

"We find you not guilty of spying, but guilty of taking photographs. As, however, there are no notices up to warn you in this respect, you are cleared of blame from that also; but though convinced of your innocence we cannot acquit you, since we have only been given power to administer punishment. We have, therefore, no alternative but to adjourn the court."

Amused with the turn affairs had taken, we made ready to go, when the three officers—who were gentlemen, which is more than can be said of our first accusers—came down to

us and in excellent French made friendly inquiries relative to our trip. After a pleasant half-hour's chat we shook hands and left.

Early the following morning a young civil officer, secretary to the Governor, asked to see me, and going out I found him with all our plates (exposed and useless) and everything that had been taken from us. In excellent English—he was, strange to state, the *only* official at Port Arthur who could speak our tongue—he told us that, although a council had been sitting all night, they could not come to any decision on our case, and he had, therefore, come to beg us to leave the country as quickly as we could.

That evening we shipped aboard a Russian steamer for Chefoo; and thence went to Kobé, where on developing my Port Arthur plates I was delighted to find that they were excellent. We had suffered some inconvenience, it is true; private letters of introduction to influential men in Japan, the United States, and Mexico had been ruthlessly torn open; the bindings of my books had been broken by rough handling, and our berths to Chefoo had been lost, to say nothing of numerous other inconveniences which it is unnecessary to particularize.

Personally, I contracted at Port Arthur a dangerous illness, and but for prompt shipment to the recuperative climate of Japan my bones would now be resting quietly in China. The experience is one that I would not care to go through a second time, and I doubt, if so unpleasant a contingency were to arise again, whether we should get off quite so cheaply as we did on this occasion.

When Niagara Ran Dry.

BY ORRIN E. DUNLAP.

An account, by an eye-witness, of an unprecedented incident in the history of the great cataract. Through an ice-jam higher up the river the water was diverted from the American Fall, and people were able to walk dry-shod where for untold centuries the mighty flood has swept along with irresistible force. The photographs of this unique spectacle will be found particularly interesting.



One who knows the mighty torrent of water that pours down from Lake Erie through the two channels to the Falls of Niagara would ever imagine that a day might come when they would be permitted to view the dry river-bed and walk at leisure over the rocky reefs only a few hundred feet back from the great waterfall. For untold centuries this enormous flood of water has been rushing and plunging along towards Niagara, creating a spectacle that mankind has viewed with wonder and awe. The terrific volume of water that dashes between the two countries in a tumultuous flood has such a magnificent power in its every movement that it is almost beyond the conception of man that it could be stopped long enough for him to look upon the strange formation of the bed of the stream. And yet this has happened recently.

It must not be overlooked in this connection that history records how on March 29th, 1848, fifty-five years ago, there was a shallowness about the river above the Falls of Niagara that caused many to wonder. It is said to have been the result of an ice-jam that formed at the river's entrance at Black Rock, near Buffalo; but, truth to tell, old residents of Niagara have but little recollection of the event. While it may have occurred, and probably did occur, to some extent, the reporter was not there with his note-book, and the "camera fiend" did not record for future ages the appearance of Niagara at that time. For this reason information is all too meagre about the incident of 1848.

Not so, however, concerning the wonderful phenomenon that occurred at Niagara on March 22nd, 1903. On the evening of the previous day it was observed by men working about the banks that the river's flow appeared to be lessening in volume. Why this should be so no one at the time knew. On Sunday morning, March 22nd, however, the amazing discovery was made that under cover of night the river had practically run dry, so far as the channel between the New York mainland and Goat Island was concerned. Investigation revealed that a mighty jam of ice existed on the reefs at the head of Goat Island, reaching all the way across the American channel to the mainland shore. This had the effect of shutting off the greater part of the flow of the river between the points referred to, diverting all the water into the Canadian channel, to go over the Horseshoe Fall.

During the time this unique state of affairs lasted the appearance of the river-bed was remarkable. A wonderful change had been wrought. Where only a few hours before a mighty torrent had plunged—had been plunging for centuries untold—children raced and romped and men and women strolled about, as though the river-bed had been made a portion of the beautiful free park. It was utterly impossible to conceive that the awful flood had been temporarily diverted. Everybody marvelled at the spectacle—a spectacle, so far as is known, that has never before been looked upon by human eyes. The river-bed had been full of ice at times, and the ice had made it possible to go into strange and unexpected places; but



From a]

THE RAPIDS OF NIAGARA AT ORDINARY TIMES.

[Photo.

to have the torrent diverted to such an extent that a person could actually walk dry-shod in mid-stream, over reef after reef, was an experience so thoroughly novel that a big crowd hurried to the river to enjoy it.

What little water made its way through the

huddled masses of ice found a course down to the American Fall close along the American shore. Its volume was insignificant as compared with the normal flow of the big river. People walked across the bridge to Green Island, marvelling at the unwonted spectacle.



From a]

THE SAME VIEW WHEN THE RIVER "RAN DRY."

[Photo.

From the shore of Green Island they stepped out upon the dry river-bed and strolled here and there about the rocks. Not one of them had ever in their wildest dreams expected to enjoy a promenade on that spot. Standing on the reefs, they recalled the irresistible rush of the waters when the river was following its accustomed route, and they wondered with a fearful thrill

an adventure they can never expect to repeat. If man were to attempt to create a similar spectacle by diverting the waters, it would require an expenditure of many millions and then might prove a failure. But the comparatively small cakes of ice floating down from Lake Erie had gathered in such quantities as to conquer the mighty river's flow, and mankind



PEOPLE WANDERING ABOUT IN THE RIVER-BED—"THEY WONDERED WHAT WOULD HAPPEN SHOULD THE JAM SUDDENLY GIVE WAY."
From a Photo.

what would happen should the jam suddenly give way and the waters resume their plunge towards the gorge.

The author is a life-long resident of Niagara, but had never thought to look upon such a remarkable spectacle as that viewed on this occasion. No human being could ever have anticipated being able to wander about those water-worn rocks, over which the upper rapids of the Niagara toss so tumultuously, fascinating all by their wild beauty. And oh! what a searching for souvenirs there was! Every crevice, every depression, the two little islets named Ship and Brig, which stand out in the rapids above the island bridges, were searched for relics. Men with crowbars actually broke out pieces of the river-bed to carry away as mementos of the rare event, for no one could ever hope to stand on those rocks again.

For each and every one there that day it was

was afforded a spectacle never before witnessed. No river in the world, surely, could afford such a strange adventure as this. Here, only a few hundred feet back from the brink of the American Fall, people were enjoying an outing dry-shod in mid-stream. To have the opportunity to enjoy such a unique experience as this made one feel more than lucky.

When the flow of the Niagara River is normal the American Fall presents one of the most sublime spectacles to be witnessed at any point in the world. The dash of the water as it sweeps over the brink is tremendous, and as it falls upon the rocky talus below its fury is indescribably magnificent. On March 22nd, however, there was only just enough water passing over the Fall to hide the cataract's shame. It formed a thin curtain hanging limp and lifeless over the brink, and made the spectators wonder where the glory of Niagara

had gone. It had certainly vanished completely for the time being, and those who had been familiar with the great cataract for many, many years almost felt like crying over the pitiful sight it presented. Let it be recorded that, for one day at least, Niagara was not great—at least, not the American Fall. There are "off days" in the lives of humanity, and so it was with this spectacle of Nature. But just think of the Falls of Niagara going out of business



THE NORMAL APPEARANCE OF THE AMERICAN FALL OF NIAGARA—COMPARE THIS
From a [Photo,

for even a single day! Streams of less volume, streams of less vigour may do this, but of Niagara such a thing is not expected. Ever since the white man first looked upon the great waterfall it has been constant in its flow—until this sorry day, March 22nd.

A splendid view was afforded of the great rocks at the base of the Fall. Those who saw them realized that there is little wonder why the bodies of people who pass over the cataract at certain points are



THIS REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS WHAT HAPPENED WHEN NIAGARA "RAN DRY"—"THERE WAS ONLY JUST ENOUGH WATER PASSING OVER THE FALL TO HIDE THE CATARACT'S SHAME. THOSE WHO HAD BEEN FAMILIAR WITH IT FOR YEARS FELT LIKE CRYING OVER THE PITIFUL SIGHT IT PRESENTED."

never recovered. The mammoth limestone blocks must tear a human body to pieces long before it has any opportunity of reaching the water of the lower river.

The sheet of water which usually hides the "Cave of the Winds" was on March 22nd diminished to less than the flow of a slender creek. There was no wild rush of water, only a

tion Police, who had had an anxious time, that when morning dawned the river would have attained its normal condition, and that the water would once more seek its accustomed channel.

Some time during Sunday night the great jam gave way, and by morning the waters were once again rushing impetuously over the reefs



"BY MORNING THE WATERS WERE ONCE AGAIN RUSHING IMPETUOUSLY OVER THE REEFS, WHERE THOUSANDS HAD WANDERED AT WILL LESS THAN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS BEFORE. NIAGARA WAS ITSELF AGAIN!"

From a Photo.

trickling over the brink of a thin, insignificant streamlet.

This remarkable condition of Niagara lasted throughout the day. During Sunday afternoon the crowd in the river-bed was so great that the State Reservation officials became seriously alarmed for their safety, fearing that the ice-jam might break. When night fell and everyone had come in from the river-bed it was the fervent prayer of Superintendent Perry, of the Reserva-

and rocks, where thousands had wandered at will less than twenty-four hours before. Niagara was itself again!

Since then the river has been on its good behaviour, and is expected to flow on for ages to come. Possibly never again will the river-bed be trodden by human feet. In any case the event I have described will go down in history as a wonderful incident in the career of the world-famed waterfall.



THE FLYING DUTCHMAN

MY VOYAGE WITH THE LAST OF THE SEAL-PIRATES.

BY ROGER POCKOCK.

"Claiming five nationalities, and hunted by the warships of Japan, Russia, and the United States to such an extent that her skipper, who always managed to escape, was known as the 'Flying Dutchman'"—such was the schooner "*Adèle*," the last of a fleet of seal-pirates, on which the author all unknowingly shipped for a cruise in Behring Sea. That the voyage proved exciting enough will be seen from his narrative.



IN 1889, being then twenty-three years old, I was playing about in the City of Victoria, on Vancouver Island. I had tried my hand at many trades—trooper, trader, and missionary being the last three—and thought that for variety I would like to try sailing. Full of mischief, literally hunting for trouble, I came upon a little Norwegian sailor, master of the sealing-schooner *Adèle*, and asked him to take me for a voyage. He said that he would engage me as ordinary seaman at two pounds a month, so I took my dunnage on board the *Adèle*.

So far I had not the slightest idea of anything wrong; but when I told my friends that I had joined the *Adèle* for a sealing trip in Behring Sea they told me I must be crazy. How, they asked, was a fifty-ton schooner, so small that she was readily pulled with sweeps, to face berg and ice-pack, hurricane and fog, in the terrible winter of the Arctic regions? Why, too, should she go sealing at a time when there were no seals in the north? What was the *Adèle*, any-

how? Chinese built, owned in Japan by Germans, and run by a Norwegian subject under British colours, claiming five nationalities, and hunted by the warships of Japan, Russia, and the United States to such an extent that her skipper, who always managed to escape, was known far and wide as the "Flying Dutchman"!

The trip certainly seemed to promise excitement. I was so afraid of the *Adèle* sailing without me that I went down and camped on board her. Also I grubbed around her lockers to see if I could find the black flag with the skull and cross-bones, for everybody said she was a pirate.

Soon the sailors on board began to grumble. They swore I was a spy and had brought my Kodak with me to take evidence. The skipper, to humour them, tried to persuade me to go ashore, saying he had given up the idea of Behring Sea and was only going across to Yokohama. He refused to sign me on at the shipping office, got my friends to scare me out of the voyage, and warned me of the awful

hardships I should have to endure. But all to no purpose; I was bent on making the voyage. I dared not step ashore for fear of being left behind, so I stowed myself away and did not appear on deck till we had sailed.

Not until we were well at sea did I confess to having brought my camera—a thing not usual in the kit of an ordinary seaman. All hands thereupon became so certain that I was a detective sent to spy upon them that they plotted to throw the Kodak overboard. So I resorted to strategy. I took a separate photograph of every man on board, explaining that if the camera got mislaid they would never get any pictures. That saved the camera and, to some extent, the situation.

It was next decided—I not being consulted in the matter—that I must be marooned on some desert island, so whenever we came to desert islands I kept modestly out of sight. On one island the crew landed to cut a number of bludgeons in the woods, for what purpose I could not imagine. At another island, off Northern Alaska, we watered the ship and had a lot of fun shooting salmon. Nobody, however, would tell me a word as to the purpose of the voyage, but I knew by the lay of the Aleutian Islands that we were passing between them into Behring Sea, and there was a significant overhauling of sea-boots, oilskins, and gloves as we entered the Arctic waters.

After a time things began to leak out about former voyages, and I learned that the *Adèle* was the last surviving schooner of a fleet of twenty which had been engaged in what was practically piracy on the high seas. They sailed from Yokohama usually, under Japanese colours, claiming to be sea-otter hunters, and infested the Kuriles and the Okhotsk Gulf. They destroyed every breeding-ground of fur-seals in the Kurile group, even fighting the Japanese gunboats when hard pressed. On the Russian breeding-ground at Saghalien they sometimes bribed, sometimes fought the Cossack garrisons, or made the soldiers drunk while they sacked

the warehouses, butchered the seals, and kept alert watch for the cruisers. The pirates occasionally fought pitched battles among themselves for the plunder, and at one terrible triangular duel between three schooners the "Flying Dutchman" claimed to have been present.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling tells me that his "Rhyme of the Three Sealers" was gathered at Yokohama from Captain Lake. This fine ballad embodies all the facts as told me by the "Flying Dutchman."

Some of the Yokohama pirates were lost with all hands at sea, and one or two were captured by the Russians and their people condemned to penal servitude in Siberia.

What with foundering, wreck, capture, severe discouragement by the Japanese Government, and the destruction of all the breeding-grounds, the pirates were gradually weeded out until the little *Adèle* alone remained, but she was constrained to seek refuge on the eastern side of the Pacific. In 1885, I believe, she was captured by an American gunboat and her crew put on trial in San Francisco; but the Court had neither jurisdiction nor evidence, and she had to be released. Thereafter the "Flying Dutchman" wreaked vengeance for that slight by raiding only the American breeding-grounds on the Priby-

loffs or Great Seal Islands, in Behring Sea. To the authorities in the Canadian ports where he outfitted he was obliged to give frequent proofs of his innocence and virtue as a pelagic or deep-sea sealer.

Under United States charter the Alaska Commercial Company held exclusive rights upon the Great Seal Islands, and they did everything possible to annoy the "Flying Dutchman." The company had an interest in the *San Francisco Examiner*, whose correspondents acted as private detectives to watch the seaports of Western America. In summer the islands were guarded from attack by both British and United States gunboats. The seal



THE AUTHOR, IN SEALING COSTUME.
Photo. by The Hastings Art Studio, Victoria, B.C.

rookeries were further protected by about two hundred Aleutian Indians, commanded by American officers and armed with Winchester rifles. The charts had been carefully falsified and the open anchorages were supposed to be fouled with concealed obstructions.

In summer the Pribyloffs were too closely guarded for attack; but as winter approached both the gunboats and most of the seals took refuge in warmer climates. Entrenched by the terrific perils of the sea the garrison stayed on guard. The "Flying Dutchman" planned to seize any chance of fine weather and moonlight to land upon the islands, get the garrison intoxicated, and sack the warehouses wherein the skins were stored. So valuable were these fur-seal skins that success meant a handsome fortune. This, then, was the venture upon which I had embarked.

Some two hundred miles north of the Unimak Pass we sighted the Pribyloffs, and, heading for St. George Island, bore away under black lava cliffs in the midst of a driving squall, the hail whitening our decks. The mate had a powerful pair of field-glasses focused on the shores, and presently reported a man running along the cliffs. Then, as we entered South-West Bay and came up to the wind all fluttering, the skipper sang out his orders:—

"Stand by the anchor there! All ready? Down staysail! down jib! Let go!" and down plunged the anchor.

The mate, still on the look-out, reported four men coming out of a shanty, all armed with rifles. The dinghy was lowered, and with two men the skipper put off for the shore. While the rest of us stowed the sails and made all snug I began to notice that the water around us was covered with black dots. We were literally surrounded by thousands of fur-seals, all leaping and throwing themselves about, shrieking "Poooh!" at the schooner

with shrill screeches of derision, followed by a flip and a splash as they dived. They swarmed about the dinghy as though it were some new sort of toy, and one seal, gripping the blade of an oar in his white teeth, clung on like a puppy to a stick until the man missed stroke and caught a crab. The guard ashore, I could see, were standing with levelled rifles ready to fire on the boat. Then down came another squall and blotted everything out.

When the air cleared again the skipper was ashore having a pleasant chat with the guard. He told them we were off our course, with a broken binnacle, all reckoning lost, and a bad leak. We had put in, he said, "in distress." The guard explained, tersely, that they were United States Government soldiers, that we were pirates, and they had sent a man to alarm the main garrison on the other side of the island.

The skipper seemed wonderfully pleased, and produced a bottle of gin. "I suppose," he said, looking innocently at the swarming fur-seals, "that you think I came after sealskins? Dear me! Try another drink." The bottle was empty in two shakes of a seal's

flipper. Then the dinghy came back to the ship and everything was arranged for the night's work. The governor of the island and his officers were to be lured on board and held as prisoners while we landed and looted the warehouse, full of precious furs.

Meanwhile, however, the breeze increased to a strong gale, and by midnight the sea was much too rough for any work that night. I stood anchor-watch from 8 p.m. until midnight, when the second mate relieved me. Then I sat under the lamp in the forecabin

reading a novel before I turned into my bunk. On deck I heard something flopping about, and when the second mate called me up I found that he had gaffed a young seal. The seal didn't seem to mind; it was rather shy, but not



THE SKIPPER OF THE "ADÈLE," WHO WAS KNOWN AS THE "FLYING DUTCHMAN." [Photo. From a]



THE SEALING SCHOONER "ADÈLE" AT VICTORIA. [Photo. From a Photo.]

the least bit alarmed, so for some time the mate, the visitor, and I played gravely together like three sensible children. There was a full gale blowing when I went below to turn in.

"All hands on deck!" came the order. The gale had suddenly whipped round, and with hurricane strength swept in on the anchorage. The sea rose bodily at us, the hurricane screamed in the rigging, and with the anchor dragging along the ground we were swept helplessly across the anchorage. By the ghastly light of the surf we cast off the gaskets,

loosed the sails, and, manning the windlass, pumped up and down on the brakes trying to take in the anchor. Had anyone been in command we should have slipped our cable and stood out to sea, but the skipper and the mate were both drunk. So the brake was wrenched from our clutch again and again, and whole fathoms of chain tore out over the drums whenever the anchor caught, while inch by inch we tried to sweat home that chain, all the time drifting nearer the cliffs. Now we were lifting on the long combers, now sunk in the trough of the sea, but still fighting desperately with the brakes, pumping up and down to the hoarse cries which kept us in time. At last, with a sudden wrench, we were shaken off and thrown in all directions. The chain had parted, we were hurling along on the rollers, and it was every man for himself. We began to strip off our clothes.

Suddenly I noticed my chum Dave hauling up the staysail, and wondered vaguely why he didn't undress, because nobody could hope to reach the shore in sea-boots and oilskins. Then the wind stopped all of a sudden and we seemed to be in a dead calm. Looking up, I found we were under the comb of an enormous wave. Its white crest seemed higher than the mastheads and its gleaming, curved wall was arching over us, ready to fall. I yelled a warning to the crowd, gripped hard, took a long breath, and then down came the sea. The crash seemed to break my back. I felt the schooner reeling over on her beam ends, and I waited, half drowned, for the end.

The vessel, however, rolled herself clear, the rest of the men, who had been hurled into the lee scuppers, now reaching up their arms out of the white waters. The ship had been slued round by the breaker and came right up to the wind. The staysail filled and we were under way. We were saved.

It was Dave who had saved the ship by sweating up that staysail, and now we all jumped to our work. One to the wheel, the rest of us making sail, we beat up the wind, clawing our way seaward,



"IT WAS EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF."

the jagged reefs on every side, the air full of spray, the ghastly white surf giving us light to steer. When at last we all gathered at the water-butts for a drink we guessed that we had been about five minutes making that big fight for our lives—but the fo'c's'le clock said two hours!

I have never been able to find out what arrangements the garrison had made for our reception when they saw us driving ashore. They had eighty men there, and no doubt had we landed they would have done their best for us with warm blankets, hot drinks, and artificial respiration—with a course of handcuffs and leg-irons by way of dessert. The islands need no garrison; they have the surf!

We lay hove to, just beyond sight of land, waiting for the full moon before we attempted a raid on the larger island of St. Paul. The deck was glazed over, the rigging cased in ice, the wind at times blew a full gale, and the ground swell in that shallow sea threatened more than once to wholly demolish the *Adèle*. At the end of the second week, under a bright blue sky, with a fresh breeze dead astern, we bore down, all winged out, on two white hills in the sea, which at sundown grew into a large snow-clad

We stood in at dusk and lay under the land, with darkened portholes, covered skylights, and strict orders that no pipes were to be lighted on deck. The stench from the rookery came down to us on the air like a decayed hen-roost, together with a great noise made up of absurd babbling, bleating, screeching, and barking. We had plenty of wind for flight if attacked by the one hundred and fifty Aleutians of the garrison, we had moonlight to raid by, calm water for the boats, and room on deck for four hundred seals—worth a small fortune. The skipper gave orders to lower away the boats, but instead of obeying we all gathered aft and *mutinied!* The reason for this I must explain. The "Flying Dutchman" had promised to every man (except me) the sum of two shillings for every sealskin taken. That was before we sailed; but at the Shumagin Islands his promise dwindled down to a shilling a skin. One of the sailors went so far as to throw his bag into a boat, and rowed off with the casual remark that he was "going fishing." The captain got a rifle and persuaded him to return; but, nevertheless, from that time onwards we were afraid that the shilling a skin might shrink to sixpence, and the sixpence be too small for the captain to remember on paying-off day. We wanted two shillings a skin, and so we went aft to demand a written agreement before we began the raid. The skipper was very rude



"THE SKIPPER CALLED US NAMES."

island. This was St. Paul, the big city of the fur-seals, where three millions of them used to spend the summer, in order to feast on the cod banks, keep house ashore, and teach their little babies how to swim.

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and called us names. With his crew in a state of open mutiny, however, he could not raid the islands, so after a great deal of language on both sides we got up anchor, made sail, and went away to fight the matter out on the high seas.

For three days and three nights the cabin-boy and I kept watch and watch about. When we came down for meals we found the skipper busy cleaning rifles, all alert and ready for war. Forward in the forecabin the six of us sailors had only two revolvers, whereas aft in the cabin were the skipper, mate, hunter, cook, and boy, all properly armed. After three days the "Flying Dutchman" told us that he was going to raid the islands anyhow, the landing party to consist of himself, the mate, the hunter, the cook, the boy, and me. With this news he sent me to the forecabin. The mutineers were greatly pleased. They thought the skipper's raid a splendid scheme, and wished me joy of it. As soon as we were ashore among the seals, they said they would up anchor and square away for Victoria, leaving us raiders to our fate. "What will you do?" they asked; "camp in the snow, or explain things to the United States garrison?"

All this was very awkward. I could not act as a tale-bearer and warn the skipper, nor could I play the coward and refuse to go raiding. Neither did I care to side with the mutineers in actual mutiny. To go with the captain meant capture by the United States authorities and a term of imprisonment for raiding the forbidden islands, while to throw in my lot with the mutineers meant outlawry as a pirate and a term of imprisonment for helping to steal a ship. I spent half that night making a pocket in the breast of my leather jacket for certain private papers. I had decided to go with the captain.

Meanwhile I had proposed to the contending parties a plan for dividing the plunder, and both the captain and the mutineers told me I was a fool. On that one point they were agreed, but by breakfast time next morning they found other points for agreement, including the whole of my plan for a settlement. I was just aching for a little praise, but, instead, everybody rounded on me. I was a wretched detective, they said, reverting to the old accusation, sent on board to spy, and had better keep a civil tongue in my head.

The whole crowd being happy and friendly as before, and quite agreed as to the sharing of the spoils, it was decided to raid the islands forthwith. But, unfortunately, during the protracted argument we had missed our only chance of any plunder, for now the weather changed and we were in for a gale which lasted with occasional spells for five weeks. Behring Sea being a thousand miles wide and very shallow, the ground swell lifts to an enormous height, greater even than the famous sea off Cape Horn. The little chip of a schooner would lift upwards to the crest of

a mighty swell, hang poised in the white surf lashed by an icy spray, then slide down the long hill to lie becalmed in the trough, until the next monster came roaring out of the gloom. The scene was one of frightful grandeur, but after a month it began to get on our nerves. One man went mad with fear.

The schooner was rather uncomfortable also, down by the bows with tons of massive ice, sheathed from truck to keel with a gleaming crust, and hung with glittering icicles. Fairies might have enjoyed such a lovely home, but we were only sailors and we swore. But at last the wind lulled, the sea went down, and it was almost calm as we closed in with St. Paul Island. With axes and boiling water we cleared out the heavy ice, and dropped anchor abreast of the big seal rookery. It was only when we came to the actual raiding that we discovered our boats were leaking like baskets, that the surf along the shore was enough to swamp us, and, worse still, that the fur-seals had nearly all gone off to their winter resorts in the tropics!

I was not permitted to land. "No spies allowed," I was told, and I felt ruffled and sore until the boats came off in a sinking condition, with scarcely any plunder. The men were exhausted before we had a dozen seal carcasses on deck, and then they knocked off work. I volunteered to keep anchor-watch until sunrise and everybody else went to bed.

Everybody else? No; a man was missing. Oscar, the Swede, who had been driven crazy by the five weeks' gale, was found to have deserted. No doubt the poor fool had gone off to the village four miles away, and we fully expected that a hundred and fifty men, all armed with Winchester rifles, would attack the ship before daybreak.

It was two o'clock in the morning when, looking towards the village, I saw a clear light gleaming upon the beach not more than five hundred yards distant. Here, no doubt, I thought, was the attacking party, but as all our lights were covered the schooner must be quite invisible from the shore. To make certain I examined every porthole fore and aft, and was horrified at finding one uncovered. The ship's boy had taken his coat from the porthole in his bunk, and the clear light of the cabin lamp was shining out into the darkness! I covered that beacon in a hurry.

Only next day did I learn how the Swede, lost in the snow, had made a bonfire of his oilskin coat and sou'-wester to warm himself by the flame. That fire I had mistaken for a lantern carried by the men of the island guard. When Oscar saw the light in the ship go out he thought that we had sailed from the



"THE SWEDS HAD MADE A BONFIRE OF HIS OILSKIN COAT AND SOU-WESTER."

anchorage and left him, and he wept bitterly over the dying ashes of his burnt oilskins. He came on board next morning.

There was no attack. The American officers in charge of the island knew well that long before they could get their men within range we could slip our cable and be off to sea. When the raiding began again at daybreak we saw them watching us from the village, observing through their field-glasses what a very poor bag we were getting from the nearly empty breeding-grounds. We only got seventy-five seals, which we stripped on the rolling, ice-clad deck as we put to sea. The carcasses rolled about in blood

and grease, the spray lashed in our faces, and our hands were numb with cold, but somehow we salted down those ill-gotten skins, the sole results of a disastrous voyage. I had had more than enough of seal-piracy by this time, and thankfully left the schooner when we reached civilization once more.

The following year the *Adèle* made a successful voyage, stealing four hundred skins, and then in 1891 she was cast

away. Her bones lie bleaching on the Queen Charlotte Islands, but her crew escaped, and only last year I heard of the "Flying Dutchman." He was working a gold mine on the outer coast of Vancouver Island and had gallantly rescued some drowning men from a wreck. I suppose that the *Adèle* was the last of all the pirates, and there will never be any more raids like the raids of the "Flying Dutchman." It is good to look back on those lawless days, sitting here, a respectable man in most respectable London, dreaming of the awful grandeur of Behring Sea in winter, of the little ice-clad schooner, and the "Flying Dutchman."

Among the South Sea Cannibals.

BY CAPTAIN H. CAYLEY WEBSTER, F.R.Z.S.

I.

The author has recently returned from a seven years' sojourn among the fierce man-eating and head-hunting tribes of the South Sea Islands. Captain Webster's narrative makes most thrilling reading, and he illustrates it with a number of excellent photographs.



HE romantic and delightful descriptions of life in the South Seas given by Mr. Louis Becke and other writers convey a very idealized picture of the real thing. Golden beaches caressed by bright blue seas, rippling over corals of rainbow hue, or foaming surf dashing on the sullen reefs which guard those peaceful islands of eternal solitude, undoubtedly seem very beautiful and lend themselves to poetic treatment; but one is not shown the hungry sharks which haunt the sunlit lagoons, or the venomous pests which lurk in the impenetrable forests. The graceful waving palm trees, with cleverly-thatched huts peeping from their foliage, are certainly most pleasing to the eye—until one discovers the treacherous savage stealing from their midst with a native stone axe within his grasp, or perchance a poisoned arrow in his bow. Picturesque as he may appear in the distance with his feathered head-dress and nude brown body, he turns out on closer inspection to be a somewhat dirty and evil-smelling individual, with boisterous manners and rudimentary ideas of honour, often only waiting for an opportunity to strike you down. It is then that the poetry and romance slowly fade away, the reality of things comes home, and one's hand steals instinctively to the belt where nestles, invariably, the revolver—here one's only friend.

During my travels through the South Seas, which have extended over a period of seven years, I visited many wild and remote places, totally unknown to the European, peopled by ferocious and bloodthirsty cannibals, whose only aim in life, apparently, is to seek those whom they may devour.

I had on all occasions to use the utmost circumspection in dealing with these savages, in order to prevent murder and treachery. The natives of New Guinea, the Admiralties, New Britain, New Ireland, and the Solomons at first glance seem to be of a friendly disposition, but are at heart savage and treacherous, always on the look-out for a favourable opportunity to take the

stranger unawares and add still one more head to their already huge collection. The seemingly unarmed Admiralty Islander, for instance, is far more dangerous than he looks, for, although he may lay down his obsidian spear immediately he is asked, he always carries, stuck through his matted hair, an obsidian dagger about ten inches in length, with a handle fashioned after the style of the usual native head-cloth.

On the Island of Kung, however, which is very near the Admiralties, the natives proved an exception to the general rule and were delighted to see me, bringing presents of yams and taros daily, receiving in exchange sticks of tobacco, which they very soon learned to appreciate. One man especially became quite attached to me, and would make his appearance at the earliest dawn and stay until the sun sank beneath the horizon, lying about the deck of the yacht in perfect contentment, although we occasionally persuaded him to do a little work. His greatest delight was to get one of my men to paint him from head to foot, and many a laugh has been occasioned by our friend being sent away at night with a vivid coat of white, green, red, and yellow paint smeared all over his body.

The women of these islands invariably wear as their only clothing a curious headgear resembling a fool's cap. This head-dress consists of banana leaves sewn together with native thread, and is jammed on far over their eyes.

Walking through a village one day, I came upon a native who was busily engaged in killing and eating mosquitoes. "What!" I exclaimed, through a native interpreter who was with me, "are they nice, that you eat them?"

"No," he replied; "but they take my blood, so I kill and eat them in revenge."

Among the various customs the dance is pre-eminent. The natives range themselves in front of a huge tom-tom, and present a most picturesque appearance as they whirl round to the dismal sounds, passing through many

complicated evolutions with the utmost dexterity and correctness of time. The accompanying photograph shows a number of



NEW HANOVER WOMEN ABOUT
TO COMMENCE A DANCE.
From a Photo.

New Hanover women about to commence one of these dances.

Curiously enough, the natives here practise the art of palmistry. On one occasion I saw a man studying the hand of another most intently. After watching him for a few moments I gave him my own to look at, when he at once made an exclamation which I afterwards found to be the name of a bird. It seems that, according to their lore, everyone is either a fish or a bird in the shape of a human being. Many months afterwards, when in another

country where the people have never, so far as history knows, had any connection with the New Hanover folk, and where the language is totally different, I found the same occult art practised, and on presenting my palm for inspection was pronounced to be the same bird.

In some parts of the Solomon Islands the natives, for greater protection against their enemies, live in houses which are built in the uppermost branches of the highest trees. To the traveller approaching these villages in the air they have the appearance of a huge rookery. A typical cyrie of this kind is shown in the following photograph. On the right will be seen a native climbing the bamboo ladder which leads to the houses.

Ascending the bamboo ladder leading to one of these strange dwellings I reached a platform arranged among the leaves of the highest branches. Here I found an enormous boulder

taken from the sea, weighing several hundredweight. It puzzled me very much to know how it could possibly have been raised so high from the ground—quite ninety feet—and, strange to say, no one seemed able to tell me. It was



A HOUSE IN A TREE-TOP, NINETY FEET
FROM THE GROUND.
From a Photo.

there, I was told, in case a hostile tribe intruded, when it would be rolled off the platform, crashing down through the branches, and taking with it the invaders in its downward flight. It was astonishing to see little children of the tenderest years swinging monkey-like from branch to branch as they passed from house to house in these strange towns in the tree-tops.

On the Island of New Georgia, in the Rubiana Lagoon of the Solomons, lives a chief named Ingova, who was, until quite recently, one of the greatest and most successful head-hunters of the whole group. Shortly after my arrival he paid me a visit. He was full of intelligence and had very pleasant and courtly manners; he won my sympathy after a very



INGOVA, THE EX-HEAD-HUNTING CHIEF OF NEW GEORGIA.
From a Photo.

short acquaintance. He begged me to visit his village, and on my doing so treated me with the greatest hospitality, presenting me to some of his numerous wives. The portrait of this amiable gentleman is here reproduced.

The ex-head-hunter also showed me his great canoe house, and even went so far as to have one of his magnificent war-canoes launched in order that I might photograph it. It was beautifully made, having a total length of seventy feet, the whole structure being dug out of a solid tree. The upper parts and joints were fitted and kept together without the aid of a single nail. The craft was inlaid from stem to stern with mother-o'-pearl, arranged in quaint designs and exquisitely carved, especially the



ONE OF INGOVA'S WAR-CANOES—IT HAD A HUMAN SKULL FOR A FIGURE-HEAD.

From a Photo.

prow, which was surmounted by a human skull—a fitting figure-head for such a vessel. This canoe was capable of holding from twenty-five to thirty warriors, who would form a very dangerous and formidable opposition when on the war-path, as the natives so often are. Ingova's war-canoe is shown in the illustration.

Ingova's house was a long native hut thatched with leaves of the sago palm and built up with earth and clay. It was so dark inside, not having any apertures to let in the light, that I had to feel my way along, occasionally stumbling over what I took to be one of the chief's wives, who were crouching and lying about all over the place. At the back of the hut I caught a glimpse of his "Tambu" house, a kind of temple which every big chief possesses, where trophies of war are deposited and upon which no one is supposed to look. Here, glaring through the long, dank grass, which almost covered them, I could see an enormous collection of skulls, the gruesome trophies of many victories—and the remains of many feasts. I was presented to the chief's son, a youth of about twenty. His ears at once riveted my attention, seeing that the lobe of each was sufficiently enlarged to permit of his passing it round the huge rings worn as ornaments, as seen in the photograph. This custom seems general throughout these islands, the lobes being enlarged to a most extraordinary magnitude.

When a child is born its ears are at once pierced with a large thorn, which is thrust through to the thickest end. After a time a larger one replaces it, and in course of years the lobe is stretched to such an extent that it becomes quite possible for the owner to pass it over his head!

On one occasion I wished to pay a visit to an island near by, on which I was told a species of bird was to be found which I longed to possess. Taking in my boat three or four of my hunters,

I pulled across the bay to a village I could see peeping out from among the cocoanut trees lining the shore. Leaving two men in the boat, stern on to the beach, with strict instructions on no account to leave her, nor their oars, I strolled up to the village, which to my surprise appeared to be deserted. "Where are all the people?" I asked of one of the natives who accompanied me. "Suppose man very cross, he stop inside house," he replied. "Master, you go away. People belong this place no good. By'mby he kill you, you die finish." "Nonsense!" I said, "I am going into the forest, so come along." After an hour or two I returned to the coast

with the prize I coveted safely packed away, when I found the village in an uproar. The people were all congregated in a large palaver house which was situated in the centre of the village, and above the din of their voices I could hear one man shrieking with all his might, while he threw his arms about like a raving lunatic. To him I made my way, rightly judging him to be the chief, and slapping him on the back presented him with a cigar. At the same time I made signs intimating that I was thirsty and desired a cocoanut to drink. He stared angrily at me, but made no attempt whatever to procure what I

wanted. What was I to do? If I showed the slightest fear, it would be all over with me. So again stepping up to him I demanded with emphatic gestures to have my request acceded to, at the same time fondling, in a conspicuous and suggestive manner, my revolver, which I took from my belt. This act was too much for his bravado, and he at once ordered some cocoanuts to be brought. Then, with my back firmly planted against a palm, my revolver still in my hand, and my eyes on the alert for treachery, I drank under what I have always looked back upon as the most difficult circumstances in my life. By this time my own boys had made their way to the boat, and still



INGOVA'S SON—THE LOBES OF HIS EARS HAD BEEN ENLARGED TO ADMIT OF THE INSERTION OF THE HUGE RINGS HERE SHOWN.

From a Photo.



CAVT. WEBSTER LEAVING A HOSTILE ISLAND—A MOMENT AFTER HE PUSHED OFF ARROWS AND SPEARS FELL ALL AROUND HIS BOAT.

From a Photo.

keeping my face to the cannibals, who were now scowling in a most ominous and unmistakable way at me, and gesticulating in a frantic and excited manner, I retired slowly to the beach, though not turning my back for an instant. On reaching the boat I tumbled into the stern, shouting at the same time to my crew to pull away. We were not a moment too soon, for arrow after arrow was fired at us, and a shower of spears fell harmlessly around as I waved my hand to the irate islanders.

The snap-shot given above is quite unique. It was taken by one of my own natives a moment before he ran through the water and slipped into the boat as we shot out from the beach. It shows us just about to

push off, surrounded by the yelling and gesticulating crowd of hostile savages. "A narrow escape that," I remarked to my boy Togi a moment or two afterwards, when well out of range from the shore. "Close up you die finish," was the laconic reply.

Bougainville, which is the northern island of the Solomons, is peopled with the wildest and most dangerous cannibals of the whole group. Their savagery is unbounded. For ever on the warpath, they practise every conceivable kind of treachery to enable them to possess another head, to eat another victim. I have often found them wounded in battle, with ugly open cuts, but I do not recollect ever having seen one with his wounds in front; they always seem to have been hit when in the act of running away.



NATIVES OF BOUGAINVILLE ON THE WARPATH—THEY ARE THE WILDEST AND MOST DANGEROUS CANNIBALS OF THE SOLOMON GROUP.

From a Photo.

Sometimes, if there is sufficient distance between the combatants for them to be out of range of one another, they will make a formidable stand, but so sure as the stronger side, in a moment of forgetfulness, advances a little on the foe, then there is bound to be a stampede. It is on these occasions, I suppose, that the crafty cannibals get hit in the back. The photograph at the bottom of the preceding page illustrates the method of fighting employed by the Bougainville natives.

The inhabitants of these islands have some curious customs regarding marriage. When the young men become engaged they do not wear any such inconspicuous thing as a ring; they place on their heads a conical arrangement made of palm leaves, and laced together with fibre. The hair is then plaited and crammed into this receptacle, and there it remains for two years. At the end of the prescribed period the hair has grown to such an extent that it entirely fills the apparatus, and has to be cut off in order to remove the covering, which is then hung up intact as a kind of fetish. The next photograph shows a group of Solomon Islanders wearing this extraordinary engagement headgear. What would civilized maidens think of their *fiancés* carrying about a cumbrous badge of this kind?

On one occasion a woman attached to my camp died, and I gave immediate orders for her burial. It appears, although I did not know it at the time, that it is customary among the coastal natives to throw their dead into the sea attached to a large piece of coral. Later in the day I discovered that my instructions had not been carried out. Calling a native, I rated him soundly. He looked very grave for a moment or two, and then said in a voice of great

sarcasm, and in his best "pidjin" English, "Master, all the people here say no good you plant this dead woman, she no grow. She die; finish. She belong salt water."

Sometimes the young girls of the villages would come and watch me with the greatest wonderment, asking why I had come to their home and what I could possibly want there, and I was often on these occasions able to procure surreptitious photographs of them as they stood about on the coral reefs and chatted and sang and laughed, half in fear of the strange white man, who now and again hid his head beneath a black cloth attached to a still stranger instrument which might at

any moment go off and kill them all on the spot.

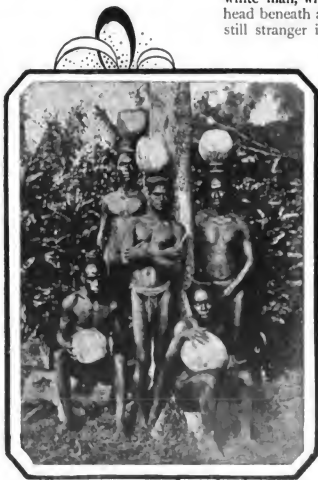
While on my way to the Solomon Islands for the second time I was asked by a trader living at New Britain to kindly take

letters and provisions to a white man stationed alone on a small island in the Sir Charles Hardy group, situated a few miles to the north of the Solomons, and consequently not a very great distance out of my way. The ship which should have carried

these stores had been sent to New Ireland some months previously, but had not returned, and it was feared that she had been captured by the

natives of that country. This afterwards turned out to be the case, all hands on board having been murdered and the ship burned.

On arriving at the Island of Nissam—where I was told I should find the man, an Englishman—I soon made out the Union Jack flying on a staff about a hundred yards from the house. Not a sound was to be heard save an occasional screech of some strange bird or the lapping of the water against the side of the yacht as she glided slowly to an anchorage. "Fire the Krupp," I said to the captain. "Perhaps our



WHEN THEY BECOME ENGAGED THE YOUNG MEN OF THE SOLOMONS PLACE ON THEIR HEADS A CURIOUS HEADGEAR MADE OF PALM LEAVES AND FIBRE, WHICH IS WORN FOR TWO YEARS.

From a Photo.

friend may be in the forest." For the smallest island in these latitudes is always thickly timbered and entirely covered with the most prolific undergrowth.

After a time I could distinctly see numbers of dusky figures running backwards and forwards through the trees which skirted the shore, but still there were no signs of the solitary exile. I made signals to a native I saw crouching among the cocoanut trees, but he only ran away into the depths of the bush. "There must be something wrong," I said, "or the trader would undoubtedly show himself." We were by this time exactly opposite his little dwelling and only fifty yards from the beach. It took but a few moments to launch a boat, and, with four of the crew and a Winchester lying across my knees, we pulled hurriedly to the landing-place. Not a soul greeted us as we dragged the boat over the reef; the place looked deserted. I called aloud, but no reply came. Making the boat fast, we hastened up to the house, nestling so peacefully amongst the palm trees, and climbing the veranda I pushed open the door. Then, oh, horror! the whole secret of the silence was revealed to me. There, as though still struggling to get upon the bed, was the man I had come to find, his skull split and his clothes saturated with blood. He had evidently been dead some days.

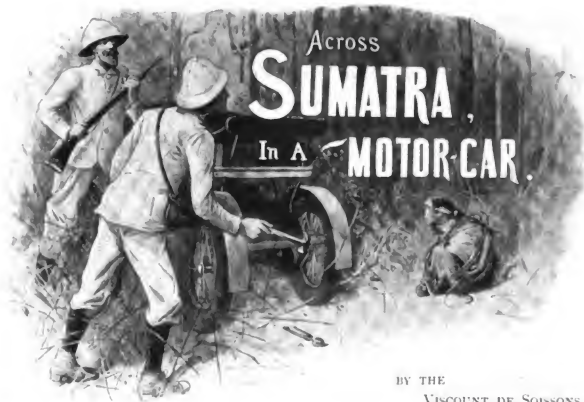
After a time two New Britain natives, who had been working for him, appeared on the scene, and we interrogated them. It took me two days, however, to piece together the story of the murder. It appeared that the trader had been anxiously expecting someone to come with fresh provisions for some months, and at last was reduced to nothing but cocoanuts and rice, with an occasional bird which he shot. Morning after morning, evening after evening, he had hurried to the point where his flagstaff stood, and eagerly strained his eyes in longing expectancy for the ship which was so long overdue, and which was doomed never to arrive. What was he to do? The natives of the island were day by day casting eager and

hungry eyes at him and his little store of red cloth and beads. Day by day they became bolder and more fearless, and as the time passed by and no one came to him he grew down-hearted and deemed himself forgotten. At last, carried away by their lust for killing and their greed, and feeling secure from detection, the natives determined upon his slaughter. This was ten days before my arrival. One morning the white man was stooping to dig in his little garden when a native, creeping silently and stealthily up behind, dealt him a terrible blow on the back of the head with an axe he had stolen from the house. It was but the work of a moment for the trader to whip out his revolver and fire at his assassin; but, alas! his eye was dim and his hand unsteady with the loss of so much blood. Again and again he fired at the retreating figure, and then, turning dizzy and weak, stumbled to his house in a dying condition. How he managed to get so far will never be known. Dragging himself upon the veranda he crept into the room, there to expire in a vain endeavour to get upon his bed.

On a chair I found a Bible with his name inscribed on the fly-leaf, and eighteen months afterwards I was the first to give his poor old mother in England the sad intelligence of his death. This account of how he died was pieced together after a great deal of trouble, as the natives were frightened of me and would hardly show themselves. I trust that by this time justice has been meted out to them.

I was not desirous of prolonging my visit, and so made quick preparations for departure; but when on shore for the last time, to give the finishing touches to the grave I had helped to dig and the small cross surrounded by a neat little paling I had put up to mark the sad spot, I saw a party of natives driving in front of them four or five poor, thin, miserable-looking women, all tied by the legs. They were taking them as a present to a chief near by. Whether he would kill and eat them in their present condition, or wait a month or two and feed them up, I did not care to inquire.

(To be continued.)



BY THE
VISCOUNT DE SOISSONS.

The adventures of two daring automobilists who set out to cross the Island of Sumatra on a motor-car. The natives were extremely hostile, wild animals tried conclusions with the strange snorting apparition that had invaded their domain, and altogether the trip was a most exciting one, and one which it is probable will not be repeated for many years to come.



N the 12th of September last Mr. Kapferer and his friend Mr. Knoops, both residents of Sumatra and ardent automobilists, decided to cross that island in a motor-car, journeying from Palembang to Lahat, *via* Mocara Enim.

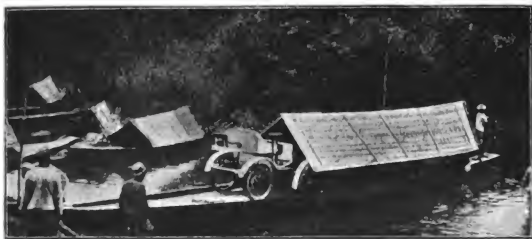
The car in which this ambitious journey was to be undertaken was a three-and-a-half horse-power De Dion voiturette, and the day selected for the start saw the two travellers making a minute examination of every part of the mechanism, so as to avoid awkward mishaps in the jungle, where a breakdown might have most serious consequences.

A well-fitted tool-box was taken, and another containing a number of duplicate parts. In the back of the car, usually occupied by a servant, were placed two valises containing the outfit necessary for the eight days' run across country, and over the valises were strapped two large square tin cans, containing about forty litres of benzine, which, with fifteen litres in the reservoir, made a total of fifty-five litres of this liquid, so precious under the circumstances. A few boxes of preserves, biscuits, etc., completed the cargo of the car.

Mr. Knoops, expecting to meet some tigers or wild boars, with which the country abounds, took a Winchester carbine, while Mr. Kapferer's sole equipment was a pair of motoring glasses as a protection against the large mosquitoes, whose stings cause big and painful swellings.

At nine o'clock in the evening the travellers left Palembang, with all the boys and dogs of the town at their heels. The distance between Palembang and Mocara Enim is about one hundred and eighty-five miles, and there is a kind of road for some part of the way. For forty miles out of Palembang, however, the road does not exist—it is "dead," as the natives say. The vast swamps that surround the town have swallowed it up in most places, and in others the piles on which it was originally built have rotted away, causing the road to collapse into the quagmire.

In order to reach a highway on which they could travel, therefore, the travellers were obliged to go by water to Loerog, where the road begins again. This town is also the first of the stations where petroleum is pumped from the earth. Loerog is reached by a narrow, low-banked, and shallow river, navigable only to the native *praus*, which are big dug-out canoes.



From a] THE ARRIVAL OF THE MOTOR-CAR AT LOEROG ON BOARD A NATIVE CANOE.

[Photo.

These craft, common to all Eastern islands, draw so little water that they seem to skim along the surface.

On one of these *praus*, with infinite difficulty, the motor-car was loaded, the boat heeling over to such an extent that for a moment the travellers thought she would capsize; but presently the big canoe righted itself and glided away over the surface of the water.

The boatmen lit the lamps that hung in the stern, and slowly, with the current, the craft drifted down past the floating houses, which are built on rafts. At this hour, late for the early-rising natives, almost everyone was in bed, and beside the travellers only a few belated fishermen were about, seated in the sterns of their boats, and attracting the fish by the light of lanterns and torches. Soon Palembang was left behind, and the boat glided along the dark waters of the Moesi River.

Early in the morning they arrived at a creek, at the bottom of which was the little native village where the adventurous couple proposed to resume their journey. But here a problem presented itself. The car had to be got to land, but there was an obstacle in the shape of a strip of fathomless black mud, several yards in width, bordering the shore, which it was impossible for the motor to pass over. After a consultation a simple expedient was adopted. Planks were brought down from the village, and a road made on the mud to the side of the boat; the motor was lowered on to this platform, and then hauled ashore by means of ropes. Presently the little *voiturette* was working, and its regular "teuf, teuf" showed that it was ready for the journey.

At first the road was very bad and the motor moved but slowly, manœuvring round and over rocks, dead trees, and slippery vegetation. Soon, however, the path improving, the two gentlemen were travelling at the rate of twenty miles an hour. But as they sped easily on

through the woods the car suddenly came to a standstill, and when the travellers got down and made an examination they discovered that the electric communication had been broken. This, of course, took some time to find out, and Kapferer and Knoop were so absorbed by their

work that they at first failed to notice that they were surrounded by a number of monkeys, who took the greatest possible interest in their movements, some of them actually climbing on to the car. Presently, finding that some tools and wire were needed, Mr. Kapferer went to the tool-chest, but found to his dismay that it was open and the coil of wire missing! Seeing the monkeys, he at once guessed who had done the mischief.

"Oh, you little villains!" he cried, shaking his fist at the impudent staring monkeys, who scampered away, jabbering wildly, "you have robbed our chest!"

For three long hours the two men endeavoured to put the machine right, but all in vain—it was absolutely essential to have some wire. Looking up quite by chance, Mr. Knoop noticed a monkey in the middle of the road hugging the missing coil. Seizing his Winchester he made ready to shoot the brute; but Mr. Kapferer, seeing that his friend was excited, and not wishing to frighten the beast away if the shot missed, took up a hammer and held it out to the monkey. The animal was curious, and presently edged forward to take the tool offered to him, when he was promptly stunned by a quick blow. The wire recovered, the motor was soon in order and the pair started again, bouncing up and down over the inequalities of the road. Mr. Knoop held on tightly, fearing an upset, but Mr. Kapferer, who was steering, did not slacken speed, and the steep descents and sharp curves were negotiated without mishap.

Suddenly out of the woods ahead there stepped a great wild boar, who stood staring at the strange snorting animal which was coming towards him. He quickly made up his mind that this was an enemy, and, putting his head down, rushed at the motor, striking the left-hand back wheel with a terrific crash. Some-

thing broke, but the travellers did not stop to see what it was, but got away from the furious animal as soon as they could, leaving him standing in the road shaking his great head.

After half an hour's fast running a *campong*, or village, was seen ahead. At the unusual noise of the engine the inhabitants left their houses and rushed out into the road. Seeing the strange, white, puffing monster, the women and children ran back to the houses, crying aloud that it was the devil! The motorists' ugly black goggles, too, did not tend to reassure them. The men-folk were astonished also, but did not give way to terror, and quietly watched the unusual apparition draw up in their village.

The wild boar, it was found, had so damaged the tyre and the spokes of the wheel that it was necessary to stop for repairs. The faces of the natives were not at all reassuring, and the chief in particular looked a regular cut-throat. Therefore, when several guns were fired off—on hearing which the natives snatched up their weapons and ran about shouting wildly—Knoops and Kapferer sprang hurriedly into their car with the intention of getting away. They presently learned, however, that the shots that had alarmed them were fired by some native hunters who had just returned, and therefore dismounted again, glad not to be forced to continue their journey with a damaged wheel.

A little later the priest of the village came to visit them. He was a "hadji" who had been to Mecca, and was therefore considered to be the wisest man in the village. He had come to look at the strange beast—the motor—and after having examined it carefully asked, gravely:—

"How is it that your waggon goes without a horse?"

"My dear man," answered Kapferer, smiling, "I have three big horses and one small horse in that iron box there!"

The astonishment of the priest and his flock was redoubled, and they crowded round the car apparently looking for the horses. The travellers were just filling their cooling-pipes with cocoanut milk—the water brought to them

being so full of sand and mud that they could not use it—when an agonized shriek caused them to look round in alarm. They saw the old "hadji" running hither and thither, howling out curses and holding his hand. In his thirst for knowledge he had begun to examine the levers and had jammed his hand somewhere in the motor! The sight of this venerable old man rushing madly about, cursing volubly, with his beard flying and his turban awry, sent the two friends into shrieks of laughter. Their mirth, however, only made the matter worse, and it was evident that the natives looked upon the mishap to their "hadji" as the deliberate work of the strangers. Their cries and gesticulations became unmistakably hostile, and

they crowded round the car in a menacing fashion.

There was no time to be lost, and so Knoops and Kapferer hurried into the car and started off. A hundred hands seized different parts of the motor to prevent their escape, but three-and-a-half horse-power soon pulled the natives over, and the car spun along, followed by a host of howling savages. Unfortunately, the speed lever jammed, and the motor could only go on the "first belt," which only gave it a



From a

MR. KAPFERER.

[Photo.

pace easily maintained by the swift-footed natives. Brandishing their long knives they came on like fast hounds, and some of them ran by a short path through the wood to cut the motor off at a bend of the road. This was running the gauntlet with a vengeance!

Seizing his carbine, Mr. Knoops fired over the back of the seat at the pursuing savages, while Mr. Kapferer crouched down and tugged desperately at the speed lever, which

sun-helmet and half-a-dozen stuck in the back of the seat and in the foot-board, but presently the savages were out of range and the danger was past. For two hours Knoops and Kapferer did not stop, running at full speed until they reached the second petroleum station at Moeara Enim.

The heat of the sun, combined with the excitement of their adventure, gave Mr. Kapferer a bad headache, and he rested for some



"SEIZING HIS CARBINE, MR. KNOOPS FIRED OVER THE BACK OF THE SEAT."

obstinately remained jammed. To the utter dismay of the travellers, at this critical moment the car stopped short, and was only started again by a superhuman effort. By this time, however, the first of the savages were upon them again. They seized hold of the tail-board with yells of triumph, but, to the white men's delight, let go again with screams of pain. The cooling-pipes, being but scantily filled with cocoanut milk, were almost red-hot, and so was the tail-board.

Then suddenly the lever worked again; "teuf, teuf" went the engine, and the motor hurled itself through the press of men, mowing down the savages who had expected to cut the car off. Howls of disappointment and pain came from every side, and spears whistled round the travellers. One pierced Mr. Kapferer's

time in a little house belonging to the engineer, in which the greatest luxury of the jungle, electric lighting, was to be found. After a good rest Mr. Kapferer took a stroll through the native *camping* to have a look round. As it happened he saw a procession passing from one house to another at the end of the village. On questioning the natives as to what was the meaning of the procession, he was told that it was "ambil anak," which means "taking a child." This, of course, only puzzled him the more, but after further questioning he learnt that, if a young man cannot pay "djudjur" (money) to his lady-love's father, he cannot take her away—for the custom of the country says he must pay for his wife. Failing to make payment he must marry in the fashion which is called "ambil anak." This means that he must go and reside in his

father-in-law's house and do all the work his wife would do were she not married. This, of course, is very distasteful to the men, who like their freedom, and as but few are rich enough to pay for their wives marriage is rare. The Dutch Government has done everything it possibly can to abolish this custom, but it is so deeply rooted that the efforts have been quite useless.

Continuing his stroll, Kapferer went towards a wharf he saw in the distance. He walked to the edge of the bamboo floor of the structure

At a place called Bandjar Sari the travellers for the first time made the acquaintance of a curious custom, fortunately prevalent among but few tribes. In a *campung* situated some distance away they saw, by chance, a hut in a tree. From the platform outside this building were swinging several big bundles carefully wrapped in matting. They questioned the natives as to what these were, and were told that they were the bodies of members of the chief's family who had died since the late chief. They

were now waiting to be buried with the present chief when he died!

On leaving the village the travellers heard shouts behind them. They stopped in order to ascertain the cause of the uproar, whereupon the chief told them that his knife had been stolen, and that they were suspected of the theft. The natives surrounded them, seized them, and, in spite of their resistance, brought



[From a]

A HALT IN THE JUNGLE.

[Photo.

and stood there looking at the river. Presently a native shouted to him that the flooring was rotten, whereupon he hastily retraced his steps, but walked too heavily on the frail timbers, and fell through as far as his waist, startling half-a-dozen crocodiles which had taken shelter underneath. The monsters, on seeing that it was a man who had disturbed them, rushed back with their jaws open. For a moment the traveller hung between life and death, struggling frantically to pull himself out of the trap. Luckily he was able to raise himself just as the jaws of the foremost crocodile closed with a vicious snap, wrenching off the heel of his boot.

On his return to the engineer's house his scared face caused much amusement, although no one minimized the narrowness of his escape from mutilation or death.

Half an hour later—it being then about three o'clock in the afternoon—Knoops and Kapferer started again, passing on their way one of the petrol pumps, which spout out the oil like fountains.

them back to the village, although the motorists repeatedly protested their innocence. Finally, after much palaver, the missing knife was found under a boy's shirt, and the two travellers were allowed to go.

About four o'clock in the afternoon they entered the jungle, which here was of a most savage character. The creeping plants were more numerous and the road still more uneven than usual. Here they had the misfortune to get three punctures, which delayed them considerably. Directly night fell a weird phenomenon was witnessed. The motorists noticed that there were myriads of luminous spots on the ground, and even the fibres on the trunks of the trees shone brightly. This brilliance, it seems, was due to some phosphorescent fungus, which lit up the whole forest in a most extraordinary manner.*

Suddenly Mr. Knoops shouted to Mr.

* This curious phenomenon is also to be seen in the Philippines, as described in Part II. of "The Pursuit of Captain Victor," in this issue. —Ed.

Kapferer, who was, as usual, steering, to put on all speed. When the latter did not at once accede to his friend's request, Knoops seized the lever and pressed it as far as it would go. After a few minutes of mad running they slackened their speed, and when Mr. Kapferer questioned his friend as to the reason for his strange behaviour he answered:—

"Did you not notice that pitch-black tree about a hundred yards from the road? It was the deadly upas tree, and, as you probably know, its poison is so strong that it kills every animal that passes under its boughs; every bird that flies over it falls dead; and even a man cannot pass it without being poisoned."

Mr. Kapferer smiled. "And you believe in all those silly tales?" he said. "The truth about the upas tree is that its sap is a deadly poison, which oozes abundantly from the cracks of the bark. As it has a very agreeable smell the animals lick it, and of course fall dead; that is the reason why one finds so many dead animals under it. The stories told by travellers about the upas tree are not to be found among the natives of Sumatra, and that is proof that they are not true."

When they came to Lahat, the next pumping station, the travellers discovered, to their intense annoyance, that the essence that had been in the can had leaked out through a hole made by a sharp Malay *kris*. Without this motive power they could not leave Lahat. The situation was not very amusing, for the next boat was not due for a month, and there was no way of having benzine sent from Palembang. Here the old story about necessity and invention was repeated again, for, after much thought, it occurred to them to distil benzine from the naphtha which is abundantly supplied by the springs. They accordingly set to work and constructed their distillery. An old tin can that had formerly contained greasing oil was made into a distilling caldron, and into this was inserted a half-inch pipe to take away the steam of the generator,



"THEY SET TO WORK AND CONSTRUCTED THEIR DISTILLERY."

which was put under pressure. Another long tube led from the caldron along the bottom of a brook into a bottle. This was the cooling plant, and after a little while yielded an excellent essence, which enabled the motorists to continue their journey, which was finally completed without further incidents.

Considering the arduous nature of the journey and the terrible condition of the roads the little De Dion voiturette did wonderfully well and proved itself a thoroughly reliable machine. Mr. Kapferer—from whose diary this narrative has been constructed—speaks very highly of it.

It is safe to say that at every native *campong* they passed through the story of the strange snorting beast carrying two men on its back will be told for years to come; and in time, if no other motors visit them, as is extremely likely, the narrative may become a fantastical legend which will puzzle future investigators into the native folk-lore.

A

TRAMP IN SPAIN

By
BART
KENNEDY



A description of the tiny Republic of Andorra, buried in the heart of the mountains. Our commissioner made friends with many of the Andorranos, including their President, and was accorded the privilege of inspecting the quaint council chamber of the Republic.

X. THE LITTLE REPUBLIC

AT half-past four in the afternoon I left the posada in Seo de Urgel and faced for Andorra. I had come to the conclusion that the capital of the little republic was about twenty-five kilòmetros away through the mountains. I would get there just about the time that darkness was settling down, providing that my conclusion was right as to the distance. At dinner in the posada I had been given various estimates of it. A jovial-looking priest who sat next to me assured me that it was "trienta cinco" (thirty-five) kilòmetros. A bearded Catalan gave it forth as his opinion that it was but seventeen. He was a person of a hopeful cast of mind so far as the reckoning of distances was concerned. The girl who waited on us at table said it was thirty. And so the estimates wandered up and down. I listened to them with politeness, and in the end I took my reckoning of the distance according to the law of averages.

When I was paying my score the keeper of the posada tried the old familiar game of working off a Filipino peseta upon me in the change that he was giving me. But I rejected it with calm.

Up the main street of the town I trudged with my knapsack on my back. I would be out of Spain now in a few hours, and I was feeling glad.

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It was not that I didn't like the country; it was rather that I had grown tired of the journey. I wanted to get to the end of it, and after that to get to England as quick as possible, so that I could hear once more the good old English language sounding around me. For four months and a half I had heard hardly a word of it. Four months and a half since I had entered Spain! It seemed a long, long time.

The town broke off suddenly and I turned off on to the path that led to the pass going through the mountains. It was a beautiful October afternoon and the sun was shining gloriously. It was warm, but the warmth had in it a quality of freshness and exhilaration. A stimulating, fine, joyous warmth. And the mountains were coloured in a strange and wonderful way. And the air had a quality as of some ethereal, magical wine.

Soldiers! I saw them in the distance winding through the pass. The soldiers of Spain! Red and drab and black and white, and many differing shades, and the glinting from the barrels of Mausers mingled into a blare of colour. I could see them now—one long, slow-winding, straggling line. I stepped from the path and waited. On and on they came. They were up to where I was standing now—and I saluted. These soldiers of Spain!

Men from the whole length and breadth of this fine country—men of different castes and moulds. Hard-faced, powerful-looking Catalans—men from Arragon—sullen-faced men from Castilia—men with the look of the mountains about them—men from Andalusia with Moorish-tinged blood. Men from the north, south, east, west, and centre of Spain. Men from the sea-board and mountains and hills and plains. Going along.

They were gone now and I was going alone through the pass. Down beneath me the River Valira sang as it went on its way through the bottom of the valley. Ahead of me and far up above there towered mountains, snow-clad and shining in the sun. Yonder the side of the mountain was cultivated. And yonder a man was keeping watch over cattle that were browsing along the bank of the singing, swift-going river. I could hear the bells tinkling through the strange, wonderful water-song. And through miles of distance I could see the white gleam of a house set high up aloft

on the mountain side. At the base of the pass the mountains were green. Higher up they changed to brown, and higher still they changed to dark gold. And up over all was a wonderful crown of soft white.

"Buenos, señor," I said, in salutation to a man who passed me on the path.

He was a mountaineer, old and worn, and round his waist was wound a red cloth. On his head was a strange-shaped hat. He had the hard, strong face of the Catalan.

"Buenos," he said, as he went slowly past.

How different were these mountains from the mountains of the Sierra Nevada! In the Sierra Nevada there was grandeur, but it was the grandeur of bareness and desolation and silence. Here in the Pyrenees there were greenness and verdure and life, and magicalness of colour and outline, and the song of the waters. There was

something human in the beauty of the Pyrenees—something that a man might understand.

"Cuantos kilómetros frontero?" I asked in my curious Spanish of a man who was driving three mules along the path. I had been going now for a couple of hours, and I was anxious to know how far I was off from the frontier. I felt anxious to be out of Spain. Why, I could not have told. But I was beginning to feel excitement as I got nearer and nearer to Andorra.

"Dos horas" (two hours), said the man.

"Ah!" I said to him again. "No cuantos horas—cuantos kilómetros?"

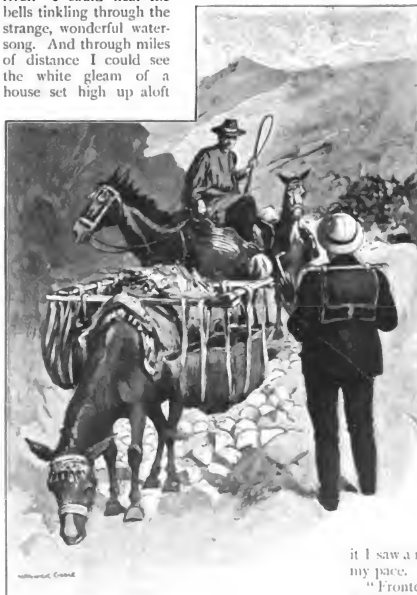
But he was unable to tell me. He evidently only knew how long it would take him to get his mules there, and I suppose that he—in common with all people—felt that his sort of knowledge was *the* knowledge. And both of us passed on our way without further exchange of words. For a long time I could hear him cracking his whip behind me in the mountains.

At last I came to a turn in the pass, and before me there opened out a beautiful little valley. It was a perfect oval surrounded by mountains. Off in the middle of

it I saw a man coming towards me. I quickened my pace.

"Frontero?" I asked, as we both stopped face to face.

"Sí," he answered, and he pointed behind me.



Illustration, Corbitt

"CUANTOS KILÓMETROS FRONTERO?" I ASKED.

I had passed the frontier without knowing it. I had expected that there would have been some sign to mark the division of the countries—perhaps a station occupied by soldiers or guards. I had expected a rigorous examination of my knapsack. But there was no sign of anything. The frontier was, indeed, but an imaginary line.

The man I had stopped began to tell me a number of things concerning the frontier. He spoke in Catalan. I did not understand all he said, but I got the general drift of it. He knew the very rock, the very stone, through which the imaginary line penetrated. He was a fine, stalwart figure of a man, and I judged him to be about fifty years old. He spoke in rather a loud, boisterous manner—as if he were half drunk. But I may be wronging him. It may have been but the exhilaration of the pure mountain air.

He told me that he belonged to the Republic of Andorra—that he was an Andorrano. I was equally confiding. I told him that I was an Englishman. To this he said "Buenos." And we shook hands and left each other, mutually pleased.

So I was out of Spain at last. I was in a country where there were different laws and different people and a different way of looking at life. I felt an immense relief. For the last month in Spain I had felt unsafe. I had felt that something was hanging over me. It may have been that the long, lonesome tramp from Madrid to Zaragoza had got on my nerves. I was not afraid, but I felt unsafe. The feeling was with me even in Seo de Urgel—but a few hours before. And now it was all gone from me. I felt almost as if I could have taken the cart-ridges out of my revolver.

Over on the left side of the river I could see San Julian. I could see the tower of a church rising up. I crossed a low bridge and soon I was in the village—a quaint, strange village of narrow, short streets paved with round stones. The houses were low and curious-looking and very old. One could tell that they were very old by the set and the colour of them. Low, strong-made houses, with thick walls. The dogs that came to see me were not as the dogs of Spain. There was an air of peace about them. One of them even wagged its tail as it came up to me. The people were not as the people of Spain; but where the difference lay I could not have told. It was something, perhaps, in their air. They had the freshness of colour and the build of figure of a people of the north. The women had not the grace of the women of Spain, but they looked fine and strong. From the windows of the houses and from the roofs of the houses there hung great quantities of

tobacco leaf. It was there drying, and it filled the air with a curious smell.

I walked through the village at a rapid pace, saluting the people as I passed.

After leaving San Julian I again crossed the Valira. And then it was that the path became a trifle difficult to negotiate. And the reason of Andorra's freedom began gradually to permeate through my mind. Getting soldiers into it and through it would take time, and this time could be prolonged indefinitely by a few resolute men. In fact, it seemed to me that with a hundred well-armed, cool men I could have held this pass against the armies of the world. The republic was evidently a place locked by the mountains at both ends and at both sides.

After labouring with the path for some time it occurred to me that I might as well stop and do a little thinking. So I picked out a nice place and stretched myself out to think, with my knapsack under my head. In a moment I was in Granada with my noble friends Santiago and Joaquin. We were having a large and joyous time when Santiago suddenly slapped me on the back—and I woke up! It was pitch dark! I was here in the Pyrenees in the Republic of Andorra—here becalmed, so to speak, on a path that, to say the least, was slightly difficult of negotiation. Why had I fallen asleep? But putting conundrums to myself was only a waste of time. I picked myself up, fumbled my knapsack up on to my back, and proceeded along with caution. I had two high and worthy aims to accomplish. One was to get to the capital of Andorra that night—the other was not to fall over a precipice.

I am not going to describe that path further than to say that it was a path that called for some slight effort. It seemed to go here and there and up and down and everywhere. It was what might be called a path of obstruction. Even though it was so dark I could make it out. Indeed, there were two very good reasons why I could make it out. One reason was that down beneath me, to my left, I could hear the river rushing along. I could not, of course, walk into the river. The other reason was that above me, to my right, the side of the mountain ran almost sheer up. It was impossible for me to have got lost, even if I had tried. All that I had to do was to move along slowly and easily and in time I would arrive somewhere.

At last I saw lights. It was over on the other side of the Valira. It was surely some village—perhaps Andorra.

I made my way cautiously down the bank and tried to find a bridge. But I failed. Then the thought came into my head to try and ford the river. I bent down to see if I could get

any idea of the depth of the water by the sound of it as it rushed along. I did get an idea, and the idea was that it was too deep to ford. There was a fulness in the sound of the rushing water that suggested a depth of eight or ten feet. Different depths give different sounds to rushing water. A shallow of a foot or so will have a sharp, harsh sound.

I went farther up and to my joy I found a

was as well to wait till someone came along so that I could make inquiries.

"Hola!" I shouted. I had just heard a step some distance ahead of me.

"Como se llama este pueblo?" (What is the name of the village?) I shouted again.

"Andorra," was the reply.

So I had arrived at my destination at last! I had got to the end of my journey. I was here



"I SANK NEARLY UP TO MY KNEES."

bridge. I crossed over it and went towards where the lights were shining. But now a new difficulty presented itself. I sank nearly up to my knees in what seemed to be a sort of bog. On this side of the river there was evidently a strip of flat, wet land.

I could find firm footing nowhere, and in the end I was forced to turn back, cross the bridge again, and make my way up the bank of the river to the path that I had left but a little while before. I had to give up the idea of finding that particular village that night—whether it was Andorra or not.

For a long, long time I worked along the path, and then I saw lights again off over to my left. This time, however, the path seemed to take a bend in that direction. I went on and on, and at last the path led over a bridge across the river and on—straight in the direction of the lights. Soon I could make out the outlines of a house, and then of another house, and then of several. I had got somewhere at last!

Finally I was in the village—but the lights seemed to be all at the other end. It was still very dark just around me. I stopped. It

in the capital of the republic—the republic here in the heart of the mountains.

A boy approached me. He was accompanied by a big dog. The dog barked loudly, but there seemed to be a note of friendliness in his barking. I asked the boy to direct me to Calounes' posada, and he took me by the arm and led me through three or four short, steep, rugged streets. The dog followed us. It was still very dark. At last the boy stopped in front of a big, low house, in the window of which a light was burning. He knocked on the door, and it was opened almost as he knocked. I stepped in through the door into the light.

A man came slowly forward from a group of men who were standing in the middle of a big room. He wore a cap and a sort of blue smock. He was one of the most powerfully built men I had ever seen. Though he was not much over the middle height he gave the impression of immense size. A giant of a man. His head was large, and there was a look of nobility and loftiness in his face. A grand face, and still a simple face. It was Miguel Calounes. He owned the posada.

"Buenos noche," he said.

His voice was hoarse and deep, and there was in it a strange sort of vibration. It went through the whole room.

"Buenos," I said, as I took off my knapsack.

And then everybody came forward and began to ask me all sorts of questions at once. Where did I come from? Was I French? Was I English? Why was I going through the mountains? Where was I going to? Did I like Andorra? How long would I stay in the republica? And so on. All of them spoke in Catalan.

I answered their questions as well as my limited stock of Spanish would allow. I told them of my lonesome tramp from Madrid to Zaragoza. I told them that I had been in Granada and Seville; that I had seen bull-fights; that I had seen the great Luis Mazzantini in Madrid; that I had come from London.

Ah, Londres! It was a capital just as Andorra was a capital! It was, therefore, "mucha importe," said Miguel Calounes, in his deep, hoarse, vibrant voice. What would I tell them in Londres of Andorra?—Andorra, that "bonita terra" (beautiful land), that had been a republic for over a thousand years. What would I tell them in Londres of it? Andorra was one of the grandest countries in the whole world!

The men were in no way like the Spaniards, even though they spoke Catalan. They were nearly all big and powerful—though none of them in this respect approached Calounes. I had never seen such men before, and I found it impossible to institute a comparison in my own mind between them and any other men, or any other race that I had ever seen. For more than a thousand years their ancestors had dwelt in these mountains—really free. This republic was a republic. Their faces had not the subtlety of expression that would be in the faces of a race whose race interests were more complex and larger. But they were nobler and higher of expression. It was plain to be seen that they were people of simple, straight lives. They had not changed. They were as their ancestors had been hundreds of years before. They had lived outside the world—and not felt the loss.

By this time Calounes' wife had got supper ready for me. It was a very good supper—roast partridge that Calounes had shot himself, light, well-made bread, tomatoes, and plenty of good, rough, honest red wine. I enjoyed it immensely. The negotiating of the path had made me hungry. I complimented Calounes' wife upon her cooking, and she smiled. She was a pleasant-looking, dark-eyed woman of about thirty-five.

After supper I had a cigar—a cigar made in Andorra. It was not as dry as it might have been, but it was all right. After that Calounes showed me to a room, and in a moment I was sleeping the sleep of the just.

I did not see Calounes the next morning when I was having breakfast, and when I asked his wife where he was she told me that he was out in the campo (field). I determined to go out there and see him after I had had a look round Andorra.

The town was small and compact and built on the slope of the mountain on the north-east side of the valley. Though the valley was beautiful the town itself was not what could be called picturesque. It was rather quaint and odd and old of look. There was an air of stillness about it. It had slept through the centuries. One felt here that a hundred years of time either way mattered nothing. The blight of the thing that is called Progress had not fallen upon it. The people moved about quietly. Honest-faced, contented-looking people who seemed to have solved the problem of how to get the most out of life. They were as their fathers were before them—as their sons that would come after them. There were no rich amongst them—there were no poor amongst them—there was no vice amongst them. To them the arts and the sciences were a quantity unfelt and unknown. They had missed a little, but in the missing of it they had grasped much. They were wise with the supreme wisdom of simplicity. These people who lived in this quaint old town of the mountains! A town of six hundred and sixty people—six hundred and sixty people who lived far away from the noise and the uproar, and the stress and the strife and the confusion, and the unrest and the misery of the great world that lay off in the distance—six hundred and sixty people who lived in peace.

Here was the Casa de la Valle. Herein the men of the Government of the republic sat and deliberated. Above the great door was a motto in Latin and the arms of Andorra. I knocked on the door, but there came no answer. And then I went down the steep road that led to the bridge that crossed the river. From the bridge I turned back to look at the little town.

There was Calounes, working off over in a field on the other side of the valley. I knew him by his great figure and by his smock and cap. On I went till I got near enough to hail him. He turned when he heard the hail and beckoned to me. And I came quickly up and climbed over the low stone wall and was in the field. I shook hands with Calounes.

They were gathering the bean-vines and putting them into bags—Calounes and another man and a boy and a woman. When filled the bags were put on the donkey and sent off to Calounes' house in charge of the boy. I helped.

After an hour or so the boy brought some food, and at the invitation of Calounes I sat



"I HAD BECOME AN EXPERT IN THE ART OF DRINKING WINE 'A TRAGO.'"

down with the rest of them to partake of it. Calounes cut slices of the loaf of black bread and passed them round, and we all took turns at drinking the red wine "a trago" out of the leathern bota. By this time I had become an expert in the art of drinking wine "a trago." It was, after all, the best way possible of drinking it. One got the full taste and flavour of the wine.

After we had eaten I prevailed upon Calounes to leave his toil and come with me into the town. I wanted him to show me around. And we went together up to the Casa de la Valle. The great door was locked. Calounes knew where the key was, but this was of little use, because of the fact that the permission of the President of the republic had to be obtained before a stranger would be allowed in. We searched through the town for the President, but we could not find him.

That night after dinner there was a great argument in the posada between an Andorrano and a Catalan. The Catalan said that Spain was a wonderful country, and that Andorra was just so-so. He also said what a wonderful advantage it would be to the republic if it belonged to Spain. But the Andorrano did not see it like

that. He argued altogether in an opposite direction. We all listened with close attention. I was able to follow the argument well enough, and now and then I joined in. But this I had to stop. Making myself understood was too difficult. Calounes never joined in the argument at all. But he listened as though the matter under discussion was a thing of life and death interest to him. I began to watch his face, and it seemed to me that his face reflected all the anxiety that had beset his race through a thousand years. Through the past centuries another Miguel Calounes, and another, and another had listened to arguments such as this before a great log fire such as was now burning before us. Men of the olden time in Andorra had listened to words such as the words that were going now, and had been prepared to shed their blood in support of what was set forth on their side. The blood had come and gone from their faces as they listened, just as it was coming and going now from the face of Miguel Calounes. Their hands had clenched as his were clenching now. They had been as ready to fight as he was now. He rose suddenly. He could stand the argument no longer. His great frame shook and he

struck the table in front of the Catalan with his clenched fist.

"Andorra siempre (for ever) Andorra!" he exclaimed. "Andorra no España! Andorra no Francia! Andorra siempre Andorra!"

The argument stopped dead. Calounes sat down.

Late the next afternoon I met the President of the republic, Jose Calva. He was a young, dark-looking man, about thirty-seven years old. He did not at all look like an Andorrano. Had I met him in Spain I would have taken him for an Andalusian.

Calounes introduced me to him, and I asked permission to go through the house of State—the Casa de la Valle. He gave the permission readily, and said that Calounes would show me over it. I thanked him, and off I went with Calounes to get the key of the great door. It turned out that it lay on the ledge over the door of a house quite close to the posada. Calounes just went inside and reached up for it.

It was an immense iron key.

We went to the Casa de la Valle, and Calounes opened the great door and we entered into the courtyard. Then we ascended a flight of wooden stairs, and Calounes showed me a school-room. Herein were taught the children of Andorra.

It was in a cupboard in this room that Calounes got the key of the council chamber. This chamber was oblong in shape and, in a way, was one of the most impressive places I had ever seen. The window at the end of it, where the President sat when in council, disclosed a view of the mountain towering across the valley. Hung on the wall were twenty-four long cloaks—twelve on either side. And over each cloak was a three-cornered hat. These cloaks and hats were the first things that caught the eye as one entered the chamber. They gave

to it an air of mystery and secrecy and profound silence. Twenty-four long cloaks and twenty-four hats. They did not seem as if men had ever worn them. They seemed as beings of themselves. The room looked as a room wherefrom might issue secret mandates for the doing

of sudden and violent death. Herein might have sat some Vehmgericht. Herein might have sat stern and terrible men — apostles of extermination. A long room on the walls of which were hung twenty-four long, dark cloaks. Darkness was coming into it now, for the sun had gone down behind the mountains. But from this strange-looking room had come wisdom and light! But still the effect of it was sinister and fearsome. I turned and looked towards the other end of it. I could just make out a great shadow in the darkness. It

was Miguel Calounes. I went towards him.

Calounes was now holding up a light in a small room that lay off from the chamber of council. He was showing me a picture of President Faure receiving a deputation from the Government of Andorra. Calounes was

explaining to me who the deputies were in his deep, strange, vibrant voice. But I was scarcely heeding what he was saying. Instead, I was watching him and thinking of him. As he stood there holding the light he seemed to me to be the finest and noblest-looking man I had ever seen.

His great figure and the loftiness of the expression of his face made me feel that here was indeed man as God had intended that man should be. This fine Miguel Calounes! A freeman descended from a race of freemen. This man of the mountains and the open air. This fine tiller of the soil.



"HE WAS SHOWING ME A PICTURE OF PRESIDENT FAURE RECEIVING A DEPUTATION."

(To be continued.)



BY FELIX JEJON.

Describing how three young sailors belonging to a pilgrim ship lying at Jeddah concocted a foolhardy scheme to reach Mecca, the sacred city of the Mohammedans, which none but followers of the Prophet may enter. They knew no language save their own, and had no knowledge of the route. Needless to say, the enterprise failed; but the adventurous trio met with a variety of exciting experiences ere they reached their ship again.



THIS was our second attempt at the desperate enterprise of reaching Mecca. Our vessel had come to Jeddah with pilgrims from around and beyond the Indian Ocean, and while awaiting their return from Mahomet's burial-place was getting a much-needed cleaning.

At the end of the preceding week we three shipmates had made the initial venture, but had been prevented from going on by an unexpected delay in the city. Now, with a margin of five days before the vessel sailed again, we had started out once more for our forty-mile-distant objective, the Mohammedan Holy of Holies. We were attired in the spotless white robes of Eastern pilgrims, with food and revolvers hidden under the disguise, and our feet and legs, hands and arms, faces, necks, chests, and shoulders were stained brown with a mixture of Stockholm tar and walnut juice.

Our naked feet, although hardened to that condition on a ship's deck, felt acutely the pain of having to plod over rough and scorch-

ing ground. We were ill-equipped for such a hazardous expedition. Indeed, only three reckless, harum-scarum young sailors, spoiling for adventure after the weary round of ship-board life, would have undertaken the task under such hopeless conditions. We knew nothing of the road, of the observances of Moslem pilgrims, or of any Eastern language beyond a few odd phrases. But we set our faces towards the sacred goal—determined to get there at all costs, if artifice and impudence could win a way through.

As to the language difficulty, we got over that by the easy method of deciding to pretend that we were deaf and dumb. With regard to our supposed nationality, our choice fell on the Malay Peninsula, whence we had brought some of the pilgrims. Thus, if need be, we thought, we could refer to our own ship as the vessel we came in—though how we were to convey this information to any questioner did not suggest itself to our minds.

Taught by our first experience—when we had

been detained in Jeddah through the closing of the gates at sunset—we had this time, under cover of darkness, crept along the shore to an isolated spot covered with low cactus shrubs, wild date palms, and coarse grass. There our change of appearance had been made and our European clothes left in hiding. Our purpose was to find the road to Mecca and keep it in sight until that city should be reached. By this means we counted on making the journey within view of *bond-fide* pilgrims, and at the same time saving ourselves the embarrassment and danger of being in their company. But “the best-laid plans gang aft agley,” and so we found it.

We had barely issued from that Eastern apoplexy for a coddle when, along a branch of the path that we were treading, there came four real pilgrims. A “dead” wall, probably once a part of what had enclosed a large house, then in ruins, had prevented our seeing their approach sooner. It stood in the fork of the paths, and the Moslems were shoulder to shoulder with us ere we were thoroughly aware of their presence. They seemed in no way surprised. We sprang aside with an agility that brought sharp pain to our European feet, because of the spiked grass amongst which we had leapt.

That act alone almost betrayed us. The unexpected pain came so quickly on our surprise that we instantly leaped back to the path amongst the newcomers, whose common intelligence naturally directed their gaze from our screwed-up faces to the feet at which we looked so ruefully. Had they gazed longer they would most likely have seen that these same pedal extremities were of a rather different shape to their own, for we had not then tramped through enough dust to hide this fact. Indeed, there seemed to be suspicion of some kind on the face of one pilgrim as he looked us sharply over, and as sharply asked from where we came.

The question was as brief and as simple as Arabic could make it. It was spoken with an abruptness that threw us off our guard. Somers understood it well enough to jerk up his head, for the tone was anything but pleasant to independent ears.

He was just about to answer mechanically, but checked the first word in time to turn it into that deep guttural cry which some mutes are able to make. Each of us momentarily expected the worst. There was an excessively awkward pause, which Somers happily broke by an inspiration. Scarcely had that audible rumbling passed out of his throat when he commenced a broad laughing grin, restarted the curious guttural, and pointed to and from his feet to the sharp pointed grass and back again. Rumbolt and I, watching the serious, question-

ing faces of those suspecting strangers, saw the crisis, and at once joined in Somers's pantomime—at the same time edging farther away and elbowing him with us.

The thing to do was to divert the thoughts of our watchers, or our effort to reach Mecca would be frustrated in a possible calamity.

Suddenly Rumbolt stopped his grinning and antics. A grave expression spread over his face. Then he pointed to his ears and tongue, shook his head, and went through similar gesticulations to show that he had come from over the sea. In this dumb explanation Somers and I took part until the strangers, reassured, smiled their comprehension of our meaning and went ahead. They were far in front of us before we felt easy again. That was a lesson by which we determined to profit.

Away to our right the whitish walls, gilded crescents, and tall minarets of Jeddah were easily discernible, serving us as a landmark to shape our course by. At intervals we could also see bands of snowy-clad pilgrims treading the dusty road from that port eastward to Mecca. This was enough for our purpose, and we went forward with cheerful hearts, though with oft-limping feet, keeping our stock of alertness and self-possession until the closer proximity of the Moslem Holy of Holies should make its unavoidable demands on them, yet wary of unexpected comers.

In this manner we had plodded along from early morning till mid-afternoon, with one long stop for rest and food. Jeddah had disappeared behind us. Owing to our having to make *détours* to clear lonely dwellings and cultivated lands, the pilgrims on the road were out of sight ahead. We had reached a wilder part of the country than that already traversed by our aching feet. Immediately in front lay such a spot as the one in which we had disguised ourselves, but much larger. A whispered consultation—we would not trust our voices even there—resulted in a decision to make another halt in the shelter of the trees and shrubs ahead.

Gladly the supposed haven was entered. We pressed forward to find a suitable spot for the halt, when, on turning a clump of bushes, we were suddenly brought to an abrupt standstill by an Arab leaping from the ground. In an instant he had flashed out a huge dagger and made a loud demand in his native tongue. Before any of us could decide what to do there was a patter of feet, and we were surrounded by about a dozen of as evil-looking cut-throats as could be found between Port Said and Aden. In every hand there was an ugly knife or dagger, and remarks of some kind were levelled at us on all sides.

After a minute or so of this one of the number stepped forward, stood immediately in front of us, and apparently asked us a question. Now making our first move since the sudden surprise, we simultaneously put our fingers to our ears and shook our heads vigorously. Similar actions quickly indicated that we were dumb—or, at least, supposed to be. This seemed to tickle their fancy, for, after a moment spent in amazed looks at each other and in a few quiet remarks, the whole ring set up a loud guffaw, which finished in what appeared to be a consultation. Then the fellow close by us plainly showed that he wanted us to give him something. A few antics in dumb show were enough to make us understand that we had fallen into the hands of a parcel of robbers, who simply wished to relieve us of what we had worth carrying away.

When this information dawned on our facul-

hidden bags of money or presents for the priests at Mecca.

Why Rumbolt (the instigator and nominal guide in that mad-brained venture) adopted the course which he then did, I cannot say. He himself could not afterwards give any logical reason for his action. But, right or wrong, as the Arab's hands went over his robe he, with one hand gripping his revolver in a fold of the garment, put a bullet into the scoundrel's right arm. In fact, it went through the limb and bowled over a member of the enclosing ring, doing more harm to him than it had done to its first victim. As he fired Rumbolt whispered, "Peg away, boys, or we shall be murdered!"

From this point onwards that eventuality was practically certain unless we could beat off the bandits. Hitherto we had stood at random; now, with Rumbolt's shot as an incentive and something of a guide to fresh action, we two



"HE PUT HIS FOOT AGAINST THE NEAREST NATIVE'S SIDE AND SENT HIM REELING."

ties we again shook our heads, meaning that we possessed no valuables.

This elicited another laugh from our captors, which was ended by their leader stepping up to Rumbolt and beginning to feel about him for

planted our backs to his in a manner that made the three of us form a triangle. At the same time he, tall and lithe, put the sole of his foot against the nearest native's side and sent him reeling towards his fellow-rogues, to whose

ranks he made all possible haste when the force of the blow was spent. This placed us beyond the reach of his ugly knife. At a time like that more thoughts fly through one's head in a second than can be written in ten minutes.

We two opened fire the instant we sprang into position—as did Rumbolt again, after thrusting the leader from him—but not to kill. It was in our minds that escape with as little damage as possible was our great desideratum in this situation. We all knew well enough that to kill a native robber even in defence of our own lives would mean serious trouble for us under the circumstances if taken before an *effendi* for that reason. And by what means could such a

Rumbolt was not a bad marksman at close quarters; but both Somers and I were better ones, and we two very quickly had the pleasure of seeing a clear course along the way we had gone into the trouble. This was at once announced to Rumbolt, who whispered that he could see only the groaning native whom he had first dropped by chance. However, there was more probability of escape by the way already traversed than by an unknown one. This we felt, and accordingly made a dash for freedom, heedless of having our feet pricked by Eastern thorns as we went by leaps and bounds along the path. I write "leaps and bounds," but, owing to our being so unaccustomed to those



"SOMERS RECEIVED A THROWN KNIFE IN THE FLESHY PART OF HIS LEG."

sequel be averted—other than by shooting the whole gang, which we had no wish to do, however deserving they might be of such a fate? We also had a lively idea of what would happen to us at the hands of any passing band of pilgrims, should this unfortunate affair drive us amongst them and our identity be discovered—not an unlikely result under the conditions. These and kindred thoughts went at break-neck pace through our minds the while our bullets sped at the legs and feet of the dodging cut-throats.

clinging, woman-like garments, these were so circumscribed that Somers (who chanced to be in the rear at that moment) received a thrown knife in the fleshy part of his leg.

He gave an involuntary cry of pain and dropped.

Round swung Rumbolt and I, fearing that the worst had happened, and with our hearts in our mouths at this awful consequence of our foolish adventure. Guess, then, the relief we experienced when the wounded man forthwith

stumbled to his feet with a muttered injunction to us to "go ahead." And ahead we went again, but soon had to lend him our assistance to get along.

Provisionally, open ground was gained without further mishap. Then, still hurrying as best we could, we began to talk in breathless undertones, the subjects being Somers's injury and our safest plan of action from that point. This running commentary was cut short by the report of a firearm in our rear and the whirr of a bullet past us, a diversion that was several times repeated ineffectually before we reached the shelter of a solitary palm and a dozen or so shrubs. This spot was happily out of the range of the enemy, who most likely had their rendezvous in the wood, and had brought an old Bedouin firearm to bear on us. The scrub we had gained at least afforded us an opportunity of attending to Somers's wound, which proved to be more painful than serious. After bandaging it with the lower half of his shirt, torn into strips, a council of war and of ways and means was held. Meanwhile, to save time, we made a hasty but satisfactory meal of bread and ship's beef.

Obviously, to remain in that locality would be madness, seeing that the robbers, who undoubtedly devoted their attention to pilgrims, would probably start in search of us at night-fall, if not before. To get on to the road and amongst pilgrims with that burnt place in Rumbolt's robe—caused by his first shot—and the bloodstains on the back of Somers's garment would be equally foolish, for the passing of pilgrims at that season of the year was almost constant. To get back to Jeddah again before darkness closed in was impossible unless we could borrow some beasts of burden more fleet of foot than the ubiquitous native donkey.

Thus we talked for about half an hour, taking care to keep a close watch on the coppice from which we had fled, lest the robbers should steal out and entrap us, despite their fear of those small British revolvers of ours.

Then a fresh start was made on the retreat, at which we were all so ashamed that we would not confess it to each other. Seamen are proverbially good at keeping their bearings even in strange places, by means of landmarks which the average landsman would never notice, and we had kept ours without difficulty. A diagonal stretch was made for the path, and when we gained it we put on a spurt—so far as Somers's wound would allow—for the purpose of placing the greatest possible distance between ourselves and our late assailants.

At about five o'clock we arrived at a well. With one accord each man pulled up short.

"I don't know what you fellows have stopped for," said Rumbolt; "but I'm going to have a drink."

"Ditto here," Somers said, "and more."

"What?" Rumbolt asked, without turning.

"Why, the bloodstains on this flowing night-shirt of mine! Why can't we wash them off and go ahead again?" answered Somers.

This query pulled us two up between him and the well. Why not?—if he was agreeable and could do the journey all right. Those tell-tale stains and his injury had been the main reasons of our turning tail. The burn in Rumbolt's garment could be hidden by a careful readjustment of the front of it. I asked Somers if he thought the sixty miles or so still to travel, to Mecca and back to Jeddah, would not be too much for him. His reply was an emphatic negative. The sharp walk of the past hour had taken all the stiffness and most of the pain from his wound.

This was enough for Rumbolt and me, and while he watched for possible comers I helped Somers to wash out the stains in a trickling little stream that ran from the well.

When the red marks had faded away to a pale pink, scarcely discernible, we treated the knife-thrust to some of the limpid water, then refreshed ourselves at the well, ate a couple more biscuits each, and took a branch path that led in the direction of the high road. Rather than risk meeting the robbers again, or any others of their fraternity, we decided to trust to good fortune and our two supposed infirmities. The set-backs experienced had increased our determination to succeed in the enterprise rather than dampen our previous ardour for it, and we went forward with renewed energy.

Night was coming up away on our left front as we neared the road. Our plan now was to tramp on until tired, keeping a sharp lookout for newcomers, then seek a thicket and sleep by turns till daylight. We knew that there was nothing to fear from prowling animals. But the obstacles on the way had not all been overcome. It seemed as if the spirit of Mahomet himself was barring our progress.

Just as we gained the dusty road, at a particularly barren place, there came along two elderly pilgrims, slowly treading their way back to Jeddah. We, without a thought of their being a barrier, stepped slightly aside, intending to keep steadily onward, with no more than a passing salaam to the strangers. But the nearer one deftly cut us off, evidently with no more intention than asking a probably harmless question that entered non-understanding ears. Again we had to find refuge in dumb show to indicate the acted deaf and dumb condition.

Then came, in the same manner, what we thought was a request for our hands on which to make some sign. Rumbolt, who stood a little in advance of Somers and me, looked on this as an observance between pilgrims passing on the road, and tendered his hand, palm upwards. The stranger took it, holding the tips of Rumbolt's fingers. He raised his other hand and was about to make a sign on the upturned palm when some idea in his grey head arrested the action. For a moment he gazed intently

had not attempted to lay a finger on us, was not in our minds, although their intention towards us was as dangerous as it well could be. Yet stop that fearful and prolonged wailing we must, and at once, lest a band of pilgrims should come within hearing of it and tear us to pieces in their fanatical rage; for our cartridges had dwindled to a painfully small number. In fact, we had taken the revolvers more for show in case of danger than for actual use.

We gaped at each other in some fear



"HE GAZED INTENTLY AT WHAT HE HELD."

at what he held; then, quick as thought, down came his nose on Rumbolt's palm. The latter, half guessing at the pilgrim's idea, snatched his hand away.

Too late! That elderly wayfarer had smelt that tar, if not the walnut juice, and penetrated our disguise.

In a moment his shrill voice rang out in a cry of alarm and horror that was miserably disquieting, and made the still evening air hideous to us. His companion, understanding the purport of that yell even better than we did, joined in. We stood aghast. To shoot these men, who

and much indecision. Then said Rumbolt: "Thunder! we must do something."

"Yes," answered Somers, "but we can't attack two old men."

"Well," rejoined the other, "let's run for it."

Instantly that idea was put into action. Without thinking which would be the better way to run, round we swung and off at the top of our speed, this time holding up the cumbersome white garments to get a freer use of our legs. But this did not wholly get us out of the new trouble. For the old pilgrims ran after us to the

best of their ability, continuing at short intervals that accusing wail of theirs.

Evidently some other method would have to be adopted to stop the danger, which was now increasing, because of the likelihood of our coming upon other Moslems. A few gasping remarks resulted in an abrupt right-about and a charge at the pursuers. Long-limbed Rumbolt had the lead. He took the first pilgrim in his arms like a ninepin and had him on the ground in a moment, yet scarcely had a grip on the old

lifting his head from the task, cried: "Great Scot! Look out! There's a troop coming!"

Rumbolt and I started up. Around a curve, about a mile along the road towards Jeddah, a band of pilgrims was coming into sight, their white robes plainly visible in the gathering darkness.

"Here, we must get out of this!" said Rumbolt. He dashed off the road and away amongst some bushes, Somers and I at his heels. Before he had gone fifty yards he had

snatched off his outer Eastern garment and was running in his dull-coloured English under-clothing. The reason of this was so patent to Somers and me that we immediately imitated him. Thus we sped along during about twenty minutes. Then there came across the intervening stretch of country the faint warning wail of the pilgrims. They had found the two unfortunates we had left trussed up on the road.

This was the last straw on the camel's back. We guessed that information of us would be sent at once both to Mecca and to Jeddah, so that to go on now would be sheer madness. So, after tearing up some clothing to tie about our feet in place of boots, we made the best of our way back to where our European clothes had been hidden. The place was reached before daybreak. There we lay in hiding and slept in turns till night, then stole along the

beach towards the city. We borrowed the first untended boat we came across and rowed out to our ship. Needless to say, we were mightily pleased when safely aboard again.

The affair cost us a day's wage each and a serious lecture from the "old man," to whom we had to explain our absence.



"HE HAD HIM ON THE GROUND IN A MOMENT."

man's wrists when a dagger flashed into sight. The other pilgrim had to be knocked down for safety's sake. Whilst we held them down Somers gagged them and tied their hands and feet with their turbans, torn into strips for that purpose.

The work was barely finished when Somers,



An out-of-the-way adventure in a Surrey village. A "tame" puma escaped one night from the house at which the author was staying, and the gentlemen of the household had to organize an expedition there and then to go in chase of the fugitive—a most uncomfortable undertaking in the dark, and not unattended with danger.



WHILE spending a few weeks with some friends in Surrey some time ago I had a most exciting and unlooked-for adventure, in the shape of a desperate chase after a puma.

My friends, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Orde, had taken a charming cottage in the delightfully secluded little village of West Horsley, which lies wrapped in wood and leaf backed by copse and heather, in a way typical of Surrey. A thick hedge running along the end of the lawn protected the house from the dust of the highway, and also from the curious gaze of passers-by, who were, however, few and far between. At the back of the cottage came first the kitchen garden and then the paddock, shared by the poultry and two or three foolish-looking goats, who never seemed to remember that they were tethered, and were continually darting off in different directions, only to be pulled up with a jerk when they had reached the limit of freedom allowed them.

My hostess, who was a great lover of animals, possessed also a monkey, who lived in a snugly-lined barrel fixed in the fork of an old apple tree. He descended now and then to pick up one of the small Persian kittens that were often tumbling about within reach of his chain. At first they resented the indignity, but after a time submitted meekly and became good friends with the proprietor of the barrel. The list of pets also included four or five dogs, a cockatoo, and, perhaps strangest of all, a puma.

The puma was brought while very young

from South America, and as he was very quiet and well-behaved he was kept in the yard, chained to an old crate which had been turned into a temporary kennel. For hours together he would lie quietly on the straw, under which he frequently hid pieces of meat to eat at leisure, or to spread about in front of his kennel as a bait for birds or chickens. If any of these were unwary enough to approach, he pounced upon the unlucky intruders with unfailing accuracy and devoured them. At night he was often restless, and would walk up and down outside the kennel rattling his chain and growling horribly, in a way that disturbed me very much, as my bedroom was at the back of the house.

One morning the kennel was missing from the back of the yard, also the milk-can; but they were soon found close together. Ichō—that was the puma's name—had evidently dragged his kennel into the avenue, where he had confronted the milkman on his morning round. Believing discretion to be the better part of valour, that affrighted worthy had dropped the milk-can just inside the gate and fled.

At breakfast that morning I suggested to my host that it would soon be necessary to confine the animal in some better way, as he was getting very strong and could no longer be looked upon as the gentle little pet he was when he first arrived in England. The other guests took my view of the matter, but my host and his wife laughed at our fears and said Ichō was much too tame to hurt anyone, and that by

keeping him in this way he made an excellent watch-dog. This last was true enough, as it soon became known in the village that a "lion" was always walking up and down the avenue ready to devour anything from a butcher's boy to a milk-can, which report kept the place beautifully clear of tramps.

Another morning it was found Ichō had spent the night dragging himself and



From a Photo. by

MR. ORDE'S COTTAGE AT WEST HORSLEY.

U. J. Marsh, Horsham.



MR. AND MRS. W. R. ORDE.

From a Photo. by J. J. Marsh, Horsham.

his kennel to the stable, where the gardener saw him crouching and sniffing outside the door. After this and other signs of a growing thirst for adventure, if not for blood, a strong collar was ordered—the one he wore was only made of leather and was rather the worse for wear—and Mr. Orde set to work to make a suitable cage for him.

Unfortunately, there was some delay about procuring the right kind of collar, and in the meantime, as Ichō had again become very quiet and docile—even allowing himself to be stroked with a straw or a stick, when he would purr in a quiet and amiable way like his more domesticated relative—we grew as callous and indifferent to the proximity of danger as dwellers upon the slopes of a volcano.

The rude awakening came one night, long after we had all gone to bed. It was a very hot night, and I was lying awake, oppressed by the close, thundery atmosphere, when suddenly I heard a commotion on the stairs. I sprang out of bed, and opening my door a few inches heard one of the servants say: "He's really gone this time, ma'am; there ain't no sign of him anywhere."

I guessed at once what had happened, got quickly into some clothes, and ran down to offer my help. I found Mrs. Orde standing in the hall attired in a loose lacy sort of garment, the kind of thing I've heard my sister call a "peignoir"—why, I'm sure I don't know. The gardener and the cook

were there too, and the latter was telling them how she had heard Weazel, the little terrier, whining in the yard, and, supposing someone had accidentally shut him out, she came down to let him in, when she saw two great glassy eyes staring at her out of the darkness. She shut the door with a bang and called the gardener, who went out to reconnoitre and found the kennel dragged a way some yards from its usual position, with the chain and a piece of the old collar dangling from it—but no puma!

Mr. Orde now appeared at the top of the stairs in night-shirt and trousers, followed by Jack, one of the other guests, wrapped in a dressing-gown which must have belonged to his younger brother, judging by its inability to cover its wearer's calves. When he saw our hostess poor Jack became painfully aware of the shortcomings of his dressing-gown, and slunk downstairs close behind Mr. Orde in an attitude suggestive of severe cramp.

The gardener provided us with weapons—a hay-rake, a pitch-fork, a stout stick, and some rope—and thus armed we prepared to sally forth into the unknown, when a shrill scream from the front bedroom made us pause in terrible suspense. It came from the room occupied by Jack and his wife. He had left her in a highly nervous state, but, cumbered as he was by his lack of clothing, he made no effort to go

back to her assistance. However, Mrs. Orde rushed upstairs, and found her almost in hysterics. She declared she had seen the puma on the window-sill, and had only just shut the window in time to prevent him from jump-



"MR. ORDE NOW APPEARED AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS, FOLLOWED BY JACK."

ing in! Mrs. Orde, who generally managed to keep her head in an emergency, promptly extinguished the lights in the room and quietly opened the window a few inches. They heard a movement amongst the ivy, and then a slight purring, and the next moment they could see the Persian cat, a great, fluffy, gentle creature, come and press up against the window-pane, where with a pathetic "meow" she begged for admission.

As soon as we heard this was a false alarm we shouldered arms and started off, taking with us the new collar, which had come by post that afternoon. Although it was a dark night it was considered wiser to have no light with us. Whether this was the best thing to do or not I cannot say, but all I know is that to be obliged to grope about in the dark did not make the job pleasant. We hunted in all directions, first in couples, and then, as we got more accustomed to the dark, singly, but all to no purpose. It seemed a hopeless task, for within a few minutes' walk of the house fields stretched away in all directions, with tall hedges and deep ditches, while away to the back were the woods, and if Ichō once reached them he could defy a small regiment for some time before he could be caught.

As we crept along, not daring to speak, the slightest rustle of the leaves made us start and stop. I confess that though I am a keen sportsman, and not generally considered much of a coward, this sort of business was not exactly to my taste. Every now and then I had a sensation of something sneaking stealthily along close behind, as if only waiting for a favourable moment to spring at me. As we continued our search the air grew closer and stiller, and presently there was a faint glimpse of light, and a clap of distant thunder told us a storm was gathering. It was some time yet before the lightning became very vivid, but gradually the storm came nearer until at last a brilliant flash momentarily lit up the whole country round. It was then that I saw I was in a field next to the paddock. A few yards ahead of me stood Mr. Orde, and as I looked I saw him make a dash for the hedge. Then he gave a long whistle. Once more all was dark, and the thunder rolled directly over our heads. I rushed up to him, nearly knocking him down.

"It's all right," he said; "we've got him. I thought I heard him spit, and I saw him just now as plain as day; he's stuck fast in the hedge. Jack is on the other side and won't let him pass that way."

As I thought of Jack's unprotected calves I wondered if Ichō could possibly resist attacking such tempting morsels.

Another flash, more vivid than the last, showed us clearly that the puma was indeed stuck in the hedge, but was struggling desperately to extricate himself. Mr. Orde sprang forward and caught him by the hind leg and then the neck, and dragged him back with tremendous force. The gardener now ran up and gave him a savage blow on the head with a thick stick, which seemed to temporarily stun the brute. Seizing the advantage thus gained, we

instantly pinned him down by his neck with my pitchfork, and put on the new collar. As he lay quite still we waited there while Jack ran back to the house to fetch a lantern, and also a chain, which we fixed on there and then. As we prepared for the homeward journey great drops of rain were falling, and before we got to the house it was raining steadily—to our no small discomfort.

I can well believe that, as the ladies declared afterwards, we presented a noble spectacle as we marched in proud triumph into the yard, which they had lighted up with two lanterns when Jack had told them of our success.

After Jack came Mr. Orde, dragging Ichō, who now seemed in a dead sulk. Next came the gardener with his thick stick in one hand and the huge fork in the other, ready to drive it into the poor beast at the slightest sign of rebellion. I brought up the rear with a large hay-rake and several yards of clothes-line.

Ichō was at once chained up securely, and a big rooster was brought from the fowl-house to soothe his ruffled temper.

We then extinguished our lanterns, and by the glimmer of coming dawn we drank his health, and, glowing with a sense of hard-won victory and well-earned rest, we once more sought our beds.

Next day wonderful reports were spread in the village as to the damage wrought by the bloodthirsty "lion." It was said he had not been recaptured, and he had been seen in at least half-a-dozen places at the same time; the destruction he had done was enormous, and he had devoured everything that came in his way, from chickens to children; in short, he became the terror of the neighbourhood.

After this escapade Mr. Orde felt reluctantly compelled to get rid of him, so he was sold to the Clifton Zoo. When the day came for his departure I went down to see the last of him, and to help in arranging the details of his journey. We placed him, chain and all, in a large crate, passed the chain through a hole, and secured it outside. The crate was then put on the dog-cart, and Mr. Orde, Jack, and I drove with it to Guildford. When we reached Merrow, Ichō, who resented this inconsiderate treatment, suddenly burst open the crate and, getting his head and front paws well out, stood up and for a few moments took possession of the dog-cart. Things looked ugly, but by a severe application of the whip we forced him back into the crate, and I believe Mr. Orde and Jack sat on it while I went into a small shop and procured some long nails, a hammer, and some more rope. Having secured him once more we drove on to Guildford with-



"MR. ORDE CAUGHT HIM BY THE HIND LEG AND THEN THE NECK."

out further incident, and saw him off in the care of Mr. Orde.

The porters seemed anxious to know what was in the crate, but we did not enlighten them.

Two men from the Zoo met the train at Bristol with a van, in which Ichō was driven off to his new home. Mrs. Orde, with whose permission I write this, and who has lent me the accompanying photographs, tells me she went to see him not very long ago. He had grown

a good deal and seemed in excellent condition. When she called him by his name Ichō jumped up, came to the front of the cage, and looked hard at her. We know so little about the mental equipment of the lower animals that we naturally hesitate to make statements about them that can neither be proved nor refuted; but I think I may safely say that Mrs. Orde is quite satisfied in her own mind that Ichō remembered her.



The Result of an Ice-Jam—Something Like a Harvest—An Extraordinary Shipwreck—Burmese Cargo-Boats—A Church that has been Turned into an Hotel, etc., etc.



HE breaking-up of the ice in the St. Lawrence every spring is looked forward to with much anxiety, especially at Montreal, as disastrous floods are likely to occur at this time. During the spring of 1903, for instance, there was a flood which rose above the wharves and inundated the riverside warehouses, the water reaching

nearly to the top of the retaining wall along the street facing the river. After several days, however, the water slowly receded, the ice-jam broke, and the danger was past. Our photograph shows the result of one of these dangerous ice-jams. Wharves and freight-sheds alike are buried out of sight under huge masses of ice, which has risen to the level of the street seen to the left.



From a]

THE RESULT OF AN ICE-JAM AT MONTREAL.

[Photo,



BUYING UP OLD HOUSES IN ORDER TO SEARCH FOR DIAMONDS IN THE MUD WALLS IS QUITE AN INDUSTRY IN KIMBERLEY. [Photo.]

The town of Kimberley is, literally, paved with diamonds. Nowhere else in the world could such a scene be witnessed as that depicted in the foregoing photograph, which shows men engaged in "washing" the *débris* of a house that has been demolished in the hope of finding diamonds in the sun-baked material of

its walls! The buying-up of old houses is quite a business in the diamond metropolis, the speculators trusting to find enough stones in the property to pay for the outlay and return a good profit as well.

Out in the Western States of America, and all along the lines of the Pacific Railway, the farmers reap Indian corn crops of extraordinary richness. It is the usual thing for them to gather in two crops per annum, and three crops are quite common, while four crops in a single year are not unknown. The lucky Western farmer is sowing his seed almost before his crops are gathered, and the corn, when in its prime, is a beautiful sight; it grows straight up to a great height, so that the

trains seem to be running through a never-ending vista of dazzling golden yellow grain, waving and swaying as the wind passes over it. Our photograph shows the result of the harvest in one field. The size of the piles and of the individual ears of corn will be seen by comparison with the man on the left.



[From a]

SOMETHING LIKE A HARVEST—AN INDIAN CORN CROP IN THE WESTERN STATES.

[Photo.]



A CHINESE "MEMORIAL ARCH"—THIS PARTICULAR SPECIMEN HAS BEEN ERECTED IN HONOUR OF A WIDOW'S FIDELITY TO HER HUSBAND'S MEMORY. [Photo.]

Ornamental archways are a prominent feature in Chinese architecture, and are found both inside and outside the cities of that vast empire. These archways often appear very meaningless, having no connection with any of the neighbouring buildings, or even standing far removed from any other building. Their *raison d'être* are many and various. One very usual kind is the "widow's memorial arch." It is considered a disgrace for a Chinese widow to remarry, though a widower may do so as soon as he likes. Accordingly, though a widow in poor circumstances often does marry again—in order to secure support for herself and her little ones—or is sold into a second marriage against her will by grasping parents-in-law, this alliance never has quite the dignity of a first marriage. But if a woman is left a widow while comparatively young, and remains so till her death at an advanced age, her son (if he be a loving child and can afford the expense) often petitions the Throne for permission to erect a memorial arch in honour of his mother's constancy. An arch of this kind is shown in the above photograph. Another variety

of arch is that erected in memory of a centenarian. When a Chinaman has attained the age of a hundred he is entitled to make the fact known to the mandarin of his district, who in turn passes it on till it reaches the Emperor, who gives permission for the erection of an arch in honour of his venerable subject.

The extraordinary-looking vessels seen in the following snap-shot are Burmese cargo-boats on the Irawaddy River. The chief peculiarity about these craft is their enormous sail area. They are square-rigged, carrying one huge bamboo yard across the mast over a hundred feet long, and supported in a graceful curve by running rigging. The sails are hauled out and in, like great curtains, and not up and down as in ordinary vessels. Above this enormous sail a topsail of large area is often carried, whilst the mast itself consists of two long bamboos lashed together at the top to form an inverted V, with steps across by way of a ladder. In spite of its apparent awkwardness the whole arrangement is very ingenious, and well suited to its purpose. Having no keels, these boats can practically only run before the wind; at other times they must be poled along, the yard and mast being lowered and stowed away till again required. The steersman sits in a high chair on the stern, a large opening being left in the foot of the sail to allow him to see clear ahead. With a good wind these boats can travel wonderfully fast. The vessel at the far end of the row, it will be observed, has her sails set.



BURMESE CARGO-BOATS ON THE IRAWADDY RIVER—NOTICE THE IMMENSE SAIL AREA. [From a Photo.]

Churches are occasionally put to strange uses, but it is seldom that one is converted into an hotel. One of the sights of Tucson, Arizona, is the old San Augustine Mission, recently turned into an hotel. No alterations have been made on the exterior save the removal of the crosses from the towers and the painting of a sign over the entrance. The main portion of the church proper is now the dining-room, the high ceiling and deep-set windows remaining intact. The chancel has been screened to form a private dining-room. The pillars and altar-steps still remain, and overhead, now faded with age, is an old fresco representing the Trinity. The walls that for many a decade resounded with the deep chanting of the priests now echo the prosaic rattle of dishes and the confused sounds of a modern hotel dining-room.

Our next photograph was taken at Kleinpoort, Cape Colony, and shows an ostrich nest which was discovered by a local resident on one of the farms in that district. The nest contained no fewer than fifty-two eggs, not all of which are visible in the photograph. Evidently two or



From a]

A CHURCH THAT HAS BEEN TURNED INTO AN HOTEL.

[Photo.

more birds had been laying their eggs in the same spot. The picture gives a good idea of the large size of ostrich eggs.

Every three years all Chinamen domiciled in Siam have to pay a small poll-tax. When this has been paid the collector ties a string round the man's left wrist and fastens the knot with a



From a] A "BRACELET RECEIPT" FOR A TAX. [Photo.



From a]

AN OSTRICH NEST IN CAPE COLONY.

[Photo.

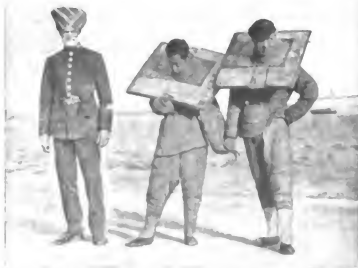
special official seal. The curious bracelet thus formed constitutes John Chinaman's receipt, and must be worn for a period of one month. If caught out without it, he must pay over again. It is distinctly edifying to watch the police and revenue officers rounding up the Celestials at tax-time and inspecting their arms. Free fights are of common occurrence, and it is said that many hundreds of Chinamen evade payment altogether by wearing counterfeit strings and seals.



AN EXTRAORDINARY SHIPWRECK NEAR CARDIFF,
From a Photo.

The photograph above shows an extraordinary shipwreck which took place on the shore between Penarth and Cardiff some years ago. A steamer left Cardiff, without a pilot on board, during a spell of bad weather. She soon got into difficulties and was finally driven ashore broadside on. Here the fierce waves broke her in two and, curiously enough, laid the fore half of her neatly alongside the stern, as shown in the photograph, which gives the appearance of two vessels lying side by side. Such an occurrence must surely be almost unique in the way of shipwrecks.

The accompanying illustration shows a spectacle which is occasionally to be witnessed in Shanghai—a Sikh policeman taking two Chinese prisoners out for exercise. The crimes for which they have been punished are written in Chinese characters on



A SIKH POLICEMAN TAKING TWO CHINESE PRISONERS OUT FOR EXERCISE.
From a Photo.

the heavy boards they wear round their necks, and their hands are so tied up as to render escape impossible, even if their uncomfortable neck-wear would allow them to run.

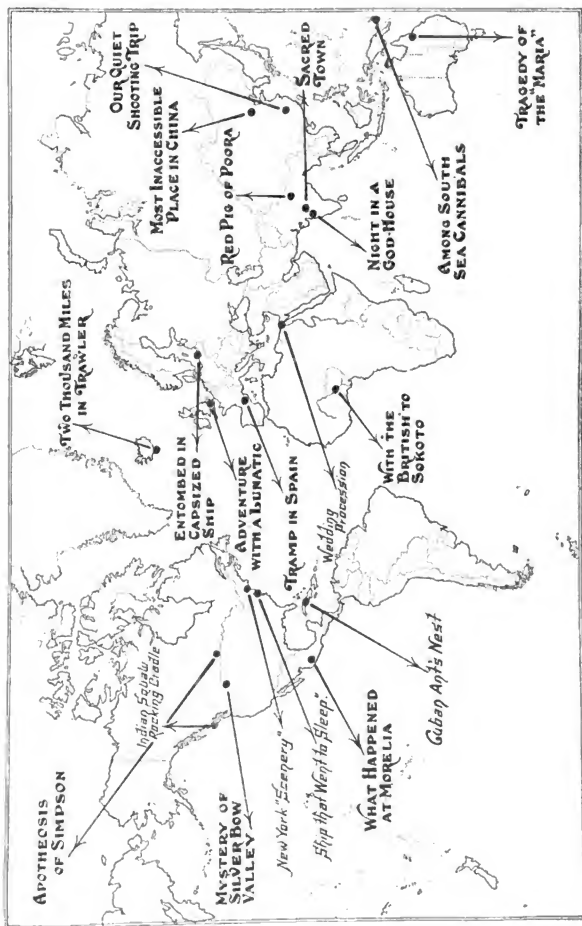
The remarkable-looking tree shown in the photograph herewith is a well-known landmark, and there is a curious Indian legend concern-



THIS TREE IS A WELL-KNOWN LANDMARK, AND THERE IS A
From a CURIOUS INDIAN LEGEND CONCERNING IT. *(Photo.*

ing its origin. This legend says: "A great, big paleface, Holden by name, camped here one night. He stuck his cane—a green branch

he had broken off a tree—in the ground while he went to gather some firewood. A grizzly bear coming along so scared Holden that he ran away, leaving his cane behind. The cane took root and grew, retaining, however, its original shape." The legend, of course, may or may not be true, but the tree is there, quite destitute of branches, and bearing a remarkable resemblance to a rude walking-stick.



THE NOVEL MAP-CONTENTS OF "THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE," WHICH SHOWS AT A GLANCE THE LOCALITY OF EACH ARTICLE AND NARRATIVE OF ADVENTURE IN THIS NUMBER.



"HE WAS STANDING ON THE ROOF OF THE CABIN AND THE FLOOR WAS ABOVE HIS HEAD!"

(SEE PAGE 523.)

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Entombed in a Capsized Ship.

BY FRANK S. N. DUNSHY, OF THE SEAMAN'S INSTITUTE, NEUFABRWASSER, GERMANY.

The story here related is almost without a parallel in the records of sea adventure. It is amazing that a man could go through the experience which befell Captain Engellandt and live to tell the tale. The captain was specially interviewed on behalf of "The Wide World Magazine" and his portrait and other interesting photographs were secured.



CAPTAIN HANS ENGELLANDT is a young married man of thirty-one, with two children. He is skipper and owner of the *Erndte*, a new steel "galliot," or sloop, of some eighty odd tons.

The *Erndte* left Memel on April 16th last with a cargo of timber for Bremen. Captain Engellandt was in command, and his crew consisted of a mate—his brother-in-law—and two men.

It was blowing hard when the voyage began, but nevertheless the captain held on, hoping to make a quick passage, the wind being favourable. About midday, however, the weather changed for the worse. The wind steadily increased and icy showers of rain and snow fell frequently. Deeply laden as she was, and carrying a heavy deck load, some three or four feet high, the galliot laboured badly in the rising sea, and accordingly sail had to be shortened.

By seven o'clock in the evening a full gale was blowing, with a heavy sea; but the vessel, being now under a treble-reefed mainsail, did not ship any water. By midnight, however, the gale had become a veritable hurricane, and the little galliot drove ahead swiftly before the

roaring wind and following sea. This state of affairs continued until 5 a.m. on the morning of the 19th, when the ship had covered, according to the log, a hundred and twenty miles. During the whole of this time Captain Engellandt had been at the wheel, steering his vessel through the storm and encouraging his little

crew. Needless to say, he was wet through and thoroughly exhausted with his long vigil, and as there did not seem to be any immediate cause for anxiety he gladly relinquished the wheel to the mate while he went down to his cabin* to put on some dry clothes and get a much-needed rest. He had only just completed the change—the operation being rendered somewhat difficult by the rolling and pitching of the galliot—when the vessel gave a tremendous lurch and threw him off his feet, hurling him with considerable violence into a corner.

On picking himself up Captain Engellandt

looked around in absolute bewilderment. What on earth had happened? And what was amiss with the trim little cabin? Then like a flash he realized that he was standing on the roof of the cabin, and that the floor was above his head! With the recognition of this strange state of



HANS ENGELLANDT, THE CAPTAIN OF THE "ERNDTE," WHO PASSED ELEVEN DAYS EIGHTEEN HOURS INSIDE THE CAPSIZED SHIP. [Photo.]

* The mate and crew had a house on deck.

affairs came the knowledge of its cause. The ship had capsized—turned turtle—and was now floating keel upwards! And he was caged—caught underneath the ship like a rat in a trap!

If further confirmation of this terrible fact were needed it was furnished by the bilge-water from the vessel's hold—now above the prisoner's head—which ran down the sides of the cabin towards what had been the roof. This was now being rapidly covered by water which rose from below.

As to what had become of his crew, Engelland could only surmise that they must have been swept overboard and drowned when the furious squall turned his vessel over.

Most men would have given way to utter despair upon finding themselves in such an awful position. Not so Captain Engelland.

The first thing he did was to climb up as far as possible towards the vessel's keel, out of the way of the water, which now covered the cabin floor to a depth of several feet. It got no deeper, however, and he came to the conclusion that the cargo of wood, taken in conjunction with the quantity of air imprisoned in the hull, would serve to keep the ship afloat—for some time, at least. He also ascertained that the water rose higher up the ship's side outside than in the cabin.

All this time the capsized ship was rolling in the heavy seas, and the water below the captain was washing about the cabin, carrying away everything movable. If he once fell into that Engelland knew that he would soon be drowned or dashed to pieces against the ship's side, so he set about making a perch for himself as near the ship's keel as possible.

A moment's thought showed him that, as his ship was eleven feet deep and the cabin about seven feet high, he had four feet between him and the keel. By dint of a little work he was able to pull away some of the planking forming the floor of the cabin, and climb through into the narrow space between it and the ship's plates. Here—at all events for the present—he would be fairly safe from the water below.

His next thought was concerning food. Was there any in the cabin, or were hunger and ultimate starvation to be added to the horrors of his plight? With feverish anxiety he searched about. The result was the discovery of some three pounds of raisins, three pounds of rice, a similar quantity of sugar—and a sausage! This little stock the prisoner at once conveyed to a place of safety, dividing it into portions and placing himself upon rations, for how long he might remain cooped up in that iron hull before rescue came or death claimed him he did not know.

The food question being settled it remained to devise some means by which he could make his plight known to passing ships. Here he was badly handicapped. A man alone on the deck of a derelict ship, even if she be dismantled, can usually find some elevated point, if only his own outstretched arms, from which he can suspend a signal, while his voice assists him to communicate with possible rescuers. But poor Engelland's position was infinitely worse. He was *inside* the wreck—buried alive in the darksome vault formed by the ship's upturned hull—and his voice was effectually stifled in that confined space by the continual wash of the waters around and below him.

Finally he managed to find a wooden mallet, and with this he struck heavily on the ship's iron plates. They gave forth a sharp metallic sound, which he hoped would be audible to some passing ship, but in his heart of hearts he was well aware the sound would not penetrate far. Prudent mariners, moreover, usually give capsized derelicts a wide berth—there is no good to be got from them, and much possible harm. And what sailor in his senses would dream that under that wallowing hulk, over which the seas broke continually, there was a living human being?

Although he found a lamp and some matches, the prisoner did not light it. He knew perfectly well that the supply of air in the ship's hull must necessarily be small, and that the lamp, once lighted, would speedily use up the oxygen, leaving him to suffocate. He was not, however, in absolute darkness. In some way the diffused light of day was reflected up into his cabin through the water. It was a soft light—resembling that of the moon—but it enabled him to see perfectly.

When the sun shone outside the weird light in his prison grew brighter, gradually ebbing away as darkness fell. Generally speaking, it was light from 6 a.m. till 6 p.m.

During the long hours of daylight poor Engelland worked unceasingly with his mallet, knocking continually on the ship's side. Was there ever such a monotonous, heart-breaking task—fighting against death in that floating tomb, with no better weapon than a hammer? For all he knew he was tapping out his own death-knell in those persistent strokes. What thoughts surged through his brain during those awful days! Thoughts of the wife and little ones at home, anxiously awaiting news of his ship's safe arrival in port—or, possibly, even now mourning him as dead, consequent on hearing news that a capsized galliot resembling his had been sighted. The probability of death in his floating prison he resolutely put from him,



"ENGELLANDT WORKED UNCEASINGLY WITH HIS Mallet."

hoping continually for rescue—the rescue that was so long in coming.

When night came he coiled himself up in some old sacks and a spare sail, which were stowed near the keel, and slept. He knew that at any moment, but especially at night, some ship might strike his all-but-submerged vessel and send him headlong to the bottom of the sea. Nothing that he could do, however, could avert such a contingency, and so this extraordinary man lay down calmly every night and endeavoured to sleep, dozing off at intervals, but rarely losing consciousness for more than an hour at a time.

And so the days of his imprisonment passed by, each hour seeming to have feet of lead. He had no watch or clock, but he could tell by the light whether it was day or night, and he made notches on a beam to record the passage of the days. He had not, of course, any idea of the direction in which the ship was drifting, but fancied it was S.S.E.

The notches grew in number, the light came and went, the little store of food got smaller and smaller, and still there came no sign of rescue, no sound from the outer world. How would it all end? Would it be suffocation by the failure of the air supply, starvation when the food was exhausted, or would the wreck sink with him beneath the waters and bring oblivion that way? Many a man would have gone

raging mad under the awful strain, but this simple sailor-man still hoped for rescue, keeping up his tapping hour after hour and day after day, till the mallet was quite worn.

Once he thought the end was very near. It was evidently a bright sunny day outside, and the sun beating upon the ship's iron plates heated the air inside to such an extent that Engellandt was presently fighting for breath. He shifted his position lower down, near the water, but the air was scarcely better here, and it was with difficulty that he was able to breathe. It seemed as if everything was over. Then, just as he was about to give up the struggle, a gale arose, the sea became agitated, and with the rolling of the ship the air freshened. He was able to breathe easily once more, and for the time being the situation was saved. Whenever the sea was rough the air inside the hull seemed to be renewed, and the discovery of this fact removed his anxiety about the air supply.

By this time thirst was beginning to trouble him somewhat, for no water was included in his slender stock. He was never really hungry, cooped up there in that iron box, but he would have given much for a drink. There below him was water—dark and green and cool and inviting—but that way lay madness and death. Reckoning up his stores, he found he had at most three or four days' food left. And there were now twelve notches on the beam!

For eleven days and nights he had existed in that floating tomb, drifting along through the seas. No doubt the submerged wreck had been sighted many times, but no one had thought it worth while to investigate. Would it be so to the end? Would help *never* come?

If the worst came to the worst and his stores were exhausted, Engellandt made up his mind to die fighting. He would put a life-belt he had in the cabin round his waist, dive down into the water below, and endeavour to open those tight-jammed cabin doors and so reach the open sea. It was a mad venture and almost certain of failure, but he might as well meet death that way as by starvation or thirst in his iron prison.

It was Thursday, the 30th, and drawing towards evening. The light was slowly fading from the water, and all was still as the grave. Poor Engellandt, thinking it useless to knock any more that day, had lain down on his sacks to sleep, when he suddenly started up, his pulses beating wildly. What was that sound? Was he going mad, or were those footsteps on the plates above his head? Jumping up, he seized his hammer and knocked furiously, frantically, on the ship's side.

A moment's silence, and then—thank Heaven!—there came an answering knock. Help—so long delayed and all but despaired of—had arrived at last!

But although only a thin plate of metal

separated the poor prisoner from his rescuers, communication with him proved a difficult matter. All efforts to detach a plate failed, but finally a nut was loosened. Through the hole it covered the parties were enabled to converse.

Engellandt learnt that his rescuers were the mate and two seamen of the Norwegian ss. *Aurora*, Captain Soerensen.

The wreck had been sighted some sixteen miles off Rixhöft, and the boat had been sent to examine it.

All the time the men were conversing the compressed air inside the wreck was escaping through the nut-hole at a terrific rate. Captain Engellandt, fearing that if the air was exhausted the ship would founder, asked the mate to replace the nut and tow him to the nearest port. The officer accordingly bade him good-bye, shut down the nut, and returned to the ship. A few minutes later towing commenced. On the way, curiously enough, the mainmast—which hitherto had been attached to the

ship, with the mainsail still set—was carried away. This mast, acting like a kind of centre-board, no doubt assisted the ship to remain upright in her capsized condition.

The *Aurora* towed her strange prize into Neufahrwasser, the port of Dantzic. The astonishing news that the wreck contained a living man, who had been immured for nearly



"THROUGH THE HOLE THE PARTIES WERE ENABLED TO CONVERSE."



"CAPTAIN ENGELLANDT WAS HAULED CAREFULLY OUT."

a fortnight, quickly spread, and large crowds gathered to witness his rescue.

The capsized vessel was towed under a big derrick, a cable was passed around her, and she was raised just sufficiently to prevent her from sinking. Then engineers and shipsmiths got to work to cut out a plate from her bottom. A

hole was first bored through, and immediately Captain Engellandt's finger was seen protruding. He cried out a warning, fearing that the vessel would sink with the loss of air, but was assured that there was no danger now that the ship was suspended from the crane.

The artificers worked with an energy born of



THE CAPSIZED "FRIENDIE" UNDER THE DERRICK, SHOWING THE CABLE WHICH PREVENTED HER SINKING.

From a Photo.



THE PATCH IN THE FOREGROUND IS THE PLATE WHICH WAS CUT OUT TO ALLOW OF CAPTAIN ENGELLANDT'S ESCAPE.

From a Photo.



From a

THE "ERNDTE" IN DOCK AFTER BEING RAISED AND RIGHTED.

[Photo.]

sympathy for the man below, but in spite of all their efforts the task of cutting out the plate occupied nearly five hours. Then, at 9.45 p.m.,



THE "ERNDTE," READY FOR SEA AGAIN AFTER BEING REPAIRED AND OVERHAULED. [Photo.]

the sheet of metal was removed, and Captain Engellandt was hauled carefully out, after eleven days and eighteen hours' imprisonment in the ship's bottom! He was immediately seen by a doctor, but, to everyone's intense astonishment, was found to be little the worse for his appalling

experience, save that he was nearly dying of thirst, having at last succumbed to the temptation and drunk a little salt water. His hands, too, were covered with blisters from his continual work with the hammer, and he was pale from his long confinement. But he was quite rational, and able to walk ashore without assistance.

Such is the story of Captain Engellandt's rescue from his floating tomb.

After such a fearful experience—almost without parallel in the records of sea adventure*—a man might well be expected never to wish to go to sea again, but this simple German will shortly take command of a fine new schooner he is having built. Meanwhile, at the moment of writing, the *Erndte* is getting ready for sea again.

* Our issue for September, 1901, contains the story of the adventures of four men who were imprisoned in a somewhat similar manner by the capturing of the French brig *Merina* in 1840. In this case, however, their incarceration only lasted three days.—E.D.



CAPTAIN ENGELLANDT'S AUTOGRAPH, SPECIALLY WRITTEN FOR "THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE."



III.—AMONG THE NIGER RAPIDS.

We have made arrangements with a British officer for an illustrated account of his experiences on a journey from London to the mysterious sacred city of Sokoto, and thence to Lake Tchad. This expedition, involving over two thousand miles of travel in regions hitherto quite unknown, should prove of unique interest, as the author was a member of the expedition which penetrated six hundred miles up the Niger and thence marched westward to Sokoto—a city which had previously been visited by only one Englishman, who went there many years ago in disguise, since when the treacherous and fanatical Fulani have refused the white man all access. The greater portion of the country dealt with is an absolute terra incognita, being the hunting-ground of the Tuareg, the Fulani, and the slave-raider. In this series—the first detailed account of the most important expedition of recent years in British West Africa—Captain Foulkes will deal with the adventures and episodes of everyday life in the interior, illustrating his descriptions with his own photographs.



N this manner the days dragged along, the canoe-men—sometimes uttering strange little cries, but for the most part silent—poling almost without a rest, their bodies glistening with perspiration in the fierce heat of the sun. Past reeds and long grass we glided, under archways of overhanging trees, slipping by shining sand beaches, with fresh crocodile slides visible on them, still wet; by granite boulders worn smooth, and showing horizontal marks of different water-levels; and bushes with bare, spreading roots covered with long, hair-like offshoots. At times we moved fairly rapidly in a two-mile current, but sometimes we had to win our way foot by foot, from twig to twig, in a six-mile rapid.

Occasionally a canoe, piled with calabashes and covered with grass mats, would glide past

in mid-stream, its occupants sitting quite still or paddling listlessly.

After a long and trying day we were glad at evening to pitch our tents on the bank near some village, or on a sand-bank out in mid-stream.

The very heavy dew which falls at night in the valley of the river and the amazing variety of insects, of which mosquitoes and sand-flies are the most numerous and troublesome, would have rendered sleep impossible without mosquito curtains, which we were fortunately provided with.

In the neighbourhood of villages I was much interested in the curious traps used for catching fish, which are very plentiful hereabouts. These native contrivances are baited with guinea-corn, and are made of a kind of open-work grass matting, which is fixed upright in a circle near



From a

"OCCASIONALLY A CANOE WOULD GLIDE PAST."

[Photo.

the bank, and stiffened all round with stakes. A kind of porticulis of the same material, weighted with stones, is raised vertically, and remains open until an opportunity occurs of making a catch, when, by pulling a string, it is made to fall down and close the entrance.

At some of our camps the snorting of hippo was distinctly heard close by during the night, for we passed several kinds of these animals in the water in the course of the journey up the river. Invariably, too, where hippo were seen, their tracks up the banks in the neighbourhood were numerous.

In many of the little riverside villages curiously designed hippo spears may be seen, consisting of a double-barbed iron head, to which a handle six or eight feet long is loosely fastened; at its lower end the handle is fixed to a detachable float made of some very light wood. These floats are again attached

to the spear-head by means of a stout rope, so that when a spear is driven into a hippo the head remains in the flesh, and the movements of the wounded animal under water can be followed by the hunters. The wound caused by the spear is not in itself of a serious nature, but poison is generally applied, which, of course, makes the spear a much more formidable weapon, while the carcass is not rendered uneatable thereby. Though the meat would have been very welcome to our large party, we could not spare the time to go after one of these beasts, as when reached they sink, and only appear on the surface some hours

afterwards. The current, too, would make the recovery of the carcass very improbable, unless there were rocks across the river just below. For the same reason crocodile are very rarely found when killed, though we did not scruple to fire at these dangerous monsters whenever possible, and succeeded in hitting some. One of these brutes was facing us asleep, basking on some rocks with its mouth wide open, when one of our party fired. It was hit badly at a range of about a hundred yards, and remained in precisely the same position for some time afterwards, quite stunned. It only just succeeded in rolling off into the water as our canoes raced

towards the spot and almost reached it. There is excellent bird-shooting on the Middle Niger, guinea-fowl and "bush-fowl" — a kind of partridge — being very plentiful on shore. Geese are sometimes seen, but they are very wild and difficult to approach. Duck, teal, pigeon, doves, and sand-grouse are fairly abundant. Several kinds of pelicans and cranes are also met with, for the most part sitting meditatively on sand-banks singly or in groups. "Crown birds" are to be found, too, sometimes in flocks of as many as twenty; these, with marabout (which are generally seen in threes, sitting on trees close to the river), are kept tame in some of the villages by the chiefs.

After two days' poling from Jebba we reached Bajibo, where the second French "enclave" has been established, and where there is a small military garrison. Good shooting can be got



A "CROWN BIRD" SHOT BY A MEMBER OF THE COMMISSION.

From a Photo.

all round this place, a lion having entered an officer's hut on one occasion recently. Just above here our flotilla passed a herd of hippo.

In the neighbourhood of the village of Leaba, nearly five hundred miles up the Niger, the river narrows considerably, and is less than one hundred yards across in places. The current, too, is very swift and rocks are plentiful, making very bad corners for canoes to get past. The day after leaving Leaba we arrived at Ekaji, a little village opposite Wuru, where the rapids begin. Here all our canoes were unloaded and sent on to negotiate the rapids empty. They were to meet us higher up. At Ekaji some two hundred carriers were waiting for us by arrangement; but this number proved to be insufficient, and we had to make half marches with the loads and double journeys, thus taking four days over a distance that should have been traversed in two. The road over which we marched was forty miles in length and was quite flat, with long grass and a few scattered trees. Eight miles after starting we came upon the Oli River, a hundred yards wide, which we had to cross in two small and very rickety canoes.

Between Wuru and Boussa rapids occur at



THE WURU RAPIDS—THE EXPLORER, MUNGO PARK, IS BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN KILLED NEAR HERE. [Photo.]

four separate points. The lowest rapids—which are said to be the worst—of which I took some photographs, are about half a mile above Ekaji, at a point where the Niger is divided into two by an island, on either side of which it is broken by these torrents.

Those on the right bank, though by far the narrower, being only about ten yards wide, are the ones used by canoes for ascending and descending. The current is, of course, extremely rapid, and a stout native rope is laid along the river, with side ropes for keeping it in a central position in the stream.

It did not seem to be in use, however, as two canoes which I saw descending simply "shot" the rapids, having been previously unloaded; whilst our own, which we watched making the ascent, kept close to the bank, out of the main current, and were towed, pushed, and poled up—all at once—without much difficulty. The heat on the rocks at this spot at midday was terrific, and in consequence one of the spirit-levels with which my camera was fitted burst.



[From a]

A NATIVE DIGNITARY ON HIS WAY DOWN THE RIVER.

[Photo.]



From a THE OFFICERS OF THE COMMISSION WATCHING THEIR CANOES BEING HAULLED UP THE RAPIDS.

[Photo.]

The second rapid occurs about a mile above the first, though I did not get an opportunity of seeing it or any of the others, as our road did not run along the river bank. The third rapid is opposite Kotashi—variously named—and the fourth a little above Garifari, about ten miles below Boussa.

It is not known at which of these spots—if any of them—the explorer, Mungo Park, was killed, as all are generally spoken of as the Boussa rapids, and no attempt is made to distinguish between them.

Above Boussa—a long, straggling town—the river widens again considerably, and large islands once more become frequent. On these villages are plentiful, and consist of neat, well-made little mud-huts, with a liberal allowance of dome-shaped granaries in which guinea-corn (the staple product of the country) is stored.

Both huts and granaries are mostly circular, and are remarkable for being constructed on rows of flat stones, twelve or eighteen inches in height, bedded into the ground on their edges. The doorways are very small openings, which begin about two feet above the level of the ground outside. The object of this style of architecture is no doubt to escape the night damp which rises from the river.

It was on one of these islands that we saw signs of irrigation for the first time since entering the Niger. The method adopted is very primitive and involves much labour, but

the areas over which water is distributed are small.

In most places the banks of the river are too high to admit of water being lifted over, in calabashes, by hand, and a small hollow is accordingly scooped out at the river level, to facilitate the filling of the calabashes.

From this water is lifted a height of about three feet, and emptied into a saucer-shaped excavation running a few yards inland, from the extreme end of which it is again raised—also by hand—and emptied into

a channel, by means of which it is distributed, by overflowing at intervals, over an area divided up into little four-foot squares planted with onions.

The channels are laboriously fashioned with clay, and rarely exceed fifty yards in length.

These island dwellers seem to be distinctly in advance of the inhabitants of the river-bank villages in the matter of enterprise, and a good deal of their land is cultivated with guinea-corn,



A CURIOUS GRANARY IN A NATIVE VILLAGE.

From a Photo.



THE CANOES OF THE EXPEDITION AT YELWA, SIX HUNDRED MILES UP THE NIGER.
From a Photo.

onions, and a kind of bean; but living is much too easy for an astonishing display of industry.

Yelwa—which is another military station—is four days' journey above Boussa. The river at the former place is extremely wide, and consists of a maze of islands separated by narrow channels. About fifteen miles below Yelwa there is a point in the river, opposite a village called Chelu, over which none but the lightest-loaded of canoes can pass.

The river is divided in two by an island, on the west side of which (the right bank) a rocky bar stretches right across, rendering the channel impassable even to canoes. On the east side of the island, too, there are rocks, with a sharp fall in the level of the water, but we managed to get our canoes through, with the assistance of the villagers, without having to unload.

The native chiefs are often a nuisance, as on arriving at their towns the custom is to bring with them an offering of some sort, which is termed a "dash," or present; it is not one in reality, however, as the full market equivalent is always expected and paid. These presents usually consist of eggs, milk, fowls, or vegetables, which are acceptable. The King of Boussa, however, on paying his ceremonial visit, had a small bullock led

behind him, and considering that this animal was in a very emaciated condition, and that we were moving on immediately in canoes, the offering was an embarrassing one, especially as beef is almost uneatable in this country and rivals in toughness the ration trek-ox of the South African Campaign. However, the bullock had to be paid for and was disposed of somehow.

At Yelwa the soldiers forming the garrison are quartered in a small fort, which was built in 1898, but which at the present time is by no means a formidable defensive work. Inside a monument has been erected to the memory of



From a

THE MONUMENT AT YELWA.

[Photo,

Lieutenant Keating and a white N.C.O. of the West Africa Frontier Force, who, with several soldiers, were killed on an island close by whilst engaged in collecting canoes for transport. This might appear a somewhat unusual spot to choose for a graveyard, but at Boussa a white N.C.O. has been buried in the very centre of the native market-place!

Yelwa, which is a comparatively new village, was formerly a large native town called Ben Yauri (the ruins of which are still visible), some six miles away from the river. In 1890 it was devastated by the King of Kontagora and has never been rebuilt, though the fugitives received permission later to build themselves a new village where Yelwa now stands.

Four or five miles above Yelwa there is

intervals. Mosquitoes swarm in this neighbourhood, and in consequence some peculiar costumes were to be seen at our dinner-table in the evenings. In addition to the ordinary camp evening dress—pyjamas—mosquito boots, dressing gowns, silk handkerchiefs, and blankets were wrapped round the knees, and over the head were some of the aids employed towards immunity from attack.

On Christmas Day we reached Ilo, which is also a small military centre, two or three miles from the river. Quiris is its port, and the approach to this place is over an extensive grass swamp, swarming with duck and other birds, through which a narrow channel, overgrown with water-lilies and some hundreds of yards long, but only five or six feet wide, winds.



From a

THE FIRST CAMP AFTER LEAVING THE RIVER.

[Photo.]

another difficult place in the river, at a village called Sikassi; but from here to Dole, past Ilo, where British territory terminates, the river is wide and sluggish, and would probably be navigable for steam launches at all seasons.

Trees—which had been gradually disappearing from the landscape—are almost entirely absent half-way between Yelwa and Ilo, and the country on either side of the river consists of immense flat grass plains, often marshy, with stunted trees and bushes scattered about at

intervals. Here we were met by local European officials; six of us dined that night out in the open, and in spite of the mosquitoes full justice was done to a blazing plum-pudding.

The Anglo-French frontier at Dole was reached the next day, almost three months after leaving England!

This place is also approached by means of a creek which runs into the Niger, and here we pitched our first camp, thankful to have completed at last our long journey up the river.

(To be continued.)

The Apotheosis of Simpson.

By L. LAWRENCE.

The author writes: "The incidents here described occurred at a little township in Manitoba, where I resided at the time. As all the persons mentioned are still living, I have given them fictitious names."



T was through some miscalculation of time and place on the part of destiny that Simpson came to be a wheat-grower in Manitoba in the last decade of the nineteenth century. He should have been born on the shores of one of the Norwegian fjords some time in the sixth; then he might have found a fitting outlet for the power that is in him, and have figured in song and saga. For Simpson is of one blood with the sea-kings; he has their sea-blue eyes, yellow hair, and a fist to wield Thor's hammer, and like them he is subject to fits of Berserker fury in which no mortal can stand before him.

The error is unfortunate for Simpson. In the heroic age he would have been a hero; he would have sailed the North Sea with his fleet of galleys doing glorious deeds, landing now and then to sack and burn some town of the cowering landmen. As for the sacking and burning, if Simpson had happened to be in the Berserk vein when his galleys arrived in the harbour, the remainder of the crews might have rested on their oars, for I have seen what he can do with bare fists, and the mind reels at the idea of the ruin he would work with a double-headed battle-axe. I imagine the Valkyries would have had some trouble in removing him from the scene of his exploits, having seen a special police force of local volunteers perform that office; but once in Odin's hall he would have held his own at swallowing huge draughts of foaming mead with any champion there.

These things, however, were denied him. He has a wife and family and half a section of land a few miles from the Canadian Pacific main line. His huge red beard and sea-blue eyes are the sole links between Simpson and his Viking ancestry, saving the fits of Berserk fury before referred to.

When one of these comes upon him he drives into H——, the village where he sells his wheat and buys his groceries. H—— will be hereinafter called a town; in Manitoba a place is not entitled to style itself a village until it has a thousand inhabitants, and, as H—— has only a quarter of that number, it must perforce call itself a town for some years to come. As a rule he does not drink much on these occasions; the heroic mood is not to be appeased by liquor; moreover, there is not time. The second glass is rarely finished before the spark falls that lights the powder-mine. Then he literally rips through the town like a small cyclone, his flaming beard, a baleful meteor, streaming before him, destruction and wailing behind him. In H—— fences and sheds are lightly built of wood, and the havoc he makes amongst these is incredible, his way being to make for any man his eye lights on, through—not over—any obstacle that may be between them.

The townspeople combine against him as they do against a prairie fire, which accounts for the fact that he has never more than half killed any of them. They do not shoot him, partly because we are a law-abiding people in Manitoba, and partly because he is a good customer of the local stores, but principally because the few men in the place who are capable of such heroic measures belong either to the Canadian Order of Foresters or the Knights of Pythias. Simpson belongs to both, and neither of these estimable bodies could be expected to countenance manslaughter of one of the brethren even in self-defence. Once they endeavoured to make him answerable at law for what he had done. I was privileged to be present on that occasion.

I had ridden into the town one October after-

noon on business, which concluded, I made for the hotel. As I mounted the steps of the porch I was aware of a confused noise of battle issuing from the bar, and stepped down again to reconnoitre by means of the window looking on the street. The bar was filled with

a heap. A broken chair swung round in his extended right hand and caught the crowd full on the flank, sending two of them to the floor, while the rest endeavoured to jump through the walls. Then, with a roar, the fur-coated figure sprang for the doorway, where stood McCulloch, the hotel-keeper, watching the fray with his hands in his pockets. He had no time to take them out. There was another roar, a sharp crack—McCulloch's head on the door-jamb—and the furry paladin was in the street.

It was Simpson—torn, bleeding, and terrible, his beard streaming in the wind. He strode off down the street, taking no notice of me, for which I was devoutly thankful, and presently disappeared round a corner.

McCulloch issued slowly from the hotel, feeling first the ghastly ruin that had been his nose, then the back of his head.

"Knocked a two-pound chunk of scalp off agin the door," he explained; "why didn't you stop him?"

I smiled; in mere bulk I am inconsiderable, and Simpson is a neighbour of mine.

"Where has he gone?" I asked.

"To put his coat in the waggon. He's comin' back again to finish the racket. Never seen him so mad before. Jim Douglas jest happened to say they raise a rattling good breed of men in Bruce County, Ontario, where he comes from, when Simpson hauls off an' slaps him off his seat. 'I'm from the head waters of Bitter

Creek,' he said, kind of singin'; 'the farther you go up, the worse it gets. There ain't no men in Bruce County,' says he; 'the last was wiped out by a boy from my county. Bruce is dead, Jim Douglas,' he says, 'an' so'll you be if you don't watch yourself.' Well, Jim gets up, an' Simpson piles on to him again, an' the boys had to chip in to keep Jim from gittin' totally smashed. Then the picnic started. There's ten dollars' worth of glass gone already—an' he says he's comin' back



"A BROKEN CHAIR SWUNG ROUND IN HIS EXTENDED RIGHT HAND."

an amorphous tangle of men swaying from end to end of the room round something vast and furry, which an unpractised eye might have taken for a grizzly bear, but which I knew to be merely a farmer in a fur coat. To and fro the doubtful battle raged to a thunderous accompaniment of deep-throated imprecations, mixed with crashing of glass and rending of chairs limb from limb.

Suddenly, with a supreme effort, the man in the fur coat flung off the herd of his enemies in

to blow the place to pieces before he quits to-night!"

"Anybody hurt?" I inquired.

"Hurt!" echoed McCulloch, indignantly, feeling the shipwreck of his countenance. "See here, young fellow; if Simpson was to hit you, you'd think you were dead—an' you would be, too. There's eight of the boys inside all more or less cut up. There's Jim Douglas looks as if he'd fell off the roof, an' them two he hit with the chair 'll have to be carried home sure."

McCulloch felt bad about it, and no wonder.



"THE COMBATANTS FILED OUT ONE BY ONE."

The bar, which was the apple of his eye, looked as if a six-inch shell had exploded in it. The combatants filed out one by one from the porch, big fellows all. In that country, where prime beef is retailed at six cents a pound, men run to length of limb. Anyone but Simpson who started out from the hotel looking for trouble would probably find all he wanted before he got

as far as the post-office, but, as they will tell you in H—, he is irresistible when the heaven-storming mood comes upon him—the same thing is recorded of the Berserkers of old.

"We made the ruffian skip, anyhow," said one young man whose upper lip was split.

"Say, Joe," returned another whose face had been trodden on in the scrimmage wearily, "I b'lieve you think *you* made him skip."

"Well," said Joe, "I kept my end of the racket up."

"You did till it dropped," replied his friend, still more wearily. "Were you trying to pick it up when I saw you behind the bar?"

"Never mind, Joe," put in McCulloch, "you'll be a good man when you've done growin'. We all did our best; an' what's worryin' me is that this ferocious animal is comin' back! Boys, we must certainly corral him an' yank him down to the *Rustler* office, an' I'll shove him (*Anglic*, prosecute) for makin' a cyclonic storm-centre of my bar."

The proposal met with general approval. The *Rustler* is the local newspaper—in the vernacular of the province "rustler" signifies one who toils strenuously—and its owner and editor, Jabez Sherman, is, or was, a magistrate under the Crown. The Government pays Jabez five dollars for every case brought before him, and, as he used to say himself, "Peddlin' law at five dollars a trip is something of a snap in a blamed town like this, where a man has to run a paper an' the store-keepers ain't got horse-sense enough to advertise." For the rest he administered justice pretty evenly, without knowing anything of law, but suffered rather badly from "swelled head," the result of a too insistent sense of the dignity of his combined judicial and journalistic functions.

I will pass over the "corralling" of Simpson; how the battle waxed and waned, what heroes fell, what blood stained the slippery sidewalk. In the end Simpson fell, and the rest fell on him, and lay on him in stacks until the handcuffs were adjusted by the local constable, a quiet-

loving man who kept a boarding-house unofficially, where he lodged his prisoners at the public cost.

Simpson allowed himself to be taken to the *Rustler* office strangely quiescent. I fancy he didn't understand what was meant and felt curious about it. The boys followed in procession, chanting "But he gets there just the same," in honour of the victory.

At the *Rustler* office the magistrate was in readiness, with his assistant—who combined the duties of reporter, leader-writer, and compositor all in one—to act as clerk. Jabez Sherman, J.P., was middle-aged and of ample girth; his reporter, on the contrary, was youthful and dapper, but nervous, as will appear.

Simpson was escorted inside by the constable, McCulloch and Jim Douglas following to prosecute. The rest of us stayed outside and waited.

But not for long. McCulloch, giving evidence, had just begun—"Well, you see, Jabez, the prisoner is pretty well known—" when light broke in on the clouded soul of Simpson, and stung to inarticulate fury at the outrage put upon him he made for the man next him, who happened to be the reporter, with the rush and roar of a wounded bull. The reporter dared as soon face an avalanche. He fled, as Paris fled before Menelaus. Darting out of the office and banging the door behind him, he hung on to the handle in an agony of fear as he felt it being turned from the inside. Meanwhile, within, strange things and dire were happening. The magistrate, indignant, wildly indignant, at such a scene in his court, hurled himself between Simpson and the flying reporter.

For one instant only—for one breathless moment—he looked full in the flaming orbs of Simpson, then turned and leapt to the door like a stricken deer. It was *his* hand upon the door that the reporter felt, and fear lent the youth such strength that no effort of the magistrate's could open it.

Simpson paused undecided. Then he kicked

Jabez tentatively, but severely, and Jabez rose a-tiptoe, like a sportive bird, and smote the panel with his brow. Simpson seemed pleased with the result and kicked him again, whereupon Jabez encored his previous performance. Then Simpson laughed, as a Viking of old might have laughed, to see an adversary fall cloven to the chine. He planted himself steadily and kicked the magistrate slowly and carefully until he was tired. Once he fell out of his stride, missed his aim, and splintered a panel of the door, but recovered himself imme-



"HE KICKED THE MAGISTRATE SLOWLY AND CAREFULLY."

diately and continued with deadly precision. The magistrate yelled his way through every key of the diapason. He threatened Simpson with the whole might of the British Empire, including the Queen, the Governor-General, and the Dominion and Provincial Cabinets. In a high-pitched staccato, punctuated at regular intervals by Simpson's enormous boots, he held forth prospects of an attainder for high treason and long years of penal servitude. But Simpson kicked away with the regularity of a steam-hammer, and the reporter outside, feeling the

convulsive grip still on the door-handle, hung on with vibrant knees. The constable held himself aloof; he was plucky enough as a rule, but he had a wife and child at home and felt his first duty was to them. McCulloch had had as much fighting as he wanted that day; Jim Douglas had had rather more. We outside who could both hear and see—for the whole interior of the office was visible from the street—heard and saw without stirring. We didn't even explain the situation to the terrified reporter. A great fear had come upon us; we felt we were in the presence of something mightier than ourselves. Simpson with his wrists bound with iron seemed just then more fearful than when his hands were free. But there was something worse than that: our belief in the omnipotence of the law, a conviction cherished since childhood, had been destroyed in a moment, and the suddenness of the revelation left us paralyzed. Also the October wind blew chill upon our bruises and green wounds, and our hearts were as lead within us, and we had no stomach for further fight.

At last the magistrate, maddened with pain and despairing of exit through the door, dashed off round the room, with Simpson in full pursuit, the manacles clinking dreadfully on his outstretched wrists, his fingers starving for the magisterial throat. The chase could not last long; Jabez felt his wind going and his dignity with it—even a magistrate is subject to the first law of Nature—and he had made a brave fight for it. None guessed till then what reserves of youthful agility lay *perdu* in his ample person. But as for the fifth time he skipped round his printing press with Simpson's fingers clawing the air an inch from his collar, and no sign of rescue from heaven or earth, he felt he could do no more, and, gasping an order to the constable to take the handcuffs off Simpson and let him go, he subsided in a heap on the floor. Simpson stopped at once, and the constable, approaching with infinite caution, proceeded to remove the handcuffs, while the magistrate formally dismissed the prisoner, according to law, without a stain on his character.

Simpson seemed to feel the humour of the situation, for he refrained from killing the constable when his hands were free. Or perhaps some large tranquillizing sense of having done a notable thing invaded his storm-tossed soul. Other men have painted towns red, but he had never heard of one who had played football with a representative of British justice and been none the worse for it. A sudden thought occurred to him just as he was leaving the court.

"See here," he said, threateningly, to Jabez. "Mind you don't get printin' any lip about me in your wretched five-cent rag next week. If there's anythin' in it I don't like, I'll put my fist in at yer face an' out at the back of your head! You want to remember that!" With which amiable farewell he strode out on to the side-walk.

The sight of us brought him to with a jerk. He had plenty of fight left in him, but night was coming on, and he had a ten-mile drive home. For a minute he stood gazing, the light of battle mustering in his eyes. Then an idea fell from heaven upon Joe the insignificant, who had skulked behind the bar earlier in the day.

Springing to Simpson's waggon which stood near, he snatched the horses free, and laying the whip viciously across their backs sent them off down the road at a gallop.

Simpson looked after them, returning reason and bloodthirstiness struggling visibly within him. Then he turned to us.

"That was a right smart move, boys," he said; "that feller will die before long." No one spoke, and Simpson continued argumentatively:—

"You reckon you're a clever crowd, don't you? I've got a sick hen at my place which would kill the best man in the town. Ye'd better go in now an' rivet yer blamed magisterate together. He's kinder comin' to pieces."

But these taunts evoked no response. We listened apathetically, and Simpson looked round in vain for a face with a spark of fight in it; we returned his gaze with eyes as void of speculation as those of Banquo's ghost. Evidently there was no more sport in us to-night. Realizing this, he turned to look after his horses, which were by this time nearly out of sight.

Suddenly he remembered the waggon contained several things he had bought for his wife, to whom he is not a hero, and he set off after them at an earth-shaking trot.

That was the last we saw of him: he vanished into the gathering darkness after—half a mile after—his waggon, and whether he caught it anywhere on the ten-mile stretch of prairie between H—— and his home I never knew.

When he had compared notes with his reporter, Jabez Sherman, J.P., addressed some remarks to that gentleman in the presence of his delighted fellow-townsmen. The magistrate dealt chiefly with his subordinate's moral and physical defects and general unfitness for journalism, passing on to his personal appearance, and winding up with a few remarks on his ancestry and a rough estimate of the amount of

cubic space he would be allotted in the lower regions.

When he had disposed of the reporter, Jabez turned to McCulloch and summed up his character and history, past and present, in a

As for the constable, he sent in his resignation next day. His nerves, he said, could not stand the strain of public life any longer.

The reporter left H— the following day. In its next issue the *Rustler* announced that he



"THE MAGISTRATE DEALT CHIEFLY WITH HIS
SUBORDINATE'S MORAL AND PHYSICAL DEFECTS."

way that actually called a blush to that worthy's morocco-leather cheek.

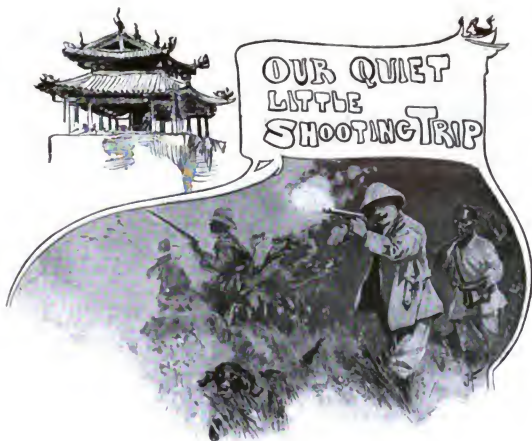
"If you sold clean, decent whisky," ran Jabez's peroration, "this wouldn't ha' happened. Anyhow, the next dynamite bomb that gets full on your rubbish you can lay out yourself; don't bring him to me. I know my duty as a magistrate, an' I reckon to die in my bed. 'This here martyr business with devourin' lion attachment don't suit me worth a cent. It's all right in pictures, but my figure ain't cut out for pictures."

Neither McCulloch nor the reporter defended themselves; they felt that appearances were against them, and that silence was most becoming.

had gone East to recuperate—strangely enough, the only allusion it made to this, the most exciting event that ever happened in the town. Jabez had to forego all vengeance on Simpson.

The law was clear that, once having been acquitted without reservation, he could not be re-arrested, though Jabez, it is said, wrote to the authorities suggesting that the volunteers should be called out for that purpose.

But the point in all this to which I would call your attention is that, even in the British Empire, where the law is a fetish, in days when valour is thought to be a product of taxation, the heroic mood still asserts its eternal supremacy over all merely human things and institutions.



BY W. C. JAMESON REID.

The author and some Shanghai friends arranged a "quiet little shooting trip" up-country in China. The expedition proved anything but quiet, however, as they had the ill-luck to fall foul of an infuriated mob, winding up their adventures by hurling a Chinese magistrate into the river and "running the gauntlet" in a small boat under a bridge crowded with hostile Celestials.



N the summer of 1899 I was resting for a few weeks at Shanghai, after a somewhat trying campaign in my capacity as a special correspondent with the United States troops in the Philippine Islands. I had been rather knocked up by the hard work of the few months previous, and when my old friend, Dr. Wilson, who had resided in China for many years, proposed a quiet little shooting trip up-country to relieve the monotony of every-day life, I gladly welcomed the opportunity to forget my troubles and to secure a few weeks' capital sport. Mr. Oswald, another old foreign resident of Canton, was also to form one of the party.

The necessary arrangements having been completed, we sailed for five days up the dirty Yellow River in a small flat-sailed sampan until we ran into a by-stream on whose banks we had been told capital pheasant-shooting was to be found. On the sixth morning, after the *lowdah*, or Chinese skipper, had made the craft fast to the bank by two grapnels, Wilson and I went ashore accompanied by our boy, an intelligent young Chinaman of Shanghai, a couple of beaters, and four retriever dogs. Oswald, not feeling particularly well,

elected to remain on board the sampan and look after things until we returned.

We had not proceeded far when presently the birds began to fly and run in dozens before the beaters and dogs. For a few minutes our guns blazed as rapidly as cartridges could be fed to them. Then the people of several neighbouring hamlets began to turn out in force at the noise of the "foreign devils'" weapons, until several hundred must have congregated near and around us. As the crowds continued to increase, Wilson repeatedly told some of the men that they and their fellows ran great risk, and that it was advisable for them to keep farther away. But through the habitual stubbornness of the Chinese, or disinclination to obey, the rascals either laughed at him or ignored him entirely. They seemed at once careless of their own safety and insolent, as though they were only seeking for some good excuse to create one of the hostile disturbances which were becoming quite common in China at that time, even in the districts round about Shanghai.

Shooting at some distance from Wilson's right, I was particularly hampered and annoyed by the crowd, but I had laid to heart my friend's warn-

ings, and fired with the utmost caution. Nevertheless Wilson shouted to me:—

"For goodness' sake be careful, old chap. Don't even aim at a bird unless you are sure that there is no one in your line of fire."

"Don't be alarmed!" I replied; "I'm keeping a good look-out!" But even as I spoke a very fine cock pheasant rose near me from the long grass, and pitched at a cove within range. Without taking time to think or look closely at the cove, I brought the gun to my shoulder and fired. The damage was done! Blended with the roar of my gun I heard a piercing yell of pain, and as the bird scurried into the thicket a Chinaman ran out from it bellowing at the top of his lungs. He was evidently more frightened than hurt, for the guns were only loaded with light bird shot, and the speed with which he bowed along showed that he was still good for many years to come.

I breathed a sigh of relief that the damage was not greater, but speedily noticed that the unfortunate incident had brought on more serious consequences than I had expected. After one breathless moment of silence the wounded man's scream was answered by a general howl of alarm and rage. I saw at once that the mob was infuriated, and let no time in plunging through the high grass toward Wilson and the Chinese boy. Scarcely were we together when the mob was upon us, screaming and shouting and flourishing fists bulged out with stones. Wilson gravely called my attention to the fact that all the women and children had been sent away, and we momentarily expected the crowd of men to close in on us, but, savage as their temper and their shrieks and imprecations were, they still delayed the rush as if afraid of the guns. The beaters took advantage of their hesitancy to retreat to the sampan with the dogs.

Wilson suddenly effected a diversion by calling for the man whom I had so unhappily shot. At this the mob's howls ceased a little, and they pushed the wounded man to the front. Truly, he was in a sorry plight, for several of the pellets had hit his face and neck; but holding up his hand for silence Wilson explained that he was a surgeon and that he would soon relieve the wounded man if they would but keep quiet, whereupon the people, consumed with curiosity, stood back and gave him room to operate. He used some small surgical instruments from a case he was accustomed to carry in his pocket, and before long his deft fingers had extracted most of the lead, for the pellets had not penetrated deeply. Then he washed the patient's face with a handkerchief dipped in water from a drinking flask, and finally

tied his features up in another handkerchief. During the performance the curiosity of the natives kept them quiet, and Wilson took advantage of the calm to tell the wounded man that we would pay him liberally for the accident which he had suffered. But such was the man's pain that this offer seemed to make no consoling impression on his mind, nor did it placate the crowd; it rather appeared to excite them anew. They crowded in more closely, and began jostling us so roughly that we had to let the wounded man go in order to stand together against what seemed an effort to separate us. We believed that the purpose of our assailants was to sweep us off our feet and trample us to death when down. Reluctant as we were to use our guns in self-defence, we felt that we should be shortly called upon to do so. Presently, however, a new movement of the throng gave us relief.

A medley of yells rose on the edge of the crowd, and they fell farther back from us. Through the narrow lane thus formed a fat, pompous old Chinaman came along. He introduced himself to us as the *tao-tai*, or mayor, of the village to which the wounded man belonged, and in a most openly hostile and insulting tone informed us that he should see that we made full amends for what he was pleased to call "the outrage." Then he began a long-winded harangue, describing the pain his dear friend suffered, the woe into which the foreigners had plunged the village, and the depth of his own pity for the wounded man. He ended by dwelling long and feelingly on the subject of indemnity to the wounded man and his family.

Seeing how matters stood, Wilson informed him that we would pay all the money we had with us—eighteen Mexican dollars—but that it was in our boat and that we must be allowed to return there in safety to get it. Fully an hour of bargaining went by before a compromise was reached. The *tao-tai* agreed finally that, with the Chinese boy, I should go first to the boat, while he, the *tao-tai*, regarding Wilson as hostage for the cash, should follow with him at a distance. Wilson would be allowed to go aboard after I should have given the money over into the *tao-tai*'s hands. Though this plan would separate us, and perhaps permit the *tao-tai* to kill Wilson after the payment of the money, it afforded some chance of escape to both of us, and there was nothing more feasible that we could think of.

"Now," said Wilson to me, "you must walk slowly to that white post yonder. It's within sight of the river, and when you reach it run for the boat as fast as you can, and tell Oswald about the affair. As soon as you get the money

bring it on shore, ready to pay over when the *tao-tai* arrives with me. I'll insist on walking slowly, so that you can have things ready for sailing. Tell the *lowdah* to get everything ready to cast off at a moment's notice, for there's no telling what further trouble we may have with these beggars before we get through. And, above all else, don't let one of these Chinamen go aboard. You'll easily beat them in the race and have time to get the cash, and then you and Oswald had better stand by with your guns, in case any attempt is made to seize the sampan."

Away I started at full speed, while Wilson and the *tao-tai* were soon left behind with but a small escort, till at last the idea seemed to come upon both of them at once that the crowd would swarm on the boat. So they, in turn, began to run, the *tao-tai* to save the money, of which he certainly wished to take a large share, and Wilson to be present in any fight that might occur from an attempt to seize the boat. The expression of the *tao-tai's* face as he galloped along, panting and puffing, was comical in the extreme. His bulging neck craned forward, his dirty hands were spread out in appeal, while, as far as his diminished breath would permit, he screamed useless entreaties to the people, whom he evidently expected to see pulling the sampan to pieces and scrambling over his much-desired dollars. Indeed, the rush of the crowd was so headlong that I feared that they would even beat me and capture and overrun the boat before I could explain to Oswald and the *lowdah* that they must be kept at bay. Summoning all my remaining strength I managed to scramble aboard, and quickly explained the situation to Oswald. Then we stood ready to shoot from deck. The clamouring mob in the meantime had halted on the bank a little distance away, and were screaming and cursing more horribly than ever. Search as I would, I could not find the money, and as Wilson came up I shouted: "You'll have to come aboard and find it yourself. Both Oswald and I have made a search, but the crowd was getting so close and were becoming so ugly-tempered that we thought it better to remain on deck and prepare for emergencies."

"All right," he shouted, in reply; "I'll tell



"HE SCREAMED USELESS ENTREATIES TO THE PEOPLE."

the *tao-tai* that you can't find the money, and that I'll have to come aboard to get it. He can come aboard, too, if he chooses."

To our amazement the *tao-tai* made no objection, but pushed through the crowd, and, when they would have stopped Wilson, said something to them in a low voice which had a quieting effect. Then he, too, came aboard. Leaving him on deck Wilson hurriedly searched through our paraphernalia, desiring to get rid of our unwelcome guest and his more unwelcome satellites as soon as possible. But he had forgotten where he had put the money, and took some little time in finding it. When he returned with the cash he plainly showed his surprise on finding the *tao-tai* smiling most agreeably and bowing most profoundly to Oswald and myself, heaping upon us all the flowery eulogiums of Chinese speech. On shore the crowd stood silently watching, while the *lowdah* and our boy were still busy with the sail.

We were totally deceived by the peaceable

appearance of the *tao-tai* and the natives, and when we put the money into the fat, greasy hand of the former we imagined that the trouble was all over. Anxious to get away, Wilson gave orders to the *lowdah* to cast off the grapnels, but, although he understood perfectly this movement, the *tao-tai* did not seem to think of retiring. Clutching the money, he turned to speak to us in a friendly manner. By his clever manœuvring he had just succeeded in getting us to turn our backs to the shore, when I happened to glance at the crowd and immediately surmised their intention. They hoped to swarm on board and overpower us while the *tao-tai* diverted our attention by amiable remarks! The men in front were plainly meditating a rush, and as I looked from them to the *tao-tai* I caught him just in the act of giving an apparently meaningless, but doubtless preconcerted, signal.

Wilson, too, caught the slight movement, and shouted to the *lowdah* to cast off at once. The *tao-tai* was standing quite near the edge of the boat, and Oswald, who thought that it was about

time to do something to relieve the tension, promptly lifted that worthy up in his arms without further ado, and a moment later a very surprised and very indignant old Chinaman was hauled ignominiously from the muddy waters of the Yangtse by his companions, just as the last grapnel was hauled in and the gang-plank abandoned to the feet of the surprised natives who were already on its shore end.

As the *tao-tai* went overboard he clutched wildly at the air and let go the money he held in his fat fist. Next moment the sampan had drawn clear away from the bank, and before our assailants had recovered their scattered faculties at beholding our desecration of the sacred personage of the *tao-tai* she was in the middle of the stream.

"Well, we're well out of that scrape," said Wilson, laughing at the absurd figure which the fat man presented, "and I'm glad he lost his money, for you can make sure that he would have kept it for himself, and that the chap you wounded would see little of it."

A damper was placed on our felicity, however, by a remark from the *lowdah*, who exclaimed: "*Tao-tai* muchee angry; no finished yet."

Unfortunately for us his surmise proved only too correct, for, wroth at the indignity to which he had been exposed before the eyes of his own people, the fat man's nimble brain was already busy with a new plan for revenge. The crowd were running along the bank, and screaming words which meant, "To the bridge! To the bridge! Catch the foreign devils under the bridge!"

"What good will the bridge do them?" asked Oswald.

"I suppose that they mean to throw stones down on us as we run under," replied Wilson; "I hope we can get there before those beggars, for it's likely to be a nasty business."

But a wide turn in the stream gave the Chinese an advantage over our slowly moving sampan, and when she approached the bridge it was filled with people from end to end. They knew that the sampan must run under the low bridge to get into the main stream of the Yangtse, and they reckoned that by keeping us crowded to one side of the stream the mast of our boat would be too high for passage under the single arch of the structure, while if we unshipped the mast—as we had done as a precautionary measure while going up-stream—we should



"HE CLUTCHED WILDLY AT THE AIR AND LET GO THE MONEY."

be totally at the mercy of the volley of stones they held ready to launch at us immediately we came within range. Even if there should be room for us to pass under with the mast and sail in position, they calculated, doubtless, that it would be so high up that they could clutch it, swarm down the rigging, and kill the "foreign devils," even though at some cost to themselves. On the other hand, if the mast should pass, the *lowdah* would steer wildly and might run the boat ashore on the rocky shoals below the bridge.

As it was absolutely necessary that we should be going as fast as possible when passing under the bridge, we decided in favour of the chance of going under at full speed, and, if our worst surmises that there was not room enough proved correct, to fight desperately to the end.

Crouching down in the bottom of the sampan, the *lowdah*, whose position was the most precarious of all, sheltered himself as well as he could from the impending fusillade and steered straight for the middle of the bridge, with the wind nearly astern, so that by the time we had reached it we were moving fairly fast through the water. As we came on the howling mob above screamed with joy and pointed exultantly to the rocky shoal beyond. The feet of some of them dangled over the parapet in readiness to jump to our mast and rigging in case the boat stopped, and along the whole side of the bridge grinned a couple of hundred villainous faces.

But what a yell of mingled disappointment and rage rose when the tip of the mast passed swiftly clear, with nearly a foot to spare! In a few seconds

the sampan shot from the dimness of the archway into sunshine again, and a perfect torrent of stones rained on us as she rushed apparently at the rocks. This was the signal for another outburst and a frantic scrambling to reach us by the time we had ground-d.

But the *lowdah* knew his business, and with remarkable adroitness and skill steered straight through the passage, which barely gave room for the boat's sides. Two minutes more and the sampan was in a broad stretch of water, and a few hours later the great expanse of the Yangtse flowing by gladdened us with the knowledge that we had made good our escape and were out of danger from pursuit.



"AS WE CAME ON THE
HOWLING MOB ABOVE
SCREAMED WITH JOY."

My Adventure with a Lunatic.

By MRS. ETHEL MOSTYN.

While residing at a lonely country house, her husband being absent in town, the authoress was startled one night by the uncereemonious intrusion of a stranger, who turned out to be a madman! Of the terrible ordeal which followed, the young mother's anxiety for her baby, and the final upshot of the affair, Mrs. Mostyn may be left to tell.



N the summer of 1900 we were living at Purkett Hall, a roomy, old-fashioned house, some two hundred years old. It had charmed our inexperienced minds by the air of romance which hung round its creeper-covered walls and lurked in the corners of its overgrown garden. That it was surrounded by barren fields on the one hand and moorland on the other troubled us as little as that the high road

much from home, and his poor little wife was left to sustain the *solitude à deux* by calling to her side the one serving-maid who could be found stolid enough to stay in so lonely a spot.

It was true that on bright summer days our friends would ride over from the town, some two dozen strong, and have tea and tennis and then depart as they had come. But the remedy was even worse than the disease; for in that secluded spot the visits of the baker were few



PURKETT HALL, THE LONELY COUNTRY HOUSE IN WHICH MRS. MOSTYN ENCOUNTERED THE MADMAN.
From a Photo.

was a mile and a half away, and the nearest town quite five miles distant. We had only just been married, and *solitude à deux* was all we asked of Fortune.

Alas, for love's young dream! It did not take us long to find that thorns beset the roses of our country home. My husband had certainly the best of it, for business took him

and far between, and when our friends departed in the evening it was as though a swarm of locusts had visited the land.

I had always fondly imagined that I shared with Wordsworth, Thoreau, and other great minds a deep love for the country, but a few months of this kind of thing sufficed to convince me that I had, in the past, seriously



"MY COOK DEPARTED AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE."

underrated urban charms. On the rare occasions when I went to the town I positively gazed with affection into the eyes of the people in the streets—they were such an improvement upon cows.

It was not, however, till we had lived at Purkett eighteen months that I received the fright which determined us once for all to return to town.

Baby was a few months old, and my own health was far from good. My husband had gone up to London in the morning, leaving it uncertain whether he would return that day or the next. Our household at that time consisted of our three selves, counting baby as one, Miss Shackleton, my lady-help, and a small house-maid, named Annie. My cook had departed at a moment's notice a week before, saying, as she shook the dust of the kitchen—too literally—from her feet, "This place gives me the 'ump.

I'll be glad to get where there's more folk and less turnips."

I couldn't blame her for going. I should have gone myself, had I been as free!

The day which was henceforth to stand alone in my memory dawned bright and fair, but as evening closed in rain fell heavily, and I began to hope, for his own sake, that my husband had decided to remain in town all night.

To understand what happened next you must know that the principal door of our house opened into a large square hall, carpeted with soft rugs. Beyond this was the back hall, paved with red and blue tiles, and commanded by a half-glass door leading into the morning-room.

It was my custom to sit in this room when my husband was away, for being nearer the kitchen I felt less lonely than in the drawing-room; and frequently I would have baby brought in in her bassinette so that I could sit and watch her while she slept.

As the evening wore on the weather became much worse, the wind howling through the empty rooms and down the wide chimneys till I felt quite eerie.

At a quarter to ten Annie came in with the alarm, which I was to set for the following

morning. I kept the bright little maid for a few minutes, glad of an excuse for a few words with a fellow-creature, and as I let her go I heard heavy footsteps passing over the tiled hall.

"Dear me!" I thought, "what an elephantine tread Miss Shackleton is cultivating!"

At the same moment Annie reached the door, uttered a piercing scream, and then scuttled back across the room like a startled rabbit, cowering down behind me, clutching at my hand, and staring with terrified eyes in the direction of the door. Bidding her be quiet, for she was uttering the most dismal moans and groans, I looked towards the door, and saw above the silk curtain which screened it a pair of wild eyes and a tangled shock of hair. Simultaneously the door was pushed open and a tall, muscular fellow over six feet high strode into the room and sank exhaustedly into a chair.

Shaking off Annie's hand with difficulty, and telling Miss Shackleton, who came into the room just then, to guard baby, I rose from my chair and asked the intruder what he wanted.

"A dry shirt and a bed," he growled, glaring at me with eyes in which it needed no previous experience to see the awful light of madness.

ings, "please go upstairs and look out some dry clothes for our visitor. Annie will come with you to bring them down. Oh! you might take baby up, too," I added, casually, stifling an inward fury against her, for the stupid woman was escaping from the room, leaving her helpless charge behind. I offered up a prayer that

she might at least be inspired to lock the nursery-door once she was inside, but I dare not suggest it, lest the sleeping tiger on my hearthrug should be aroused and spend his fury upon us.



"I ROSE FROM MY CHAIR AND ASKED THE INTRUDER WHAT HE WANTED."

All that I had ever heard of encounters with madmen flashed across my mind, and for one horrible moment my brain reeled and my heart grew sick as I pictured him seizing my precious baby. But at that dread thought my nerves stiffened and my mind became as steel in my determination not to give way until baby, at least, was safe.

"Yes," said I, so calmly and naturally that Annie ceased her quaking and Miss Shackleton stared open-mouthed, "I dare say I can find you that. But come nearer the fire and rest awhile; you seem tired out." At this the madman smiled, well pleased, like a child who has got what he wants, and drawing nearer the fire he stretched himself out in an easy chair and lazily watched me.

"Miss Shackleton," said I across the room, for I dared not arouse his suspicions by whisper-

Left alone with the madman I breathed a little more easily, for I had feared lest a cry from baby, or a shriek of fear from Annie, should have wakened him to action. I looked at him again and saw what I had not previously noticed—that he wore his clothes like a gentleman and was not ill-looking. Moreover, though obviously suffering from fatigue, he was apparently in good health.

As I watched him he raised his head and looked at me without speaking.

"Oh!" said I, quickly, "I was thinking I had no clothes large enough to fit you, but if you will take off your wet coat I can find you something to put on while it dries." Going to

a drawer in the bureau I brought out a white sweater belonging to my brother-in-law. This met with the madman's approval, and, apologizing to me with the manner and speech of a gentleman, he exchanged his saturated coat for it and then sat down and removed his boots, evidently quite determined to settle down for the night.

The increased calmness of his manner reassured me, and it crossed my mind that if I gave him some supper he might sleep on the couch, and that while he slept we might contrive to get help.

I dared not leave him alone, lest he should escape upstairs and find his way to the nursery; so, ringing the bell in the hope that Annie would summon up courage to answer it, I asked her to bring bread, meat, cheese, and a bottle of beer. At the same time I gave her a look intended to convey courage and caution and a dozen other qualities, all equally beyond her capabilities.

It was a relief, however, to find that she could set the supper, though the sight of the knives which she laid on the table made my blood run cold, and I thought, with a shudder, of the unpleasant feelings which condemned criminals are said to have at the thought of the rope which is to hang them.

I found myself growing faint at the idea, and again pulled myself together with a stern inward admonition.

"I am sure you must be hungry," I said, pleasantly; "may I give you some beef?"

"Thanks," he said, "I will carve for myself," thus frustrating my simple device for retaining possession of the carving-knife.

Breathing another prayer for help, I meekly handed over the carvers and proceeded to cut the bread.

Up to this time the madman had said not a word that could indicate an unhinged mind, but under the influence of food and warmth he began to talk. At first he spoke cautiously, as though conscious that he must be on his guard;

but as the meal drew to a close he confided to me his plans for buying Blenheim Park and turning it into a kindergarten. He professed himself charmed with our country home, whose charms he must certainly have taken on trust, since he came in the dark and in pouring rain, and cheerfully announced his intention of stopping a month!

"Delighted to have you," said I, as brightly as I could, "but it will suit me better to have you later on in the summer, as all our beds are occupied just now."

"Oh! any cot will do for me," was the ready response. "I can sleep there if you like,"

pointing to a roomy Sheraton couch, which occupied one end of the room.

This was just what I wanted, so, after Annie had cleared the table and removed those dreadful knives, I sent her for pillows and rugs to supplement the sofa-blanket, while I revolved in my mind how I could contrive to lock the door on the outside without his knowledge.

How I cursed that half-glass door and my own folly in using that room on this particular evening! But curses did not solve the problem, and with a sinking heart I was contemplating the prospect of a terror-ridden vigil through the long night yet to come, when for

a second time that evening Annie uttered a piercing shriek and I heard the sound of tramping feet in the passage outside.

Instantly my unwelcome visitor became transformed into a raging maniac.

Leaping from the couch whereon he half sat, half reclined, he hurled himself upon me like a tornado—and I knew no more.

When next I opened my eyes to the world the sun was shining and my husband was beside me. "Baby?" I gasped.

"Happy as a sandboy," said my husband, patting my head.

It was not till some hours later that I was able to bear the full particulars of what had happened. Then I learnt that on his way



THE AUTHORESS, MRS. ETHEL MOSTYN.
From a Photo. by A. Tear, Ipswich.

home, delayed by the storm, my husband had met a band of men returning from a fruitless search for a dangerous lunatic who had escaped that day from a house in the neighbourhood.

of position, whose mind had given way under exceptional misfortune. I never saw him again. He was taken away to the asylum in a strait-waistcoat, and from time to time we heard of



"HE HURLED HIMSELF UPON ME LIKE A TORNADO."

Some premonition, said my husband, seemed to tell him the man was at our house, and on learning that they had not been near Purkett Hall he begged them to come on with him.

Though somewhat unwilling to travel so far on such a wild night, they were at length bribed into compliance, and when they found the Hall still lit up at midnight and the hall-door wide open they burst upon us just in time to drag me from the madman's clutches.

Poor fellow! It seemed he had been a man

the violence of his malady. At last came the news of his death.

I am afraid I must own to a sense of relief when this last piece of news reached me. I had always been haunted by the fear that he might try to carry out his resolve to come again and stop a month!

Can you wonder that before the winter set in we had turned our backs on rural joys and were living with a neighbour on each side and the whistle of the locomotive in our ears?

A TRAMP IN SPAIN

By BART KENNEDY

XI- ANDORRA
TO SOLDADO



In this instalment the author gives some further impressions of the curious little mountain Republic of Andorra and its strenuous young President, José Calva. After leaving Andorra Mr. Kennedy set out for the village of Soldao, en route for Hospitalet, the first town over the French frontier, where his long journey ended.

I.



HE next morning Miguel Calounes began to tell me about a friend of his who kept a posada in Soldao. Soldao was a place five hours' journey through the mountains from Andorra, and, according to Calounes, the best thing I could do was to put up at his friend's posada when I got there, and the morning after to continue my journey to Hospitalet, the first town lying over the French frontier. Hospitalet, however, was only nine hours' journey from Andorra, and I failed to see why I should make a two days' job out of it. I put this to Calounes. But he paid no attention to my point, but went on again to tell me about his friend who kept the posada, and how necessary it was for me to wait

there in Soldao and continue my journey into France the morning after. At different times through the whole of the day he kept telling me this in his deep, curiously vibrant voice. Why he should recur to it so often puzzled me. Surely I could march nine hours in one day. But the reason of his insistence in the matter came to me—when it was too late! Through disregarding his injunction I came as close as a man may come to death.

This little mountain town lying out of the world! I would leave it the next morning and never come back to it. I thought of this as I went round with Calounes listening to its story. He was telling me the story of this town from the beginning. I could not understand all the words he was saying, but I could grasp the

thread of his meaning. And he told me of an incident that had happened. He told it in the direct way—the way in which a man is apt to tell of a thing he has either seen or experienced. It related to the calling of the men of Andorra to arms—to the hurry and the excitement and the anxiousness that come upon men when suddenly menaced with destroying, horrible

But to him the happening was as if it were but a happening of yesterday. The feeling of the time had been transmitted to him through his ancestors here in these mountains. They had fought and told their sons, and their sons had told their sons, and so the tale of the anxious time had come down through the centuries to Miguel Calounes. This fine



"AFTER DINNER WE AGAIN SAT ROUND THE GREAT FIRE OF LOGS."

invasion. Lights burned up into the skies from behind the mountains, said Calounes. They were coming! And Leopardo came up and called out the men of Andorra! I asked Calounes how long ago it was since it had happened. "Quinientos annos" (five hundred years), he answered.

Calounes! I turned to look at him as I walked by his side. Surely this man was a man such as the immortal Hofer—Hofer the peasant who thwarted and withstood the tremendous destroyer—Napoleon.

That night after dinner we again sat round the great fire of logs in the posada and talked

till a late hour. But there was no argument such as there had been the night but one before. The Catalan had gone back to Spain—to Seo de Urgel. So we just drank our wine, by the light of the flames and the redness of the burning logs, smoked, and took it generally easy. To me the scene hardly seemed real. It was as if I were drinking with men of a time gone by hundreds of years. Or it was as if I were drinking with men of a time distant yet from us by hundreds of years. The scene did not seem real. But the wine was real and the burning logs were real, and the great figure of Calounes and the others were real. And outside could be heard the roaring of the wind from the mountains sweeping through the valley and through the darkness. Now and then it came in upon us sharply as we sat by the fire. And at intervals was heard the barking of dogs. And the outer door of the posada kept opening and shutting as someone went out or came in, letting in upon us a stronger than usual thrust of the wind. I felt as a man from the outside—as one would feel who had come in at night amongst strangers. I had been here now for two days, and still I felt as if I had come in from the darkness but a moment before. I was here sitting by the fire trying as well as I could to understand what was being said around me. These men of Andorra were strangers, but they were in no way like any strangers I had ever come upon before. Though I did not understand them I still felt at home with them. I was glad to be here drinking wine with them—listening to their voices—sitting with them before the flames and the redness of the logs.

In came José Calva, the President of the republic. And Calounes arose, and he and Calva went off over to the other end of the posada to talk over something. They were soon back again by the fire, and the President sat down and joined us. Calounes' wife got a jug of wine for him.

The President told me that the population of the republic was something over five thousand two hundred. It had had much about the same number of people in it for the last few hundred years. All the men were trained in the use of arms, and all would be called upon to serve their country if the occasion arose. At a time of war in Andorra there would be no place for the valiant, patriotic, stay-at-home shouters. All would have to do their bit. And a good thing, too. Every man in every country should be trained and broken in to the use of arms.

The republic was forty-seven kilòmetros in length, said Calva. I asked him as to its

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width, and he informed me that it had no width to speak of. It was just a chain of valleys cutting through the mountains, and connected one with the other by narrow, difficult passes.

And so José Calva sat and chatted before the fire. He was most likely the one and only really democratic ruler in the whole world. My knockings round in different republics had forced upon me the conclusion that the republican form of government was bad. I had lived in the United States—that great sham republic. I had lived long enough there to shudder at the bare mention of the word republic. But I must confess that Andorra and José Calva made me think that perhaps—that perhaps there might be some magic hidden deep down in the word. That it was a fine, glorious word if the right people gave utterance to it.

II.

As Calounes was bidding me good-bye the following morning he again told me about his "amigo" (friend) who kept the posada in Soldao. I should stop there and wait till the next day to continue my journey to Hospitalet! I laughed and told him it was all right, and I set out, with my knapsack on my back, after shaking hands all round.

When I was about a mile out of Andorra I heard the ringing of horses' hoofs in the distance behind me. Three mounted men were coming along the path in my direction. I stopped and began to think. One could never tell what was going to happen in a strange country! But I dismissed the thought of danger the moment it entered my mind. I felt instinctively that I was all right in this republic. I was not travelling through Castilia now—Castilia where lived the people of the sullen faces. I was all right!

The horsemen turned out to be José Calva himself and two Frenchmen, one of whom belonged to Hospitalet. They were going to the next village.

On we went together. A man afoot could travel as quick as a horseman along this path, and indeed quicker, for there were places where Calva and his companions had to dismount and drag up their horses after them.

Calva spoke to me of the difficulty of the camino (path) which ran through the republic. He told me a little story, which I gathered was to this effect: An Andorrano, living in Andorra, had gone over to Seo de Urgel and had become fascinated with a piano he had seen there. He thought that it would be a good thing to have in the house, and that the wife might like the look of it, so he began to bargain with the Spaniard for it. In the end the Andorrano gave a horse for the piano. And he was filled

with jubilation because of getting it so cheaply. He had beaten the Spaniard in the bargaining. But, alas! there appeared a rift in the lute. How was he to get his property to Andorra? It was too heavy and awkward to put on the

when I managed to make the point clear to him that, bad though the road was, it was a good road for Andorra.

When we arrived at the village we went into the posada to get a fraternal drink together ere



"I STOPPED AND BEGAN TO THINK."

back of a mule, and the path was such that it was impossible to draw it. He tackled the Spaniard as to this, but the Spaniard was adamant. The piano was no longer his, and the Andorrano could do with it as he willed! Either he could take it away, or he could leave it where it was. The upshot of the matter was that it turned out to be a dear piano for the Andorrano, for it took eight men eight days to get it to Andorra—a distance of about seventeen miles from Seo de Urgel. The story was instructive. And Calva laughed out loud

we parted. It turned out that the three of them were going to have their horses shod. Over our jugs of wine Calva and I conversed as well as we were able—we seemed somehow to take a sort of a fancy to each other—and the last thing I re-

member telling him was to be sure and always keep his road bad—the road that ran through his dominions. It was fifty times better than keeping his powder dry.

The next village I saw was on the left side of a rather narrow valley. It had a curious air of stillness about it. When I got close up to it I saw what was the matter. It was deserted. It looked older than the other villages. Standing right up above it in a cleft on the side of the mountain was an old ruin that looked as if it were once a Moorish castle. I could hardly

understand such a castle being so far north as Andorra, but there it was before my eyes. The deserted village—alone here in the mountains—produced in me a feeling of fear. The sun was shining brightly upon this place that was dead. Had I seen it at night I would not have cared. But to see it now in the gleaming and brightness of the sun made me feel afraid. Death and stillness awe a man. When this village was alive and going it might have held three hundred souls. And it was here in a lonesome valley in the mountains overlooked by an old, mournful ruin. Why had the people left it? I wondered about this as I passed quickly on.

The path now led me almost straight up over the summit of a mountain. When I got to the top of it I looked back. I could see down before me the chain of valleys that formed the Republic of Andorra. I could see them as they wound through the mountains, and the narrow passes that connected them—the links of the chain. And I could see right off into Spain—into the province of Catalonia. There was Seo de Urgel! And farther off were mountains again. A bright river was winding through them. And there were plains. And lakes. And behind them again were mountains—shaping up dim and blue.

I felt as if I were on the very top of the world.

I turned, and there was Soldao—higher up still. As I was working my way up towards it I saw a woman. She was coming down the path.

Where was the posada, I asked. She pointed to a big, low white house. That was the posada!

Soldao was a place of but seven or eight houses. A place built up on the top of a dazzling whiteness.

All around it was snow and beneath it were mountains covered with snow. The tops of the houses were covered with snow. And above all the sun was shining brightly. But there was no warmth in the brightness. A moment or so before I had been warm from the exertion of climbing. But now I felt cold. I had hardly got up on to the level upon which the village



"SHE POINTED TO A BIG, LOW WHITE HOUSE."

stood before I felt the cold. The chill fell on me suddenly. And I decided that the best thing after all for me to do was to break my journey here. I would take the advice of Calounes and wait till the morning before I pushed on for Hospitalet.

(To be concluded.)

THE SACRED TOWN OF MANDHATA.

By W. E. S. MCGREGOR, OF MHOW, CENTRAL INDIA.

A high railway official of Central India gives his personal impressions of a remarkable little sacred town—a miniature Benares, in fact—which he visited. The photographs of Mandhata will be found very striking.



FRIEND having received an invitation from the courteous manager of the little State of Mandhata, in Central India, kindly asked me to accompany him on his visit to that tiny territory. On our arrival at Mortaka Station, on the Rajputana-Malwa Railway, we found the manager, Mr. Jamsetjee Rustomjee, B.A., waiting to welcome us; he was accompanied by a magnificent Sepoy, resplendent in a blue uniform with red facings, set off with gold braid. We were offered a choice between an elephant, some ponies, and a bullock tonga to convey us to Mandhata, a distance of seven miles. Our worthy guide and host told us that the road was not particularly good, so we chose the ponies, and having given instructions for loading our luggage on a bullock cart we started off, Mr. Jamsetjee leading the way in the bullock tonga. The first part of the road was not bad, but about the last two-thirds of it was much broken up—inches of dust and lots of loose stones making it almost imperative to go slowly. One of our ponies was said to be an Arab, bought at a cost of 700 rupees. The other looked like a Kathiawar animal, and proved a fast walker—as soon as he realized he was going home.

The road had nothing very romantic about it, passing at first between fields of young corn, but later on taking a winding course on more elevated ground—evidently a clearing in the jungle. The River Harbada, though not far away on our left, was out of sight.

At the seventh mile we arrived at the outskirts of Mandhata, a curious little town built partly in a sort of pass between two low hills, but also spreading out up the hill-sides and down to the rocky, precipitous cliffs overhanging the river. The specially sacred portion, however, lies on an island facing the rest of the town. The main road through Mandhata is flagged with paving stones, more or less unevenly joined, and so steep in places that I felt my own legs were a safer mode of transport than the pony's.

The up-and-down streets faintly recall those of Valetta, in Malta (barring the shops), and after passing the little fort and going down to the charitable dispensary, part of which was placed at our disposal as a rest-house, the resemblance became even more striking. Exactly opposite this standpoint is the island, more than a mile in length by something less in breadth. It is a long hill rising out of the



GENERAL VIEW OF THE SACRED TOWN OF MANDHATA, SHOWING THE RAJAH'S PALACE AND THE GREAT TEMPLE.

From a Photo. by S. Jamsetji.

water. Built into the cliff is a motley collection of houses, constructed mostly of stone quarried out of the island; these dwellings have tiled roofs. A solid-looking wall supports the outermost row, and a series of long steps leading down to a ghat, or bathing-place, bears some resemblance to the landing-steps at Valetta; while above this cliff-side town is the Rajah's palace, a large white building, apparently mortised into the hill, like the rest of the houses. The lower half of the palace, facing the river, looks like a blank white wall, and is really very little else. Above is the dwelling-house proper, flanked at each end by a low tower, and there

the town and on the island is what appears to be a road up an almost vertical hill-side, but on looking through a field-glass one finds it is a regular stone step-ladder; so that, if the pilgrims who visit this holy spot in thousands during the five annual fairs have to climb these steps as part of their devotional course, they may surely return to their homes lighter, if not wiser, men and women!

Other little shrines, resembling small sentry-boxes, appear to dot the hill-side; but some of these are mere recesses cut into the rock for the occupation of jogis and devotees, who spend their days in contemplation and meditation,

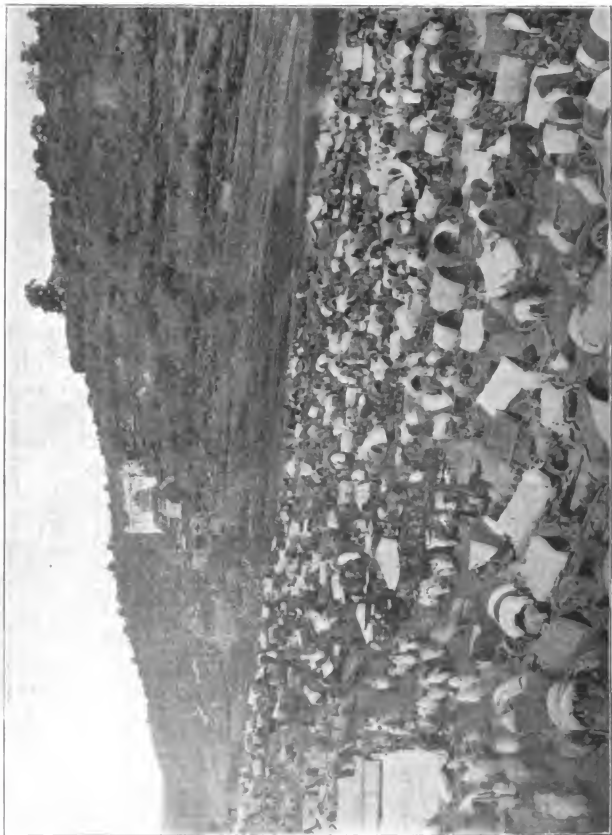


"A SERIES OF LONG STEPS BEARS SOME RESEMBLANCE TO THE LANDING-STEPS AT VALETTA."

From a Photo. by S. Jamsetji.

are numerous windows and porticos all along the wall. Farther to the south, rising above another ghat, is the large pagoda-shaped Temple of Onkarnath, the true source of the sanctity of Mandhata. A smaller temple stands up near the northern ghat, opposite our rest-house. My friend says that but for the temple and palace the general arrangement reminds him more of Clovelly, in Devonshire, than any other place he can call to mind. The view, however, is a little spoilt by an occasional corrugated iron roof interspersed among the tiled houses. North of

gazing on the holy river. We saw a really curious and interesting sight during our visit—nothing less than an elephant, with cushioned pad and three men on its back, climbing up the steep ghat steps to the road above. This feat the enormous beast managed with the skill and ease of an old habitué; and we were told it was often taken across the river, which is very deep at this point. Unfortunately, however, we did not see the acrobatic elephant in the very act of swimming across, noticing it only after it had landed on the steps of the bathing-place.



HERE IS A VIEW OF THE GREAT FAIR, SHOWING THE HUNDREDS OF SMITHS AND BULLOCK WAGGONS.
From a photo. by S. Jersild.

Later in the day we were taken across to the island and landed at the southernmost ghat. Here an attendant threw into the river handfuls of parched gram, a favourite food grain, much used both for human food and for fattening animals for the table. It is also the staple food for horses in this country. In a moment the water was alive with huge fishes, mostly about 25lb. to 30lb. in weight, which actually jostled each other and churned up the water into foam. These are accustomed to be fed daily with flour and ghee, gram, etc. Fancy having a gram-fed fish for dinner! But fishing at this ghat is prohibited.

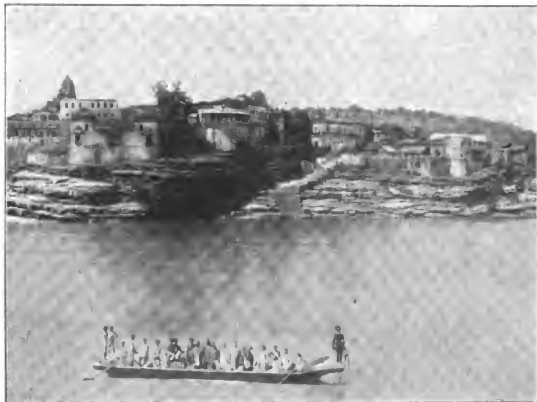
After admiring the innumerable voracious

reached the entrance to the palace. The Rajah was just then away on a visit to Ajjain, a town in Scindia's territory. As a sort of symbol of his authority, however, a flower-strewn white cushion was placed in the vestibule of the palace, with a sword laid upon it and flowers at the corners.

Behind this vestibule, or entrance court, was a small reception-room, with a brightly-coloured carpet. A good view was obtainable from the windows, but immediately beneath us were the ugly roofs of the houses of the town, which were covered with pieces of thorn bushes to make them as uncomfortable as possible for the numerous monkeys— which, of course, no Hindu

will hurt, at any rate in a direct manner, however annoying and mischievous they may be.

The reception-room of the Rajah's palace was further decorated with various photographs and pictures of mediocre merit; and last, but not least, among the decorations was a somewhat incongruous tiffin-carrier hung in a prominent position on the wall! We learnt that the Rajah has but one wife, which is unusual, and indicates an



From a Photo. by]

PILGRIMS CROSSING THE RIVER TO THE SACRED ISLAND.

[S. Jametti.

denizens of the river we proceeded up the long flight of steps, which were flanked by small shops and stalls, whereat were sold Māhādeos, small idols, and rosaries, as well as grain and other commodities likely either to be required as food or to arouse the cupidity or tickle the fancy of the pilgrims. Māhādeos are oval polished stones of all sizes, and white; brown, or black in colour; they are found in the Harbada River and are worshipped as symbols of Deity. One I saw was valued at 140 rupees. It was really a small boulder polished. They are said to be found already shaped and are sent to Benares to be polished.

At last, after leaving the steps and passing along a narrow, winding, flagged road, we

advance on ordinary Eastern notions.

From the palace we went on a short distance and then mounted an accomplished elephant, the survivor of two recently possessed by the State. It now proceeded to climb a steep hill-track leading to the summit of the island, where we found a high temple raised over a *ling*, or sacred monolith. This I found to be black and polished with the reverential handling of millions of pilgrims for generations past. It is about 5ft. 6in. high by 4ft. in diameter and cylindrical in shape. There is a remarkable legend attached to this monolith. In the old days any person standing before it and repeating certain *mantras* would immediately see in the polished surface the figure of the animal that his soul was to

inhabit in his next incarnation. It is scarcely necessary to explain that Hindus believe in metempsychosis, or the transmigration of souls.

When the Emperor Aurangzebe ruled over this part of the country he paid a visit to Mandhata, and hearing of the legend he decided to test it. Therefore, taking his stand before the *ling*, he repeated the spell which the Brahmins dictated.

The result was as unexpected as it was unpleasant to the Mohammedan Emperor, for the form that reflected itself to his astonished and indignant gaze was that of the vile and execrated pig. Not unnaturally he concluded that this

Outside the *ling* temple was the recumbent figure of a large Brahminy bull which had lost its nose. We now found that this temple was the objective of the almost vertical flight of steps which we had noticed on the hill-side in the morning. We had to go down these steps now, and I counted 280 of them—quite enough to make one's legs feel shaky before one reached the bottom. The road leads from these steps to both of the landing-stages; and we went back across the river very well pleased with our afternoon's outing.

From the river we got a good view of the palace of the Maharajah Holkar of Indore, on



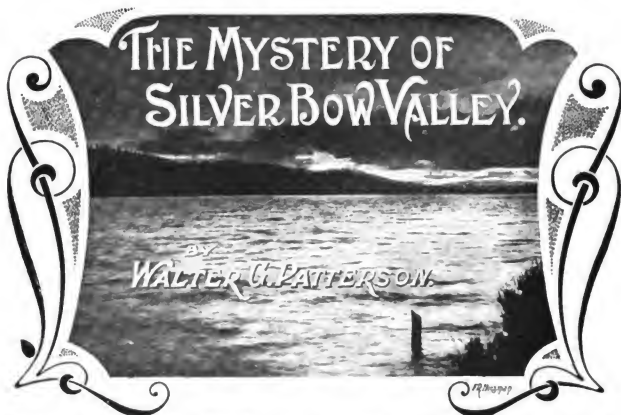
THE FLAT-BOTTOMED BOATS CONVEYING THE THOUSANDS OF PILGRIMS TO THE ISLAND ARE OFTEN DANGEROUSLY OVERCROWDED.

From a Photo. by S. Jansetji.

was due to a Brahmin trick, and the last state of the unhappy priests was considerably worse than the first. Moreover, every idol in Mandhata exhibits some proof of the Emperor's iconoclastic fury in the shape of mutilated heads, limbs, or trunks! And what a place for idols it is! They meet you at every turn—set in niches in every wall; standing in tiny shrines; alongside the roads; and on the steps of the ghats. It was a hopeless task to attempt to count them.

the mainland, and also a glimpse of other large private houses, built and maintained by various rich Hindu visitors, for their own or their friends' occupation when on pilgrimage. There is also a range of almshouses supported by Holkar.

After a good dinner, consisting mainly of that unfailing stand-by, Indian moorghee, or fowl, eked out with various tinned delicacies, we turned in, having arranged for an early start on a trip up the river next morning.



A story of the pioneer days in Montana. Day by day the miners' precious hoards of gold-dust and nuggets disappeared, and no clue could be found pointing to the identity of the thief. Finally a series of strange happenings led to a most startling discovery.



EARLY the half of a century ago, when the State of Montana was little more than a howling wilderness, Frank Lapier, who narrated the following story to me, drove a stage between Helena and Deer Lodge. His route lay over the great Continental Divide, which is formed by the Rocky Mountains as they pass through Lewis and Clarke, Silver Bow, and Deer Lodge counties. Then for a few years he "freighted" — by which I mean that he hauled merchandise on waggons. His freight route extended from Corinne, in Utah, to the mining camps in the then territory of Montana.

While these occupations would keep most men comfortably employed, Lapier, nevertheless, devoted a great deal of his time at this period to placer mining, notably in the Silver Bow Valley, through which both his stage and freight routes passed. This brief biography is given for the purpose of letting the reader know what sort of man it was who related the following story.

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There was a long line of "diggings" in the early sixties on the western slope of the Rockies, scattered every few rods from the locality where the city of Butte stands to-day, down through the Silver Bow Canyon, and all the way to the old Deer Lodge Stage Station, while laterally it extended from the Silver Lake over the Divide into the Prickly Pear district. It was all wilder-

ness save for the camps of the miners and the embryo settlements which later became cities and towns.

Most placer miners in those days worked in pairs—"me and my pard"—both for the purpose of staving off lonesomeness and for economic reasons. There were no dance-halls to drop into of an evening, when the day's "clean-up" was over, as at present. In fact, as a rule, there was nothing whatever of a diverting nature to help the miners pass the long hours before bedtime. The sun being down and the frugal evening meal disposed of the men had nothing left to do but gather in little groups, or in couples, about their camp-



MR. FRANK LAPIER, WHO RELATED THE STORY TO
From a Photo. THE AUTHOR. [by Hawes.



"THERE WAS NOTHING LEFT TO DO BUT GATHER IN
LITTLE GROUPS ABOUT THEIR CAMP-FIRES."

fires — probably in some sheltered mountain *coulée*, or under the protecting canyon wall—there to conjure up visions of distant loved ones or gloat over their steadily growing yellow hoards. In place of concerts they were forced to find entertainment, if they wanted it, in the howling of timber-wolves or skulking and cowardly coyotes.

Sated with this species of harmony they stretched themselves out on the hard floors of the canyons, gathered their blankets about them, gazed dreamily awhile up at the broad canopy of heaven, and finally fell asleep. The next day, and the next, and for many succeeding days, they did the same thing over again. Eventually they found themselves sufficiently rich; or they got discouraged and left; or they stampeded on some rumoured big strike; or possibly an Indian came along and scalped them, or they died in some other way. This was the placer miner's routine existence. It was Frank Lapier's life for years, when not engaged in guiding the destiny of the Deer Lodge stage or in hauling freight over the thousand-mile route.

While, as a general thing, only a man and his partner worked together, there was always a strong undertow of mutual protection—a feeling of fellowship—the sentiment which developed into the present-day "unions." All miners in any one district considered themselves as bound together in honour to look after the general interests, a solid rank against any possible common foe.

So it came about that when, along in the fall

of 1868, a number of "me and my pards" began to report mysterious losses, which indicated that systematic robberies were being carried on in the district, each miner felt called upon, whether he had been himself "touched" thus far or not, to contribute what detective ability he possessed in an effort to locate the thief. The property which was being stolen was in each case gold-dust and nuggets, even

United States currency having been tossed aside on one occasion. The thieves, in their way, were evidently specialists.

When the miners had become convinced that the several mysterious losses in the five days last past were not mere coincidences, the first thing they did was to appoint a committee. The duty of this committee was to safeguard the district from further depredations, and incidentally, if they found it possible, to search out the reprobates who had been plundering their camp-mates. After which, of course, there would straightway follow a brief but exciting exhibition of frontier justice. There were some twenty-five miners in the Silver Bow district at this time—twenty-five men and one "Chinee," by name Sin Loocy, who conducted a small wash-house near the mouth of the canyon. He did not count as a "man" among the placer miners, but simply as "one Chinee."

In the ranks of the miners themselves there was an individual by the name of Walsh, a big, raw-boned Irish-American, who stood six foot three in his stocking feet. A certain pushfulness possessed by Walsh had enabled him thus far to put himself to the fore in all the more important events throughout the diggings, and this same self-assertiveness had led gradually to his coming to be regarded by the other men as a sort of leader. He was especially prominent in any event which had to do with the general

interest of the community, as, for instance, this mysterious series of gold "liftings." And so it logically came about, when the vigilance committee was named, that "Rick" Walsh was unanimously chosen to act as "captain"—a position in pioneer times requiring unique qualifications.

Additional weight was lent to Walsh's claim for this honour, if any extra weight were needed, in that he, according to his own account, was up to the time of his selection the heaviest single loser by the depredations of the unknown thief.

"Rick" Walsh had come to the diggings six months prior to the time of which I speak, he being then on his way overland to the California gold-fields, having left the northern part of Indiana five weeks earlier. Of this State he claimed to be a naturalized citizen—in fact, he stated that he had been a county sheriff in one of the northern counties for two full terms, which was even further proof of his fitness to head the vigilance committee.

He had liked the "lay-out" in the Silver Bow, and had given over his idea of going farther west, and remained among the Montana placer miners ever since. That was the sum-total of the knowledge of this man possessed by his companions. But even that scant history was more embracing than the known biography of one another which was generally extant among roving frontier adventurers and itinerant placer miners of the pioneer days.

Nobody knew much of anyone else, and nobody cared.

Well, it happened that the very first night upon which the Vigilantes came into existence Lapier himself had his entire two-months' "clean-up" stolen—something more than eleven hundred dollars in dust and nuggets, and including one single nugget which had assayed at four hundred and eighty-seven dollars. All this gold had been buried in an earthen crock under three feet of solid earth, beneath the floor of a little log "lean-to" in which he and his partner, Tom Benedict, slept in stormy weather.

When Lapier's stroke of hard luck had been noised about, after what had previously happened, there were some very grim visages among the Silver Bow diggers, which foretold a short shrift for the first guilty wretch unfortunate enough to be caught at his nefarious work. The watchfulness of the Vigilantes was forthwith redoubled, and steps taken which made an open book of the daily life of each individual who had any right whatever to be about the locality. Each moment of each man's time was checked off relentlessly; strangers were hauled up short, made to give an account of their business or a reason for their presence in the

diggings, and then either escorted outside an established picket line or kept under close surveillance if allowed to remain.

In short, nothing was left undone by the Vigilantes which could tend to hamper the further movements of the gold-stealers. It certainly looked as though all further successful work on the part of the thieves would be an absolute impossibility.

Yet, despite all this, during the seven days which followed Lapier's loss no fewer than five additional cases were reported, in which carefully secreted little canvas sacks of "dust" had been found missing, the jobs being pulled off right under the very eyes of the dumfounded and wrathful guardians. Within a single month nearly twenty thousand dollars' worth of gold-dust had seemingly taken wings and flown away, without the slightest trace remaining of any human handiwork in connection with the mysterious occurrences. Yet it stood to reason that it was not only the work of a human thief, but necessarily that of some individual in the diggings, who was thoroughly familiar with the ins and outs of each couple's "lay-out"; one who knew just where each man kept his gold-dust, so that he was able to lay his dishonest hands upon it without the slightest hesitancy.

There had been a method about the thieves' or thieves' actions, an unfailing accuracy of execution in the long string of "liftings," which was simply startling. Who was guilty or, conversely, who innocent, nobody dared hazard a guess. Every man in the district had a vague suspicion of everybody else. "Pards" who had toiled side by side for months, sharing one another's joys and privations, got to imagining hitherto undetected shiftiness in each other's glance or some semblance of an inborn crookedness which had been kept concealed in the past.

There was no such thing then as looking up individual past records in the hope of uncovering some masquerading shady character in their midst of more than ordinary prominence. No man's personal history antedated his arrival in the locality. Only the more expert artists with their shooting-irons among the miners ever felt authorized to ask impertinent leading questions of fresh arrivals; and these same dead-shot individuals seldom considered that circumstances warranted the exercise of any such authority. Hence, anything to be accomplished in a practical way, and based solely upon individual reputations in the discovering and bringing to "barrel-head" trial of the miscreants, was necessarily restricted to the character which each man had made for

himself within the few months last past. That there was an unusually clever actor somewhere in their midst admitted of no question. That the big Irish ex-sheriff would eventually land on the rascal, however, no one who saw the look of scowling determination on the captain's face for one moment doubted.

Scarcely a day passed without its brief exciting episode. Sometimes "Rick" Walsh would go galloping at a breakneck pace down the one long street of the town and out on to the open plain, a small posse of mounted and heavily-armed lieutenants trailing a hundred yards behind him, striving frantically to keep pace with their mad-riding leader. It was known at such times that the captain was engaged in running down some fresh clue he had obtained concerning the mysterious gold-robbers; and the fact that each of these clues ended in nothing more tangible than the winding or crippling of the horses counted as merely a little more hard luck, to be taken into consideration later on when frontier justices should have a rope about the culprits' necks.

Meanwhile, gold hoards, the products of many a weary day's panning, continued to disappear with monotonous and heart-breaking regularity. Not a few of the gold-seekers at length became discouraged, hopeless of ever amassing a "pile" in the Silver Bow district. They pulled up the stakes outlining their individual claims, indicating thereby that anyone else could "jump" them who thought it worth while, and then "lit out" for more profitable fields. If the thing had kept up the way it was going, it would only have been a matter of weeks before the diggings were deserted. Some of the more ignorant miners saw the hand of his Satanic Majesty in the mysterious occurrences, and refused straightway to fight or to attempt to thwart the plans of any such powerful opponent. These few

stood their losses philosophically until they could no longer raise even a "grub-stake" amongst them, and then they, too, forsook the diggings.

"I wasn't scared of any devil," said Lapier, in relating his experiences. "No, sir, it wasn't any bogey man according to my way of thinking; it was some scallywag right amongst our own crowd who was too lazy and unprincipled to get his own stake honestly. And more than that, it was some fellow who was watching everything done by the Vigilantes and more than likely taking part in every talk. His sure way of going about his dirty work proved it."

One night a miner crawled on his hands and knees the greater part of a mile to notify to Walsh and his men that someone was at that very instant trying to break into his log shack, where he had gold-dust secreted, and outside of which, in accord with customary preference, he had been wrapped in his blanket asleep. If the boys would hustle themselves, he said, they might catch the rascally gold-stealers red-handed.

The "boys" needed no urging, however. They were on the backs of their ponies in an instant. A few rods away from the shack they all dismounted and spread out swiftly to surround the robbers. At the proper moment, in response to a low whistle from Walsh, they



"THEY RUSHED FORWARD AND CAPTURED—BILL WOTHERS' SON'S MILK-COW!"

closed in, in the darkness, until they were drawn up in a narrow cordon about the premises; whereupon, with a loud shout and the discharge of a dozen six-shooters in unison, they rushed forward and captured—Bill Wother-
spoon's milch-cow, which had broken out of its corral near by!

This ludicrous incident made a laughing-stock of the Vigilantes for a time, naturally enough. But in the exciting events which were shortly to follow the affair was soon lost sight of.

A couple of afternoons after the cow episode Lapier and Walsh and two other men came together near the head of the gulch, and paused to discuss current events after the prevailing custom. In the course of their talk each of them happened to make mention of his recent big "finds" in the way of nuggets. Among others, Lapier described an azurite specimen rich in gold, an unusual find outside of Africa, as they all thought then; and each of the other men in turn boasted of what he had also lately added to his sack.

By the barest chance, just at that instant Lapier glanced in the direction of a clump of willows at one side of the gulch, and was there startled to see the dough-coloured face of Sin Looey, the "Chinee," who was peering eagerly out from the brush, seemingly engrossed in the conversation of the white men.

Walsh, having noticed Lapier's start of surprise, looked quickly round and discovered the China boy also.

"Don't let on that you see him, Frank," said the big man, quietly, and, suiting his own action to the words—"Let's move on. This has given me an idea."

Lapier could see Walsh was pleased that he had stumbled on tangible evidence at last; and the look of vindictiveness which spread over his face at the thought showed that things were likely to go hard with Sin Looey.

After getting out of ear-shot of the China boy—for Sin Looey was only a lad—the four miners proceeded up the canyon, pretending not even to have noticed him, and agreeing among themselves, in the excited talk which ensued, that Sin Looey's skulking there in the willows and being so eager to hear

their words had, to put it mildly, a very suspicious look.

The Chinaman had been previously "investigated," along with the others, by the committee, and had always been kept more or less under surveillance. But he was such a bland, half-stupid, but wholly honest-appearing heathen, and such an arrant coward in all matters requiring nerve, that no one had ever seriously suspected him of being the thief.

Some time during the ensuing night all four of the men forming the party who had seen Sin Looey skulking claimed to have been robbed of every grain of gold-dust they had in their sacks! In Lapier's case even the sack, a buck-skin affair, was missing.

Early the next morning Lapier had just returned to his little shack from a trip to notify the vigilance committee of this fresh calamity



"LAPIER INSTANTLY RECOGNISED HIS MISSING GOLD-PUCH."

when he was surprised to see the young Chinaman coming from an opposite direction toward him, holding some small object hesitatingly out toward the white man, seemingly in doubt as to what his personal reception would be. In the object held in Sin Looley's hand Lapier instantly recognised his missing gold-pouch.

"Allee same found 'um over by Lob's lanch, light on glound," the boy remarked, with a propitiative air, and with the usual turning of his "r" letters into the softer labial.

"Rob's ranch," which Looley meant, was a primitive tin-dipper-and-water-barrel whisky "joint" up the street, which used to dispense a fiery brand of liquor to thirsty miners.

Lapier was certain, of course, that the "Chink" was lying about the pouch, but at the same time it perplexed him to account for the lad's returning the empty receptacle.

"I reckon you found 'um all samee right underneath the ground," the white man responded, grimly. Then, catching the China boy by the arm, he started toward what in these days would be a lock-up, but which was at that time any locality where the captain of the Vigilantes might be encountered.

They fell in with Walsh soon after, just as the latter was leaving Rob's place, where he had apparently been fortifying himself.

"The very gossoon I wanted to clap my eyes upon!" the Irishman exclaimed, joyfully, in his deep, mellifluous brogue.

The frightened Chinaman began to stutter with terror when big "Rick" Walsh and some of the "boys" seized hold of him and began to run him at a trot across the creek to Pulpit Rock—which in those days represented the prisoner's dock, witness stand, gallows, and justice-room in one of Silver Bow—the entire population of stern-faced placer miners trailing along behind.

"Prisoner at the bar, are ye guilty or are ye not? You're a liar!" Walsh said all in a breath, as a hurried preliminary to the Chinaman's trial.

Sin Looley, limp as a rag, frightened completely out of all ability to utter an intelligible word in his own defence—though he glanced piteously into the stern faces of his rough

judges—was then rushed, according to frontier law, through the rude mockery of a trial.

Of course, the miserable wretch's fate had been sealed the moment he was thrown in a huddled heap upon the fatal "pulpit," a doom which the rough onlookers awaited with a desire to see the "sneaking yellow thief" get his deserts.

The regulation sentence had been pronounced by the self-constituted judge, jury, and prosecuting attorney in one—Walsh, who claimed to be all of these things ex-officio—when an extraordinary and unlooked-for event happened.

A storm had been threatening throughout the morning, and suddenly, with a terrific clap of thunder, which is nowhere so awesome, so crashing in volume, as it is in these black canyons of the Rockies, the tempest broke. Instantaneously, as the thunder-clap resounded, Pulpit Rock, a solid, thousand-ton mass, which had withstood the fierce mountain storms of



From a

PULPIT ROCK AS IT IS TO-DAY.

Photo.

countless ages of time, began to creak and groan dismally, then shivered perceptibly throughout its great bulk, and finally, with a crash which shook the solid earth, toppled and fell to the floor of the canyon, hurling its human occupants a sheer thirty feet out into the valley beneath—white men and prisoner all tangled together in a confused and struggling heap. The Chinaman's blue cotton-clad legs, topped with their ungainly wooden "boats," protruded from the centre of the human mass, cutting frantic circles in the air.

Although considerably bruised and shaken, no one was seriously injured. Had the affair

The above photograph shows "Pulpit Rock" as it is to-day, the mountain-side from which it fell being seen to the left. The driving of a railway through the canyon has considerably altered the appearance of the locality.—Ed.



"FULPIT ROCK TOPPLED AND FELL."

been less uncanny, had it been then attributed to natural causes, as it was later on, being traced back to a long series of landslides, similar to the recent terrible happening at Frank, N.W.T., it would have had a ludicrous aspect in place of the awesome fear with which it was regarded by the superstitious miners.

The first man to recover from the shock was Walsh, fearful that his prisoner would take advantage of the excitement to get away. But his fears proved groundless, as would have occurred to a man less eager for bloodshed, the China boy being completely unnerved by his recent experiences, and by this time half dead with fright.

Now, none of the Silver Bow diggers were men who could be easily scared, and they regarded a camp-thief as cowboys look upon a "rustler"—there is but one fitting end for either. All the same, when Providence had palpably interposed between them and their victim, as here seemed to be the case, they could proceed no further. Maybe the accident

was a sign that Sin Looney was innocent. Any way, come to think of it, they had mighty slim evidence against the Chinaman. Barring his being found with an empty gold-sack, and the arguments of big "Rick" Walsh, they had slight proof of his guilt.

This sort of talk made the captain of the Vigilantes cross. The men couldn't see for the life of them what made him so especially vindictive and anxious to go on with the business after all that had happened, even if the victim was a Chinaman.

"Lend me a gun," cried Walsh, who had lost his own weapon in the landslip, "and I'll shoot the man myself. 'Tis a pack of old women the whole lot of you are."

But no gun was forthcoming. Instead, a stalwart New Englander among the crowd of miners warned the irate Irishman that he would have to fight the white men first if he persisted in his attack on the Chinaman.

"This session of court stands adjourned," said the Yankee, "by a unanimous vote, and it

isn't safe for any man to monkey with its judgment."

Walsh being thus baffled, and the China boy taken under Lapier's own personal protection, the Irishman went back over the creek to his own camp, muttering threats against the whole bunch of miners. Lapier was much puzzled to account for his being so persistent when the rest of the crowd had cried "halt."

We now come to the closing chapter of the mystery. During the succeeding few days Walsh tried twice to lay violent hands upon Sin Looney, but without success.

The fourth night after the mysterious fall of the big rock was a very stormy one. About two o'clock in the morning, Lapier, lying asleep in his bunk, against the inside wall of his shack, was pretty nearly scared out of his wits by the loud explosion of a six-shooter not ten feet from his head. Springing out of the bunk at a single bound, and lighting a torch which projected from the wall, he beheld Sin Looney standing in the open door of the lean-to at one end of the primitive little shelter, grasping a still smoking revolver, and peering fixedly out into the stormy night. The China boy, being, as I have said, now under Lapier's special protection, had a short time before been curled up asleep in his blanket on the floor of the shack. Outside, someone was groaning loudly as if in terrible pain.

"What's the rumpus, Looney?" cried Lapier. "Who have you been shooting?"

The China lad excitedly gesticulated in an endeavour to make Lapier understand his voluble "pidgin" lingo.

"Ilishman," he said, "come cleeping, cleeping long, stick hand light on my face. I shoot

'um, then Ilishman yell, fall on back, then Ilishman——" And Looney would have kept on indefinitely had not Lapier seized the torch and rushed out of doors the instant he understood the state of affairs.

It was the Irishman—Walsh. The China boy's bullet had caught him in the muscles of the right shoulder, where it had inflicted a very painful but, as it proved, a trifling wound. Looney and Lapier got the big Irishman securely bound, intending to take him over to Helena the following day to have him placed in gaol.

But he got away somehow in the night.

However, he escaped one fate only to fall a victim to another far worse. A party of prospectors came across the body of the ex-Vigilante captain a few days after his escape,

almost at the very top of Mount Haggin. He had been trying to cross the

peak on his way down into Idaho or Utah, when a big loose boulder, which he had in some manner started, had fallen on him, pinning him down helplessly by the legs. So he had died.

On Walsh's body was found the identical azurite gold nugget stolen from Lapier. If there had been any doubt before as to who was the gold-thief, this discovery settled it.

Just how he succeeded in working his scheme, or

whether he had helpers, was never learned. It is probable, however, that some of the Vigilantes were in league with him, and that—under pretence of protecting them—miners were systematically "pumped" as to where they secreted their hoards.

Lapier, now a grey-haired old man, is prepared to stake his last dollar that the "Chinee" Looney was no thief. He lived in Lapier's family for fourteen years after the death of Walsh and then went back to China a wealthy aristocrat.



"A BIG BOULDER HAD FALLEN ON HIM, PINNING HIM DOWN HELPLESSLY."

Among the South Sea Cannibals.

BY CAPTAIN H. CAYLEY WEBSTER, F.Z.S.

II.

The author has recently returned from a seven years' sojourn among the fierce man-eating and head-hunting tribes of the South Sea Islands. Captain Webster's narrative makes most thrilling reading, and he illustrates it with a number of excellent photographs.



N my way to New Britain I passed through the China Straits, which are situated at the extreme south end of New Guinea, and separated from it by the Island of Sariba. These straits were named by Captain Moresby, R.N., who, in 1873, discovered them to be the most direct route from Australia to China. Up to the present time, however, the passage has not been utilized in this way.

We sailed through the Trobriands, a vast number of low, thickly-wooded islands, entirely covered with prolific undergrowth and the everlasting cocoa palm. They are densely populated, and the natives surrounded us in their exquisitely carved and beautifully designed canoes, offering all kinds of unique ornaments and eager in their desire to trade. Their hair is worn hanging in ringlets over their shoulders, and they appeared to be a far finer race of people than the Papuans of the mainland. Passing the islands

of the d'Entrecasteaux Group, we entered St. George's Channel, which divides New Britain from New Ireland, and after a week's toil, beating against adverse winds and strong currents, arrived at the only white settlement in New Britain.

As we rounded the northern end of the straits at the entrance to Blanch Bay we perceived a few houses on the left shore, and some others a mile or two down the bay. On our right there rose out of the sea a magnificent mountain, from the summit of which we could see smoke rising steadily into the cloudless sky, while an occasional spurt of flame, belching high in the air, proclaimed it to be one of the active volcanoes of New Britain.



ONE OF THE ACTIVE
VOLCANOES OF NEW
BRITAIN.
From a Photo.

We dropped anchor opposite Ralum, a valuable plantation owned by a half-caste Samoan lady. This is considered to be the richest and most extensive in the whole of the South Pacific. One of the first persons to pay me a visit was a young native girl, who stood on the beach and watched our doings with pathetic interest as the yacht was brought to her moorings. When, half an hour afterwards, I landed, she begged very hard of me to buy the variety of goods she carried in a native plaited basket sling on her back and suspended by fibres across her head. So great was the weight she had been made to carry in this way since childhood that there was a deep indentation in the forefront of her head. On examination

that the water commenced to get warm. The nearer we approached to the foot of the volcano the hotter it became, until at last I could not bear to dip my hand in it. It occurred to me that this would be a capital place to bathe—a natural open-air warm bath—and therefore I made my natives build me a small landing-stage. From this I enjoyed many a dip in the bubbling warm water. Still farther up the inlet I saw steam bubbling up in all directions owing to the terrific volcanic disturbance going on below the surface. The heat here proved so great that the paint on my boat began to blister and I was glad to get back to the cooler parts again. The photo. here reproduced shows my bathing-place in this curious hot-water inlet.



From a photo. THE AUTHOR'S BOAT-PLACE IN THE CURIOUS HOT-WATER INLET.

I found the basket contained a pig, a dog, and a large quantity of yams, taros, and betel-nut. On the top of all was a huge bunch of bananas, cut with the stalk from the tree, and weighing alone over forty pounds. Besides all this the poor girl carried an infant, who was in mortal terror of me from the time I first made my appearance until I had relieved the mother of all her marketable goods and sent her off rejoicing with a few yards of turkey-red, a piece of which she promptly wrapped round her body.

In the cool of the evening I took the gig and rowed up an inviting-looking inlet beneath the shadow of the great volcano. After navigating this arm of the bay for a mile or two I noticed

The day after my arrival at Blanch Bay I took a small force of my men, well armed, and made an expedition into the exterior to pay a visit to a chief who was reputed to have an enormous family, and much worldly wealth. We had a weary tramp of some hours through heavy undergrowth, descending at one moment to the very depths of a precipitous ravine, only to be confronted immediately afterwards by the face of an almost insurmountable mountain. During this fatiguing march I was joined by numerous natives from surrounding villages, men, women, and children, all perfectly nude, and curious to behold the daring stranger who had committed himself so rashly as to make

a journey into the hitherto unknown interior of their country. At last, pleasantly situated beneath numerous surrounding cocoanut palms, we came upon the curiously built houses of the village I had come to see, and by the shouts of the people, who darted hither and thither among the crotons and huts, I could tell how excited they were at this unexpected visit. A photograph of this village is here reproduced, and my readers will notice the significant collection of skulls in the foreground to the right.

along the beams inside, I perceived several curious coils beautifully laced with rattan and resembling in appearance a number of life-buoys. Each of these coils, I learned, contained two hundred and fifty fathoms of minute shell money threaded on the finest bamboo cane and called "dewarra." A fathom of this shell money is worth two shillings in English coin to all the traders in the South Seas, for with it they can purchase copra (dried coconut used for making oil), tortoiseshell, and all other



From a A CANNIBAL VILLAGE IN THE FAR INTERIOR. *[Photo.*

The chief himself, an old man with white hair and beard, was not long in presenting himself, followed immediately by his numerous wives and children, numbering nearly fifty in all. He tried to make me believe that everyone around him was either his wife or his child. I made this much-married gentleman a present of a flannel shirt and some white calico, which he immediately donned, to the huge amusement of his numerous family. When I set up my camera to photograph the group they gazed in great wonderment at the strange box and laughed immoderately at the black cloth I placed over it, saying how foolish I was to clothe the box when they themselves had nothing with which to cover their bodies. By means of unmistakable signs they let me know how very mad they considered me.

After the ordeal by camera the chief took me into his "tanbu" house, where, hanging

articles of trade. Each of these coils, therefore, was worth about twenty-five pounds, and by the numbers the chief possessed I calculated that he was worth at least ten thousand pounds. A photograph of this chief and his family is given at the top of the following page, and shows him wearing the shirt I gave him.

He showed me some slaves which he was "fattening for table" as it were, and a moment afterwards asked if I would stay and have some food with him. His meaning was unmistakable, so I hurriedly begged to be excused. After partaking of a few bananas—these at least I knew to be safe eating—I hastened my departure, lest this old ogre might suddenly take it into his head to sample me or one of my men as a new dish.

Every other day it was the custom for the natives to gather together at a certain spot near the beach where we lay at anchor and hold a



THE CHIEF OF THE VILLAGE WITH HIS WIVES AND
 CHILDREN. (Photo.)

themselves various articles of commerce and food, and selling taros and bananas to the Blanch Bay people. At these markets I purchased very many curious treasures, giving in exchange pipes, tobacco, and calico, or turkey-red. My next photograph shows a typical native market in full swing, and gives some idea of the scene of bustle and animation which prevails.

Whilst attending one of these markets I saw a most repulsive-looking man, and was told he was one of the wealthiest chiefs of the interior—a man who kept many slaves and was in the habit of killing

and eating one every few days, being one of the most ferocious cannibals in that part of the country. I took the opportunity of securing a photograph of this amiable personage. His



From a

A NATIVE MARKET IN FULL SWING.

(Photo.)

upper lip was slit and either half sewn into his nostrils. This "ornamentation," he told me, added considerably to his beauty according to native ideas. He was evidently extremely careful of his personal appearance, and one might almost have thought he had visited civilization—for he powdered his face! Not being able to procure anything finer, however, this cannibal dandy used lime! This startling accessory of the toilet will be seen liberally bedaubed over his face and beard in the accompanying snap-shot.

One day I heard there was to be a great native feast and dance a few miles in the forest, and, as I received a special invitation from the chief at whose village the entertainment was to be held, I elected to go.

This chief, whose photograph is next reproduced, was a man of enormous stature, standing six feet eleven in height, with a fantastic headgear of feathers, which added considerably to his height. When I reached the village it reminded me curiously of a country fair at home. Great bunches of brightly-coloured crotons and hibiscus were festooned from tree to tree, the trunks being encircled with strings of prettily blended garlands of creepers. There were, I should say, upwards of three thousand natives gathered together from the different islands, some to witness and

others to take part in the festivities. Many hundreds of these visitors were covered with feathers and paint, and with their weird headdresses of parrots' and other feathers gave a most

ferocious and savage appearance to the scene. Large partitions of ferns and palms were erected for the purpose of hiding the performers from view when not actually going through their strange evolutions.

Presently the dismal noise of many tomtoms was to be heard, and immediately each tribe came forward in its turn and went through their especial form of dance. At their fierce and wild noises and extraordinary contortions of body and features I could not help feeling a strange sensation of awe. Each tribe performed its own dance, which is owned by their chief, who either designs it himself or, if not sufficiently intelligent to do this, purchases it from a neighbouring warrior.

The women spectators squatted on one side of the arena and, so far as I could see, exhibited but little interest in the performance. They all chewed vigorously at their betel-nut and indulged in the gossip of the place, occasionally falling asleep, to be awakened by some terrific whoop which told of the termination of one part of the ceremony.

The men, who were ranged opposite the women, applauded the different dances in a most vociferous manner,



A CANNIBAL DANDY—HE POWDERED HIS FACE WITH LIME!
From a Photo.



THE CHIEF WHO GAVE THE FEAST.
From a Photo.

occasionally rolling on the ground and shouting for joy in their excitement. The annexed illustration shows a group of natives in beautiful feather headdresses about to commence a dance.

Facing the people in a large cleared space in the forest was erected a huge screen, towering to a height of about fifty feet, on which was hung all the portable property of the chief who was acting as host.

Innumerable coils of dewarra were there to

has the right of levying a small tax by way of payment for the entertainment.

I witnessed some sixty dances, varying but little so far as my uneducated eye could see in performance, and not at all in the music which accompanied them, and then I began to be wearied of it all.

Presently I saw several suspicious-looking pieces of cooked meat being handed round in banana leaves, and so, snatching up the two



cause envy and covetousness in the minds of the visitors and to let the world know of his wealth. Each of these coils, as I have before explained, is valued at twenty-five sovereigns, being composed of two hundred and fifty fathoms of the current shell money. This is a tiny shell resembling the cowrie, but much smaller, and is carefully bored and strung upon narrow strips of bamboo cane. The precious shell is found on the coast some hundreds of miles away—somewhere towards the south—and is very much sought after, as with it the natives purchase their wives, their slaves, and all articles of food. On this screen there were also exhibited a great number of trophies and ornaments, including the spears, scalps, and skulls of vanquished enemies. It is the custom to present any distinguished visitor with a gift of dewarra, which signifies the pleasure of the chief at his presence, but upon all ordinary natives attending the festivity he

fathoms of native money which had been presented to me, and complimenting the chief upon his entertainment, I beat a hasty retreat, fearing lest the next moment I should be expected to partake of this doubtful repast. It was with a sigh of relief that I again breathed the pure air of the coast and was able to take my hand from the trigger of my revolver, which had been carefully hidden beneath my coat during the whole time.

My visit here was singularly successful from a collector's point of view, and I discovered very many species in the domain of ornithology and entomology that were entirely new to science, amongst the most prominent being a beautiful kingfisher (*Aleyone Websteri*) and a superb papilio (*Papilio Websteri*), etc.

I made several excursions to the neighbouring islands, the principal being to the Duke of York Group, consisting of thirteen islands, all close together.

I landed on the Island of Mioko in this group. It is about a mile long, having rather high land at one end, and gradually sloping down to the level of the sea at the other. This island is undoubtedly one of the healthiest spots in the South Seas, as it obtains the sea breezes from all points of the compass. On the north shore it has a magnificent natural harbour, surrounded on all sides by a luxuriant growth of cocoanut and orange trees, planted by passing Samoan traders, while the other side is protected from the ravages of the destructive tidal waves and hurricanes by a very large reef running off the island for some considerable distance.

The natives resembled those of the mainland

This is how it originated. Some men had outlawed themselves by committing a crime against the laws of their tribe. They were thus debarred from the privileges of obtaining food there, and so conceived the idea of covering themselves entirely with leaves sewn together into grotesque and weird shapes. Disguised in this way they repaired to neighbouring villages, making their appearance from the jungle suddenly with strange noises, and frightening the unsophisticated people to such an extent by the extraordinary rumblings that they caused to issue through their spiral head-coverings that food was willingly given them in order that they might instantly take their departure.

This ruse proved so uniformly successful in working upon the fears of these poor, superstitious savages that eventually a certain chief—more intellectual and tyrannical than the rest—arrogated to himself the right of instituting a kind of body-guard, whom he dressed up in this manner, hunting down his enemies and pillaging their villages with the greatest impunity.

Any woman who dared to cast but one glance upon the dreaded "Duk Duk"

was instantly put to death, and even at the time when I witnessed the performance of this custom—although its old-time significance has departed and it was only performed in a sort of merry-making way—upon the first warning of the approach of these strange, devil-like apparitions the women fled in abject terror, secreting themselves in the densest jungle they could find.

A day or two before I started on my cruise again I made my last expedition into the forest. After rowing a few miles along the coast I left my men in the boat with instructions to wait until I returned. Taking my native boy to carry the camera, I made my way up a small stream to where I had been told was a beautiful cascade, of which I hoped to get a picture. After following the stream for a mile or two I came upon a pretty little glade with a few banana trees dotted about and the remains of some native huts, showing that at some remote period natives had dwelt there. After



A GROUP OF "DUK DUK" PERFORMERS.
From a Photo.

of New Britain and seemed pleased to see me, taking me all over the island and showing me through their villages. At the higher end I found a very large underground grotto, in which they told me it was customary to hold their cannibal feasts. Whilst I was on this island a curious custom—peculiar to the group—was observed. It is called the "Duk Duk." Its origin, so far as I could learn from the natives, dates back several hundreds of years, and was afterwards made use of by a very smart savage and celebrated chief in order to frighten the people into giving up to him their worldly goods.

refreshing myself with a few bananas and drinking the milk from one or two young cocoanuts, I was about to push on again when suddenly about a dozen of the wildest-looking savages I had yet seen made their appearance and stood glaring at me from a distance of a dozen yards—half in fear, half in anger, at my intrusion into their country. By friendly gestures I persuaded them to approach and offered them some sticks of tobacco, which they accepted with but scant courtesy. They were, as I thought, about to move on when, struck by the picturesqueness of the scene, I told my boy to set up

flew past me, and I fired two more shots, whereupon the remainder of the enemy took to their heels, leaving no trace of their ever having existed, save a couple of spears quivering in the ground a few yards away, and two of their companions very much disabled. "I think, master, we go back now," remarked my companion, as he started to pack up the camera. "Halloa!" I shouted, the next moment, "how is this? The shutter has been released." "Perhaps," replied the boy, now trembling violently with fright, "me 'fraid too much, me squeeze him ball." This was what had actually



A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPHIC CURIOSITY—CAPT. WEBSTER WAS PHOTOGRAPHED BY ACCIDENT BY HIS SERVANT JUST AS SOME NATIVES ATTACKED HIM. [Photo. From a] [Photo.]

the camera in order that I might take a photograph. It was but the work of a moment to get the savages in focus, standing about in uncertain attitudes of fear and defiance. The shutter was placed in readiness, and I had given the indiarubber ball to my boy to squeeze at a given signal, when whizz! a spear shot past my head in most uncomfortable proximity. "Look out!" shouted my servant, "these people like kill you!" The next instant my revolver was smoking and one of my assailants lay howling on the ground. Another spear, carelessly aimed,

happened, as I afterwards discovered, for on developing the plate I found that an excellent picture had been taken of the whole affair—one which is absolutely unique in the whole of my collection. This remarkable photographic curiosity is reproduced above.

A day or two after this unexpected encounter I again set sail for the largest island in the world (with the exception of Australia)—New Guinea, the home of the cannibal, and to me one of the most interesting of all countries.

(To be concluded.)

A Night in a God-house.

By J. E. PATTERSON.

This story sounds almost incredible, but the author vouches absolutely for it. It is a striking instance of the danger which often attends attempts to gratify one's curiosity when in a foreign land.



N comparatively prosaic Bombay it occurred; but given the necessary temperament, a sufficiently foolish disregard of eventualities, a thirst for knowledge or mischief, and adventures can be had to-day even in English back-yards. Besides, I was young at the time. And what is not possible to the green seeker after hidden things? Oh, those salad days, when the world seems young and life lies before us like an Aladdin's cave full of rich mysteries, golden delights, and deeds of derring-do!

But it was not the glamour of romance, not a desire to get out of the prosaicism of average life, which led me into that strange Eastern god-house and caused me six hours of terror and suspense. No, it was simple curiosity, a pure first-hand itching to know. Fresh from years of reading all sorts of romance, I had gone out on my first voyage to the ever attractive, ever subtle, ever mysterious East. After taking a vague peep at its life, over the threshold as it were, in Port Louis, Isle of France, I found myself in Bombay. Prepared for all kinds of wonderful surprises, yet in truth ready for nothing of a definite trend, full of eager interest in everything about me, from the native fisherman catching ground-sharks to the *dinghy-wallah* who paddled us ashore in his dug-out, I first trod "India's coral strand" in the short but lovely twilight of an Eastern Saturday night. In my pocket lay the magnificent sum of ten rupees; in my limbs and body the "pink of health"; and in my mind the determination to pass nothing unnoticed.

For companions I had a Swedish A.B., the cook, and our bo'sun, who had taken me under his fatherly North-country wing. After a long stroll about the city and a visit to the Royal Oak—then kept by one "Parsee George"—we were returning slowly towards the beach. I was

in rear of the talkative party, losing ground every few yards because of finding so many objects of interest by the roadside.

At length we came to a turning at the corner of which stood a house I shall never forget. At the time my companions must have been a good three hundred yards ahead of me. To all intents and purposes I was alone. Not that such a circumstance is of the least importance in modern Bombay, but it mattered much to me.

The house (it stood at the left-hand corner of the road) had nothing special in its appearance. It was not walled in, as so many private houses in India are, but was built back some eight or ten feet from the rest of the street on that side, and had a big banana tree growing on the intervening space. I give these particulars so that it may be recognised by any reader who knows the city well, for I cannot remember the names of the two streets on which it abutted.

Up to the time of my turning the left-hand corner, towards the great covered-in market, I was simply gazing about in search of some object of striking interest. It came the moment I rounded the building—came in a guise least expected.

About eight feet from the corner of the house there was a shuttered, but sashless, window, one shutter being quite closed, the other ajar. Through the long slit of an opening I saw, in the lighted room beyond, a native stripped to his waist, making the lowest salaams possible. What he could be bowing to in such a manner and at that time of night—well-nigh the "hour when churchyards yawn and graves give up their dead"—so mystified me that instantly I crept up to the window and took a peep within.

High in a curious sort of chair framework sat the most ugly carving my eyes had ever

encountered. Its repulsiveness was abnormal, both in colour and feature; for it was painted to look even worse than the carver's chisel had made it. This awful-looking deity was the object of the salaams! The man I had seen quickly proved to be one of a party, whom I

on that side of the house, common to East Indian dwellings. My intense excitement and eagerness to see more of that strange midnight worship prevented all thought of the difficulty of keeping such a position long.

Slowly and with the utmost caution I began



"THIS AWFUL-LOOKING DEITY WAS THE OBJECT OF THE SALAAMS!"

discovered in ones and twos as they filed between me and the frightful god they were worshipping. I stood transfixed, in interest far more than in fear. An English lad, in a free street and a British-governed country, I had no reason to dread what the house held.

But I could not see enough of the contents of that big room. The opening between those shutters allowed me to obtain a view of only a small section of the apartment. I must see more. For this reason I gained a kneeling position on the foot-wide, three-feet-high ledge

to draw the shutter farther away from its fellow. During this operation that little band of devotees passed continually to and fro before their image, salaaming and prostrating themselves in the utmost abjection. My eyes were strained in an endeavour to catch a glimpse of those portions of the room which were still hidden from me by the shutters.

Then came the keynote of probable tragedy.

Too intent on watching the doings within to keep a proper guard on my own, I pulled mechanically at the shutter, even when it had

stopped moving. At this point it was half open. Its hinges were evidently rusty. They creaked a shrill warning, grating on the ear in an alarming fashion. In an instant all within was dark as the grave, and as quiet. Not so with me. Fear at the consequences of my foolish curiosity robbed me of all proper self-control. In wildly endeavouring to counteract an overbalancing backwards I jerked myself too far forward, bringing the shutter quite open with me—and toppled bodily into the room!

The thud of my body on the boarded floor was a signal for fresh movements on the part of my enemies, as I now guessed the worshippers to be. To judge by the noise of their feet they made a rush bodily at the window. But life on board ship and escapades in tight corners on shore had already taught me some monkeyish tricks. Over I rolled, almost as soon as I bumped on the floor. A foot struck against mine as I cleared the rush. Its owner went down headlong by the wall under the window. On him pounced his fellows, apparently thinking him the intruder—at least, it seemed so to me—and whilst they struggled there in the darkness, in a subdued hubbub of mutterings and scuffling, I crept swiftly away on hands and knees.

Feeling that my life was in my hands I made a rapid retreat from the little crowd, not knowing nor caring whither I went, so be that I got away. My right shoulder bumped against a wall. Along it I sped, still on my hands and knees for the sake of silence. A corner turned me off. The quiet scuffle by the window continued; evidently the excited natives had

not yet discovered their mistake. I hurried forward, and was brought up suddenly by my head striking an obstacle. A moment's examination proved the barrier to be some steps, up which I went, spurred on by the fact that a minute lost would probably mean death to me, whilst one gained might save my life.

Still hugging the wall, I quickly found myself beside the chair of that awful-looking god. Now, I remembered seeing through the slit that had led me into this scrape a doorway to the right of the god's dais. For this doorway I was about to make when my arm encountered a large space between the image and the wall. I at once pressed into it—to find the god a hollow one! Just then a light flashed on the scene and the scuffling in the corner ceased abruptly.

Inside the figure I huddled, mightily pleased at finding it big enough to hold two of my size in comfort.

Never before, surely, was a prisoner so thankful for his cell! As I crouched there in that hollow accumulation of ugliness, afraid to look out because of enemies chancing near enough to see me, yet expecting discovery every moment, I listened to

a new hubbub amongst the worshippers. In all likelihood some new arrivals with a light had shown that the sacrilegious intruder was not there, and they were endeavouring to solve the mystery of his disappearance. In consequence there was much hurrying to and fro amongst them, much coming and going, many apparent queries and as many disappointing answers. Having no weapons with which to fight my way out if discovered and attacked, everything depended upon strategy, and so all



"WITH THE UTMOST CAUTION I BEGAN TO DRAW THE SHUTTER."



"I AT ONCE PRESSED INTO IT—TO FIND THE GOD A HOLLOW ONE!"

my faculties were concentrated preternaturally on what I heard. Being unable to see anything that was going on, my hearing and intuitive deduction became painfully acute in this dangerous situation. I would have given years of my life for such a key to those fanatics' doings as understanding what was said whilst they rapidly came and went. My natural supposition was that they were searching for me.

From early boyhood up to the very hilt of this affair I had read, at different times, tales of the Indian Mutiny, the Black Hole of Calcutta, the atrocities, real and imaginary, of Akbar Khan and his followers, to say nothing of a library of stories wholly fictitious. Now I saw myself the subject of almost certain torture—an English youth murdered in secret, missed by the way and never discovered. If I ever got out of that place alive I vowed I would never again be tempted to put my head into such another scrape. This I swore, off and on, whilst wondering what the idol-worshippers were doing, and alternately pondering my chances of escape. Repeatedly the lamps they carried flashed brief beams of light across the space between the god and the wall, and as often as those flashes came I thought it was all over and that the fanatics were about to discover me. For hours I seemed to be imprisoned there, yet the awful suspense I endured whilst the hurrying about and excited talking continued was probably not of more than fifteen minutes' duration.

But my anxiety and fear were not given an opportunity of lessening till what was in all

likelihood considerably after midnight. When the soft patter of naked feet on the bare floors and the general hubbub had subsided, a quiet consultation (as it seemed to me) took place in the middle of that great room. What the result was would be idle of me to guess. But, although I had just previously turned renegade on curiosity, my desire to know what was being done compelled me to turn round in search of a peephole, which was soon discovered somewhere about the fastening of the huge god's carven sash.

It was a small hole, to which I could apply only one eye, and the narrow

radius of my vision soon proved peculiarly exasperating. Scarcely had I focused the little crowd of about twenty devotees when they broke apart and resumed their interrupted worshipping. In all probability they considered that I had escaped through the window-hole ere they replaced the shutter. Being such fanatical devotees they did not even dream of approaching their idol to look for the sacrilegious intruder there. As before, backwards and forwards they passed in front of the god, making obeisance to the floor, muttering in turn what I judged to be prayers or invocations. To right and left of the four steps leading up to the god's throne or chair stood men who appeared to fill the office of priests. As the others drew near these two went through a pantomime of contortions, so far as they could without moving their feet; meantime they murmured what seemed to me to be the same formulæ of words. To every worshipper these actions and murmurs were exactly repeated, and were of such absorbing interest that I did not once think of the tragic ludicrousness of the situation—these abject devotions to a piece of hollow wood that hid one whose mere presence, to their ideas, wholly desecrated the scene.

Then came the end. The worshippers—all men, by the way—filed in solemn procession out of sight, headed by one and followed by the other of the two priests bearing their quaint flaring lamps with them.

I was left in absolute darkness—alone with that great lump of repulsive carving—alone to escape, as I thought, back to the comparative

safety of a public street. The silence was oppressive, yet most welcome, and seemed peculiarly pregnant with the spirit of what might be in the heavy heat of that Indian night.

For a time I remained still, straining my hearing to detect the faintest sound. When at last I felt that all was really quiet in the place I slipped down to a sitting posture and took off my shoes, then tied their strings together, in order to hang them over my shoulders, for I should need them when once clear of the god-house.

My next move was a painfully slow seeking for the window by which I had tumbled into the place—painful chiefly because of my efforts not to make the slightest noise, and to be alert to the least disturbance outside myself. Nautical instinct in the matter of bearings led me almost straight to the desired object. The window, however, proved to be secured in a manner that I could not unfasten! A premonition of this disconcerting fact ran through me as my fingers travelled hurriedly over the fastening, each detail of which I then more carefully examined—all the while in a fever of anxiety lest some chance custodian of the place should come along and find me there. The fastening was, so far as I could ascertain in the darkness, composed of a long iron rod, headed at the top end, dropped through a succession of strong eyes of the same metal, alternately secured to each shutter, the rod being held in place by a stout pliable wire being rove through an eye in at its bottom end. All this had, no doubt, been done during my first few minutes in the hollow god.

This discovery was a stunning blow to my hopes of gaining freedom *via* the window. I stood back a pace, quite aghast at my position. To this moment I had looked forward as the time when I should issue from danger to safety, chuckling over my escapade. Now, however, I saw myself in a worse plight than ever, and once again cursed the inherent curiosity that had led me into the muddle.

In my pocket was an ordinary sailor's clasp-knife, and with this I began a series of futile operations on the barrier to my egress. After vainly trying to remove the eyes from the shutters I thought of sawing through the wire; but, under some mystic influence, left it severely alone and turned again to the eyes above. I might as well have endeavoured to burgle the Bank of England with a lady's penknife. Moreover, all my actions had to be done in absolute silence and with the utmost dispatch.

Then came a new idea, at first rapturous in its possibilities. The wire ran right and left, farther than I could reach. What if I followed it and gained safety by its means? as I had years previously read of one Theseus doing with

a silken thread in the famous Labyrinth of Crete. At any rate, to remain there would be the height of stupidity; to seek freedom elsewhere was but natural. Accordingly, I placed my right hand on the wire and moved carefully along by its side, presently to find myself stopped by a wall through which the wire apparently continued.

Realizing how precious the fleeing moments were becoming to me, I turned about, changed hands on the wire, retraced my steps, passed the window, arrived at another secured in the same manner, and at length found myself traversing a corridor—the one, I imagined, along which the devotees had gone when leaving the presence of the god.

Now was the time for redoubled alertness. On what should I emerge—freedom or worse danger? My senses again became acutely keen to all outward matters. Each foot was lifted up and put down with a care for which I should not previously have given myself credit.

In the same manner my hand went along the wire, which was supported here and there by a staple in the wall. I took infinite care not to put an ounce of weight on it. For these



"I CAME PULL ON A LIGHTED ROOM."

reasons my speed was but little more than that of the proverbial snail.

From the passage I entered another room, passed a window fastened as the others were, and began to thread a second corridor. During all this time I heard no noise and saw not the faintest glint of a light. I began to think that the building was untenanted save for myself and that repulsive idol behind me. What a glorious upshot to the affair if such should be the case! I could then effect an exit in comfort.

So ran my thoughts as I trod slowly forward, gained a turn in the passage, and came full upon a lighted room not more than ten feet away. Certainly the light was not great, and it was apparently produced by a lamp placed so that its beams, unintentionally or otherwise, did not penetrate the corridor. Instantly my hand left the wire and I halted. What was before me now? To know that, what would I not have given! Should I go on, or turn and make all possible haste back? I stood there in doubt. Behind me lay certain imprisonment till daylight, if nothing worse. Before me—what?

very wire I had followed! I had actually used the wires of their burglar alarm as a guide! Fresh horror at the risk I had unconsciously run held me like one petrified. Evidently the slightest pull on that wire would have brought one, if not more, of those fanatics down on me, and, probably have ended my escapades on the spot. Big beads of perspiration stood out on my face at the thought of what I had escaped. Mechanically I edged backwards, taking especial care to keep clear of the wire. When again at the turn in the passage I stopped, brought to a standstill by the recollection that across the lighted room I had seen an open doorway. Whither did it lead? Could I reach it safely and gain an outlet that way? Was it worth while to take the greater risk of awaking that sleeping priest? These were the thoughts occupying my brain as I stood there in new uncertainty. The situation lent me a courage which, I am not ashamed to say, had deserted me in the face of what I had just experienced.

Again my steps were directed forward. I was determined to get out of the place if pos-



"DOWN I STROOPED AND REACHED TOWARDS THAT MUCH-COVERTED OBJECT."

Perhaps a quiet egress which would be lost if I returned. At least I could creep forward and see what the room held.

All was in absolute silence as I crawled on. Arrived at the end of the passage I took a hasty glance beyond, and saw one of the two priests squatting on the floor asleep, his head against a wall. Beside his ear were three bells attached to wires coming from different directions, one of them being at the end of the

sible. Just within the end of the corridor I drew up to make a full survey of the room. I discovered that the sleeping priest, those warning bells, the opposite doorway, and a few objects of no interest were the only things there. I was about to draw back and debate afresh whether to go back or press onward when an old English naval cutlass attracted my attention. It lay on the floor by the wall, some three feet to my right, and still seemed capable of doing

good service. If I could only get hold of it ! Then the priest *might* wake and be hanged for all I cared, providing he did not call help. As a member of the Naval Reserve I had learnt to use such a weapon, and should probably do some damage with it if once in my grasp, should the way to freedom be barred.

Down I stooped, right at the corner of the passage, and reached towards that much-coveted object. Stretch out my hand as I would, it still remained some inches beyond my fingertips. Once the sleeper moved. Like a rush of wind in squally March I was back in the corridor; breathing hard and ready to run if my movement had further disturbed him. I waited, listening keenly. All was still. I took another peep. He slept peacefully, maybe dreaming that the repellent god had many blessings in store for him. Again I essayed the cutlass, this time taking a short pace into the room before reaching for it. Result : I arose feeling twenty times my former self. Once in possession of the cutlass, I felt ready to march straight over to the priest, touch him with the point of my weapon, and demand to be instantly let out of the building. But, then, what of those others whom he could possibly summon to his aid, who might come armed and in numbers ? I considered, seeing that discretion is the better part of valour.

Forward I stole, still noiseless as before, careful as ever to make all my movements in absolute silence ; yet, owing to the cutlass, not under the same severe tension of feeling. The doorway was safely gained, and I found myself in another corridor, which I carefully examined for wires, but discovered none. Forward I pressed and very soon found myself in a small, square room with a door that apparently opened on to the street, or at least out of the building ; for the gleam of a gas-lamp was to be seen through a tiny chink or crack in the door. Thinking that I had at last reached the end of my imprisonment, I began to pass my hands over the fastenings of the barrier—only to find that here I was again baulked of escape. It was locked and the key gone ! Having ascertained this miserable truth I noted every other detail of the fastenings. They were more than I could have managed to overcome under the circumstances, even if there had been no lock on the door.

I spent a long time in reviewing my position, seeing it, I think, from every possible standpoint, and finally concluded that my best course of action was one of quiet waiting on the spot—provided I could find

a hiding-place—till the door should be opened after daybreak. I began to search for a retreat at once, but was interrupted by hearing voices in the watcher's room. Hastily I slipped to the end of the short corridor, with the cutlass ready for use, and saw the second priest standing carelessly in the lighted chamber beyond. He was evidently talking to his comrade, and had come along the passage previously threaded by me. What if he had come earlier and stumbled on me !

Awhile I listened and watched. The one who had sat sleeping passed my narrow line of vision, yawning and stretching himself as he went. The talking ceased. I heard soft foot-falls receding. Perfect quietude followed, and I decided that the two priests (as we should term it at sea) had changed watches. Now I had to reckon on a custodian awake, for though he might be quickly asleep that fact would be unknown to me. With even greater care than ever I resumed my search for a nook to hide in, feelingly gingerly along, with my left hand well extended and the cutlass ready in my right. At length I stowed myself away in what seemed to be a recess partially screened off by a pile of things which I was chary of touching lest they



"HE WAS DRINKING IN THE FRESH MORNING AIR."

played traitor on me by a fall. With what awful slowness the time dragged till daylight struggled through an oblong slit of a window up near the ceiling opposite to where I crouched! Yet I had no temptation to sleep, nor did I feel hungry. When the day had broken I momentarily expected the coming of my unwitting gaoler, each minute appearing an hour, each hour a lifetime, till my young nerves seemed about to break under the strain of expectancy. I put on my shoes ready for emerging. When at last he *did* come, however, all my weariness of tension passed away in an instant. Mind and muscle were alike alert. It was the long-deferred moment of my release.

banana tree. In fact, I was about to do so, thinking that he might refasten the door after thus filling his lungs, when good fortune for once kindly played into my hands.

Suddenly there was a burst of noise outside, and the stolid priest became alert. Two native and one white policemen led a couple of prisoners past, followed by a crowd of Hindu and European men and youths. Quick came the thought. Here's my chance! The cutlass was quietly laid down. With three long, silent strides I reached the priest, took his narrow, supple waist in my arms, flung him off his feet and aside, and then sprang into the passing throng—to be in a moment swallowed by it, as



"I FLUNG HIM ASIDE AND SPRANG INTO THE PASSING THROG."

Narrowly, in the dim light, I watched him move, with patience-killing leisure, to the door. One by one, as if he had all time and half eternity for the task, he cast off the fastenings and drew the door wide open. Then he stood there—a tall, bony, middle-aged embodiment of exasperation, his black-brown legs protruding far beneath the light creamy piece of stuff wound about his loins and thrown over one shoulder. He was drinking in the fresh morning air and quietly stretching himself withal. I could have gone up behind and impatiently hurled him into the street out of my way, for the door happily opened off a public thoroughfare and near the

it followed the police and their prisoners. As I looked back I saw my vicar return to the doorway and gaze in a bewildered fashion at the crowd. Evidently he did not quite understand what had happened. But I was free, and troubled about nothing else until I had had a good breakfast at the Royal Oak. Whether the house was some worshipping-place of a secret or semi-secret sect of Hinduism or not I cannot tell. Naturally, I religiously refrained from asking any questions about the place, and on my subsequent visits to Bombay I passed it by while seeming to look straight ahead only.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE "MARIA"

AND MY PART IN IT.

BY MRS. SABINA LEWIS.

Galloping through the Queensland bush to fetch her father to the bedside of her mother, who was very ill, the authoress was captured by a band of cannibal blacks, who displayed to her horrified eyes the remains of a party of white men who had fallen into their clutches. Subsequently, Mrs. Lewis managed to make her escape and reach her father's camp. Soon after she learnt the history of the unfortunate whites who had met such a terrible fate at the hands of the savages.

I.—MY PART IN THE TRAGEDY.



N 1872 I, then a girl of twelve years of age, was living at a beautiful but unhealthy little port named Cardwell, in Rockingham Bay, North Queensland. My father was a telegraph-line constructor in the employ of the Queensland Government, and had been sent to Cardwell to supervise the erection of a line between that place and the new settlement of Townsville, in Cleveland Bay. For business reasons he chose Cardwell as a place of residence, and in March, 1871, we went to live there. Our family consisted of my father and mother, my brother Alexander, aged sixteen, and myself. My brother helped my father in his work, and, like most Australian boys born in the back-blocks, was a good rider and bushman. The telegraph gang consisted of ten men—all big, strong fellows, and inured to hardship. The work of erecting a telegraph-line in those days—and even now in the far north—was one of great danger, for not only was the deadly malarial fever certain to seize anyone working in the dense tropical jungle, but the blacks were very bad, and the working parties had to fell giant trees and clear away the dense scrub with their revolvers in their belts, ever on the alert for a shower of spears and a rush of ferocious, naked savages, whose cannibalistic tastes were notorious. My father, however, was a very experienced bushman and took all possible precautions for the safety of his men, and so far, although his

party had been several times attacked, none of them were killed. The black police, who patrolled the Cardwell district, were very merciless in their dealings with the "nyall" (wild) blacks, and if some solitary prospector, or the crew of some wrecked vessel, was attacked by them, the black troopers, under a white inspector, would sally out to "disperse" the natives, which usually meant shooting down all and sundry.

About the end of February of the following year the Cardwell people were thrown into some excitement by the arrival of a South Sea slaver named the *Chance*, which had been captured by H.M.S. *Basilisk*. My father took my brother and me on board, and we were shown over the "blacklirder" by the bluejackets of the prize crew. Whilst on board we met a sub-inspector of native police, who told us that he had seen in the papers an account of an expedition of nearly a hundred men having sailed from Sydney for New Guinea in a ship called the *Maria* to search for gold. We little knew—especially



THE AUTHORESS, MRS. SABINA LEWIS, WHO WAS TWELVE YEARS OLD AT THE TIME OF HER ADVENTURE.
From a Photo, by the Crown Studios, Sydney.

I—how soon we were to be, in a measure, associated with what proved to be a fearful tragedy.

At this time my father had a survey camp near a place called Tam o' Shanter's Point, on the coast, some distance from Cardwell. The blacks in the vicinity were very troublesome, but as a detachment of black police were patrolling the district my father and his men

did not take more than the usual precautions—keeping a good watch at night time, especially at the break of day, when an attack is most to be apprehended. On the morning of March 3rd my father and brother took their horses and set out for the survey camp through the bush instead of along the coast. They each led a pack-horse, carrying provisions, telegraph insulators, etc., and told my mother that they did not expect to get to the camp until three in the afternoon, as they meant to “blaze” trees on a new track they were making.

The weather at this time was fearfully hot, and my mother, who was a very stout woman, suffered very much from faintness. My father and brother had been gone about two hours, and I was sweeping up the yard, when I heard the sound of a heavy fall, and, rushing inside, found my mother in a dead faint. She had evidently been sitting down, for an upturned chair was beside her.

I knew what to do, but as she did not recover consciousness I ran over to the Bank of New South Wales near by, and asked the manager to come and see her.

He and the accountant were very kind, and carried my mother to her bed. She was still unconscious, and her appearance and the grave faces of the men filled me with terror. I asked the manager if she were dead.

“No, she is not dead,” he said, “but she is very, very ill; and a messenger must be sent to your father to tell him to return home immediately.”

As we were talking a lady came in and said she would attend to my mother, but that, as there was no medical man then in Cardwell, my father ought to be sent for at once.

“Mr. —,” I said to the bank manager, “if you will lend me your bay filly, I’ll go. I know

the way to the camp along the coast and I’ll be there long before father.”

This filly was a racehorse, and was quite famous all about Cardwell and the Herbert River, winning nearly every race she was entered for. I had myself twice ridden her at Mr. —’s request, for he was about to be married, and wished to get her used to a side-saddle and skirt.

“Very well,” he said, “I’ll lend you Jinnibel, but be careful she doesn’t bolt with you.”

In a few minutes I was ready, the filly was brought and my saddle put on her, and off I went, the filly tearing through the pretty, tree-shaded streets of Cardwell at a gallop. However, I was a good rider, and let her go as hard as she liked for three or four miles.

I reached Tam o’ Shanter’s Point much sooner than I expected. The sun was very hot, the sea as smooth as glass, and not a leaf was stirring. So far, the only living things I had seen were a flock of screaming white cockatoos and the usual hideous, mud-covered alligators, lying basking in the sun at the mouth of every creek. I was feeling

thirsty, and knowing there was a native well on the north side of the point I rode up to it, had a long drink, let the filly have one, and then started off again, turning towards the beach down a narrow track fringed with dense tropical vegetation. So low were some of the overhanging boughs under which I rode that I had to bend down over the filly’s shoulder to avoid them—and then, ere I knew it, came disaster. Jinnibel with her dainty nose pushed aside a branch on which was a nest of green tree-ants—the most vicious and poisonous ants in Australia. In an instant thousands of the creatures fell about my head and shoulders, and a number of them attacked



“I FOUND MY MOTHER IN A DEAD FAINT.”

the filly's tender nose and ears. She gave one agonized squeal of terror and, putting her head down between her forelegs, bucked madly. I kept my seat for a minute or two, and then was shot out of my saddle like a stone from a catapult. I must have fallen on my head and lost consciousness for some time, for when I opened my eyes again I found I was in a myall blacks' camp, surrounded by sixty or seventy savages, all armed with spears, waddies, and shields. A filthy old "gin" was holding my hand, and as soon as I was able to sit up gave me a drink of water from a gourd shell. Then, to my intense astonishment, a tall black fellow, almost naked, spoke to me in English, and asked me when I had left Cardwell.

"About eleven o'clock," I replied.

"Where is inspector and his troopers?" was his next question.

"I don't know," I answered.

He came close up to me and savagely swung his waddy over and around my head. "I'll kill you if you tell me any lies, and I'll kill your father and brother too. I am Batavia River Tommy. Do you know me?"

I did know him. He was a deserter from the black police, and there was a reward of fifty pounds offered for him, dead or alive, for having murdered two "town" (tame) blacks in Townsville.

"Yes, I know you," I said, "but why do you wish to kill my father and brother? My father and his men never shoot at the myalls."

He looked at me steadily for a moment or two, and then asked me when I had last seen the police patrol. I replied, "About a week ago, in Cardwell."

At this moment another powerful black made his appearance. He was a most ferocious-looking creature, with his great shock of coaly hair and long beard ornamented with little tufts of

white down, plucked from seagulls' breasts. He said something in a very excited voice, and in an instant they all began jabbering together, whilst some of them every now and then looked at me, and I every moment expected to be either waddied or speared. Then suddenly all the men rushed off towards the beach, and quite twenty women and piccaninies emerged from the scrub and gathered round me. One of the women seized me by the hair and dragged me to my feet, whilst the others punched, thumped, and beat me with switches. Then I was pushed, or rather dragged, along by them

to another part of the scrub, where there were more women and children squatted on the ground, with a number of dogs. The woman who had first seized me still grasped my hair and shook me viciously every now and then, whilst the children showered blows upon my back and shoulders. Then I was suddenly thrown down and my clothing torn from my body. By this time I was in a dazed condition, but mechanically took a kangaroo-skin the old 'gin' handed me and fastened it



"HE SAVAGELY SWUNG HIS WADDY OVER MY HEAD."

round me. Repulsive as she was, I clung to her hand for protection, and as I did so a vicious dog seized me by the calf of the leg and gave me a truly terrible bite, for his teeth were as sharp as needles. The sight of the blood streaming from my leg seemed to delight my tormentors, who danced and screamed with laughter. I covered my eyes with one hand and tried to pray, for I was now certain I should be killed and eaten, or perhaps be kept captive, like two ladies of whom my father had told me—Mrs. Pitkethley and Mrs. Fraser. Both were survivors from shipwrecks. They were captured by the blacks of the Cardwell district, and saw other survivors killed and eaten before their eyes, while their sufferings were fearful.

Presently my hand was snatched away from my eyes, and one of the women held up something to my face with a grin. It was a human hand! Sick with horror, I again covered my eyes, but the woman who had first seized me, and who seemed to be my chief tormentor, gripped me by one arm and another and younger woman by the other. Dragging me to my feet, they pulled me to a cleared spot about twenty yards away. In the middle of the space was a heap of some kind covered over with large strips of ti-tree bark. Suddenly my chief persecutor let go my arm and raised the covering, and I saw a sight that I can never forget—the mangled remains of a number of white men! Then I felt a deadly faintness and remembered no more.

How long I was unconscious I cannot tell, but when I came to my senses again I found myself lying under a stunted tree, with the old woman and four boys round me. I was tortured with thirst and pointed to my mouth, and presently water was brought to me in a calabash-gourd, such as Queensland myall blacks use when travelling through waterless country. It contained over a pint. I drank it all, and then the old "gin" came over to me and began to rub the bruises and cuts on my body, with a large piece of dugong fat. Then she hobbled off, only to return in a few minutes with my riding-skirt and coat, one stocking, and my hat. I eagerly seized the precious garments, and then tried to tell her I wanted my boots. I think she understood, for she again went over and spoke to a big, fat woman, who was seated near by, but evidently my boots had been carried off by the dogs, for she returned shaking her head. Then she rubbed my feet very carefully with the dugong fat, whilst I tied my one stocking round my leg where the dog had bitten me. It had already swollen very much, but I was scarcely conscious of any pain. I now began to try and collect my senses, and the hope of escape entered my heart. The main party of the women and children were lying or sitting about the edge of the camp, evidently leaving me to the care of the old woman and the four boys.

Suddenly there came a loud, peculiar cry—something between a cooe and the howl of a dingo, and in two seconds I was alone, every one of the blacks disappearing as if by magic, the old crone following the rest with wonderful speed considering her age and emaciated figure. So frantic had been their rush that they had left all their paraphernalia—dilly-bags, fishing-nets, gourds, etc., lying scattered about. A wild hope that succour was near made me spring to my feet and cooe with all my might, but no answer came. I felt sure that the sudden flight of the blacks was caused by the native police; and so after waiting five minutes and cooeing repeatedly I resolutely struck into the jungle and made for the beach, for I should have gone mad with terror had I been compelled to remain in that awful spot for a few minutes longer.

I had scarcely gone more than two hundred yards when I came across an old cattle-track, which I followed, and after an hour or so of misery I emerged out upon the beach, almost



"AT FIVE O'CLOCK I REACHED THE CAMP."

exhausted, and drenched with perspiration. Making for a huge pile of drift timber, so as to hide myself and rest, I was just crawling into the thickest part when I nearly fainted with joy—two horsemen were coming along the beach riding at a gallop! In a few minutes they were near enough for me to recognise them as native police. Each man was carrying a carbine, and had his cartridge-belt strapped round his waist. When about two hundred yards away from me they suddenly turned sharply off and rode up the beach into the scrub, either not hearing my shouts or disregarding me in their eagerness to overtake the fleeing blacks. (I learnt afterwards that the patrol—twelve troopers and an officer—had split up into twos and threes, so as to "round up" their prey more effectively.)

After half an hour's rest I set out along the firm, hard sand, and about three in the afternoon reached a native well, which I knew was only two miles from my father's camp. It was merely a narrow, deep hole in the midst of some reddish granite rocks. However, it was

full, and I had a long, long drink, and started off again, when I drew back in horror. Three dead black fellows were lying almost on the path—evidently shot by the native police.

At five o'clock I reached the camp—an hour later than my father. He was overjoyed at my escape and at once saddled his horse and with two of his men rode off to see my mother, leaving me with my brother and the rest of the men, who boiled me a billy of tea and gave me some food. No one at the camp had seen a single myall black for the past two days, nor had the troopers called there as they usually did when on patrol, neither was any firing heard.

Next day my father returned (my mother being quite recovered), and told us that Cardwell was agog with excitement. A ship named the *Maria* had been wrecked on the coast and many of the survivors murdered by the blacks. The story of this shipwreck was in a way a sequel to my own adventure, for it told the history of the human remains I had seen in the blacks' camp. I shall relate the story as briefly and clearly as possible.

II.—THE STORY OF THE "MARIA."

SEVENTY-FIVE men, nearly a third of whom were experienced diggers hailing from the Australian Colonies, Tasmania, and New Zealand, being thoroughly satisfied as to the existence of alluvial gold in New Guinea—no rich quartz reefs were discovered there until ten years ago—had each subscribed fifty pounds, and bought and fitted out an old collier brig named the *Maria*. They provided themselves with an ample supply of provisions, firearms, and all other necessities, and after some dissension sailed from Sydney on the 25th January. The captain, however, was incompetent, and before many days had passed there was serious friction between him, his officers and crew, and a section of the passengers.

Ten days after leaving Sydney a great storm came on and the brig had many sails blown away. Moreover, she began to leak to such an alarming extent that the crew tried to force the captain to turn back, and the diggers on board, although anxious to get to New Guinea as quickly as possible, induced him to put into Moreton Bay—the entry port to the city of Brisbane—where some repairs were effected. It was there that the few resolute, hardy diggers tried to rid themselves of their worthless fellow-passengers, by offering them twenty-five pounds each, but the offer was refused.

So the ill-fated, clumsy old brig sailed again, and for some days all went well, though the drunken, reckless captain did not even possess

a detailed chart of the Queensland coast, and boastfully asserted that he "could feel his way along the Great Barrier Reef by letting the big rub her starboard side against it!" The second mate was, I believe, not only a good seaman, but a competent navigator, and urged the diggers to force the captain to anchor at night time when sailing through the dangers of the Barrier Reef. The passengers asked this officer—the first mate being unable to navigate—if he would take charge of the ship provided they made the captain relinquish command, but he, seaman-like, refused to lend himself to what was practically mutiny. At the same time he told them frankly that he did not think the brig would ever reach New Guinea, and he and the boatswain quietly set to work to get the boats in order, feeling sure that the reckless manner in which the captain was handling the vessel would result in disaster. Poor fellows! They deserved a better fate than was in store for them.

At seven o'clock on the evening of the 25th February the vessel was tearing along before a strong breeze through a reef-studded part of the sea inside the Barrier Reef. The second mate and several of the diggers came aft and formally requested the captain to anchor for the night, for it was not only blowing but raining heavily. He refused, and threatened to put the officer in irons for insubordination. At midnight, in the midst of a furious rain squall and when most of the passengers were deep in slumber, the brig

struck on Bramble Reef, about twenty-five miles from Cardwell.

A dreadful scene followed, although the diggers and the crew tried to do their best to assist the second mate, who rose nobly to the occasion—after felling the drunken captain to the deck by a blow between the eyes. Sea after sea tumbled on board and some of the people were swept over, but at last three boats were lowered safely, and the captain, taking the best of them, with seven hands in her, pushed off amid the curses of the rest of the crew and passengers, shouting out that he was going to Cardwell for assistance. He little knew that he was going to his death—a death everyone afterwards said he justly deserved, terrible as it was, for his cowardly desertion of his ship and passengers.

Meanwhile the rest of the crew, with the two mates and boatswain, finding that the two other boats would not hold more than thirty persons, constructed two rafts. They were ably assisted by the diggers; the rest of the passengers were too terrified to do more than frantically call upon the men in the already overladen boats to take them off. The work of making the rafts took many hours, for every now and then a tremendous breaker would sweep over the wreck, and everyone had to cling on to the rigging to save themselves from being swept overboard. The boats stood by, awaiting the completion of the rafts.

At six o'clock the two rafts were launched, just as the *Maria*, now almost in halves, rolled over the ledge of the reef and sank, with some of her crew and several of the diggers still on board. The brig's two masts remained above

water, and on them were a number of men, who did not care to risk their lives in the overcrowded boats or on the hastily-constructed rafts, believing that the captain would keep his promise to return and rescue them. Every one of these unfortunates perished—either from

starvation or by sharks.

After leaving the wreck the people in the two boats left their comrades on the rafts and made for the shore. The sailors in the boats wanted to tow the rafts, but the terrified passengers would not let them, and one of the survivors wrote as follows to the *Brisbane Courier*: "We, on one of the rafts, had the sea and wind in our favour till we were within six miles of the mainland; then it took us ten hours to make an island, where we landed. Three tins of preserved meat and a little biscuit was all the food we had. Upon this small stock, helped out with roots,

twenty-eight persons lived until March 2nd, when we left the island, and, after pulling for a day, reached the shore near Cardwell."

The captain's boat landed upon the beach some miles from Tam o' Shanter's Point (near my father's camp), and its occupants were there attacked by a large number of blacks. The captain and four of his men were speared and clubbed to death, but the other three men managed to gain the jungle and escape. Two of them reached Cardwell, the third either died from exhaustion, or was drowned, or seized by an alligator when crossing one of the many tidal creeks. Both the survivors had been wounded by the blacks, and when they reached the settlement were only able to crawl.

We afterwards learned from the black police-inspector that the human remains which I had



"THE SECOND MATE ROSE NOBLY TO THE OCCASION—AFTER FELLING THE DRUNKEN CAPTAIN TO THE DECK."

seen when captured by the blacks were those of the captain of the *Maria* and the four sailors who were killed with him.

Meanwhile, Lieutenant Sabbin, of the *Basilisk*, had set out with his small prize-

only after several of them had been shot down by the sailors did they desist from throwing spears and stones, and retreat, carrying off with them their dead and wounded.

Then H.M.S. *Basilisk* came up from Sydney with a merchant steamer named the *Tinonee*, and they carefully examined the coast, whilst the shore parties searched the scrubs, creeks, and rivers.

At a place called Cooper's Point, about eighty miles from Cardwell, the *Basilisk* came across the second raft and eight more survivors. Five others had been washed overboard, one went insane and committed suicide, and four others died after reaching land.

The blacks on this part of the coast were very numerous, but belonged to quite a different tribe to those at Tam o' Shanter's Point, and instead of massacring the shipwrecked men they treated them with the greatest kindness, and caught and cooked fish and kangaroos for their use.

For many weeks the search was kept up, a third vessel, the *Governor Blackall*, joining in with a crew of volunteers and Sydney Water Police.

For nearly one hundred miles the savage coast was examined, and at one point, near Shoal Rivulet, the captain of the *Blackall* found six bodies, while in the bush another four bodies were discovered.

For a long time the hope was entertained that some of the missing men were still alive, captives to the blacks, and the native police visited hundreds of camps up and down the coast, but without result.

In conclusion I may add that Batavia River Tommy was never captured, and that the filly, Jinnibel, after bolting from me, made her way to the station where she was born—a hundred and forty miles from Cardwell!



"THE CAPTAIN AND FOUR OF HIS MEN WERE SEERED."

crew of six bluejackets from the captured "blackbirder," *Chance*, to assist in the search for the survivors. He was accompanied by some gentlemen from Cardwell. They found the captain's boat about five miles from my father's survey camp. She was lying on the beach, and the footprints of her ill-fated occupants were traced up into the edge of the forest to the point where they had been attacked.

Lieutenant Sabbin and the man-o'-war's men had just launched the boat belonging to the *Maria* to take her in tow, when they saw a number of myall blacks advancing to attack them. They came on most valorously, and

The Red Pig of Poora.



BY CAPTAIN R. V. DAVIDSON, LATE OF
THE INDIAN STAFF CORPS.

A pig-sticking adventure in India. Up till practically the last day of the season the totals of two subalterns were equal, and they laid a wager as to which of them would come out top in the number of "first spears." Then the "Red Pig of Poora"—a most redoubtable and ferocious veteran of enormous size—appeared on the scene. The rivals both gave chase, and though the author secured "first spear" and won the wager, he undoubtedly owed his life to his defeated comrade.



A CHANCE meeting a day or two ago with Bethune, of my old regiment, on the steps of the Junior led to the revival—among a hundred other reminiscences—of the merry old days when we were subalterns together at Fyzabad, in the North-West Provinces, and of our mutual rivalry during the whole of one pig-sticking season, culminating in a friendly wager as to which of us should hold the supremacy on the final day—a day of which, but for his intervention in the very nick of time, I doubt if I should be here to tell the tale.

The deep-frilled punkah waved wearily over the long mess-table of the 100th Regiment, on one of the most stifling nights in the middle of June, 1886. There was a fair gathering of white mess-jackets for the time of year, allowing for gaps occasioned by leave or sickness. Dinner had passed as a sort of dreary duty, while conversation languished until, after the cloth was cleared and the wine had passed over the polished mahogany table, crowded with century-old plate, a chance remark touched the topic of the season's pig-sticking—now nearly over—and interest became more general and sustained. It had been an exceptionally good year for the

game at Fyzabad, but now the daily and hourly gathering clouds were an unmistakable warning that the monsoon was at hand, and rendered it doubtful if we should be able to secure even one more day.

Bethune had been secretary of the Tent Club for the past year, and, pulling out a pocket-book, began to give us some details of past days' sport.

"Yes," he resumed, musingly, after some muttered calculations—"yes. We've got forty pig altogether this year up to date, and that's the best bag at Fyzabad for the last five years. But if only the rain holds off and we can get in a day at Sarsinda on Thursday, Mahabuli assures me that we ought to get four or five there, and that would make it quite a record season. First spears, eh? Let's see. Nine to you, Bobbie"—he glanced at me—"nine to myself, seven to Knyvett, six to Neilson, five to you, O'Hara, and the rest, two—one—one—"

I looked up laughingly at Bethune. "So it's still a dead-heat between you and me, Alan? Shall we have a level gold mohur between us as to which comes out top on Thursday—if the meet comes off?"

"Right you are!" he answered, promptly.

The gold mohur, I should explain, is the extinct and almost legendary gold coin of India, valued at sixteen rupees, and now only seen as a curio and heard of as a unit in betting.

The next day, Wednesday, broke and remained dull and cloudy, but still the rain *did* hold off, so that it seemed worth while making preparations for what was bound to be our final day's sport on the morrow. Sarsinda, where the meet was proposed, was ten miles off, down the River Gogra, a vast sandy tract on the river's bank, covered with high waving *jhaw* and jungle grass and intersected with nullahs, with a few riverside hamlets and sparse cultivation. It was too far off to reach in time on the morning on which the commencement of business was intended, so dinner, tents, and horses were sent out the night before, while the participating sportsmen made their way thither during the late afternoon, aboard of any species of conveyance that was handy. The Gunners' drag accommodated five or six, and the remainder foregathered by ones and twos in two-wheeled carts of every degree of smartness or disrepair.

It was a close, dull evening—the moon showing dimly and grudgingly through heavy, heaped-up masses of cloud—as Bethune drove me out in his trap. Leaving cantonments, we first passed through the reeking city of Fyzabad and then into the open country again, bringing a breath of purer, cooler air; past the outskirts of the thrice-holy Ajudhia, but well within sound of the drums, gongs, and conches of its thousand temples; and through the ruined and deserted stronghold of Darshan-nagar. Then our route opened out on a long stretch of sandy river-road until a dark clump of mangoes loomed up in the distance, and in their neighbourhood one became aware of the twinkle of camp-fires, the clatter of cooking, and, finally, the spreading canvas of a group of small tents. The pleasant gurgle of running water proclaimed the presence of the river barely a stone's throw away.

The *khansama* appeared as half-a-dozen traps drove up, and, with a low salaam, inquired: "At what time shall I serve dinner to your honours?"

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"At once, Khuram Khan, at once!" was the general exclamation, and Bethune added, "Yes; there are twelve of us, I think, as I told you, Khuram Khan."

Within ten minutes the dozen of us were seated at a long camp-table under a spreading mango and served with a sufficiently sumptuous meal, considering the appliances, surroundings, and limited notice. We were none of us minded to sit up late, in view of an early start in the morning, and just one cheroot in a long chair beneath the shifty moonlight was the most that anyone contemplated as a tribute to digestion.

A shadowy figure approached the circle thus employed in intermittent chat, and his profound obeisance aroused attention and response from one and all. It was old Mahabulli, shikari of the Fyzabad Tent Club beyond the memory of the oldest resident there present—a picturesque, patriarchal figure with flowing beard almost as white as his snowy garments, alert aquiline features, and steady steely eyes. Yet to see the old man sit down and ride on his bony, broken-down *tat* (pony) when any pig were about, over the most fearsome ground, as if he had a dozen necks to spare, was truly an object-lesson to many a younger, if not more fearless, man.

"Ah! your honours," he began in eager accents, "I have *khobar* (news) indeed, which promises well for to-morrow. Four boars I know of, all marked down in favourable positions.



"THE BOAR OF BOARS IS HERE—THE RED PIG OF POORA."

But, besides these—only think of it!—the boar of boars is here too—the Red Pig of Poora. Five years it is since he was last in the district, before any of *je-sahibs* of the regiment—hunted here. But the Major Sahib once knew, and will doubtless remember him?”

He turned a look of eager inquiry towards a slight, wiry, middle-aged man seated amongst us—Knyvett, the police superintendent of the district—hard rider, keen sportsman, good fellow, and president of the Tent Club.

“Is it not so, sahib?” he persisted. “If I mistake not, on one occasion he even tasted your honour’s spear?”

“By Jove! Mahabulli,” answered Knyvett, alertly, “you don’t mean to say so! Yes, I did just get a spear into him once, but only a touch, though I have ridden on the heels of the old beggar many a time. He used generally to lie up at Poora, across the river, didn’t he? Yes, it’s quite five years since I saw him last. I thought some rascal must have shot him.”

“Nay, sahib, nay,” resumed Mahabulli. “He lives for braver sport than that. Only last night he crossed the river from Poora, and is now lying among the *jhore* in the bend of the river below Sitarampur. My men are all around him and he must race for his life to-morrow.”

After Knyvett and Bethune had discussed with the veteran shikari all plans and prospects for the morrow’s campaign the old man took his leave, and then the former was perforce constrained to recount to the rest of us the details of many a former fruitless gallop after the Red Pig of Poora. A most redoubtable brute indeed, according to all accounts, of singular ferocity, matchless cunning, and immense size, the last accentuated by the thick tuft of coarse reddish bristles—whence his sobriquet—running all down his back and standing out from his gaunt grey hide.

One by one we threw away our cheroot-ends and withdrew to our respective tents, so that half an hour later the camp was wrapped in silence, save for the occasional hoot of a startled owl, the plaintive note of the ice-bird, the howl of a prowling jackal, or the stamp of a restless horse.

By five in the morning the *khansama* and his myrmidons were stirring to prepare the matutinal tea and eggs, horses were being saddled, and riders, booted and spurred, completed a hasty toilet in the open. Half an hour later—as a watery sun rose a hand’s breadth above the horizon’s rim, only to be engulfed in a sullen, lowering rain-cloud—the dozen or so horsemen, followed by as many sarges leading spare horses, filed out of camp *en route* for the first beat. Twenty minutes’ leisurely riding brought us to

an open space on the river’s bank, where, marshalled by Mahabulli, a couple of hundred coolies and two elephants were waiting, destined to beat the thick grass and *jhore* jungle which harboured our quarry.

The coolies were soon organized into a line a mile or more in length, the elephants on either flank, and the horsemen distributed in three groups of four spears each on right, left, and centre. Then—with every variety of yell from two hundred leathern lungs, the thumping of tom-toms, and the rustle and crunch of undergrowth—the line advanced (horsemen twenty yards in front) and the first beat had begun.

Mahabulli’s promise of pig was amply justified. Ere half a mile was traversed a frenzy of shouting reached us from the right, and an open vista soon revealed the party on that flank stringing out in pursuit. Five minutes later my own group on the left was similarly engaged on the heels of a small but active boar, who, after a merry chase, died game, grim, and fighting, as few beasts but a boar can die. Numerous and varied were the runs that morning. More than one wily one, “jinking” and lying low, got clean away and saved his bacon for another year, and many a fleet but delusive sow was relinquished amidst execration, on disclosing her identity, after having inveigled her over-ardent pursuers both far and fast. By ten o’clock, however, when a halt was called for breakfast under a solitary but shady *pipul* tree, the bag amounted to three stout boars, who had all run well and died dauntlessly. And when the tale was recounted it transpired that I had got one first spear and Bethune another—so that the momentous issue between us was still undecided.

Though the usual scorching rays of the sun were veiled, the dense mugginess of the atmosphere was even more exhausting and enervating, and an hour’s rest after breakfast was welcome, if not necessary. During this time we all lay about and smoked in various attitudes of abandon or repletion, while the horses were rubbed down and fed. Then a fresh start was called, and as Bethune and I were drawn for the same group, which also contained Knyvett and Temple, another subaltern of the regiment, I got on my best horse, The Turk, and prepared to do my utmost to win the bet.

The spot where we had breakfasted was on the outskirts of the village of Sitarampur, and as we moved off one of the beaters, approaching Mahabulli, explained volubly that the red pig was still lying in a patch of *jhore* half a mile ahead.

Expectation became tense as the line advanced and the point of interest drew nigh.



"ONE OF THE BEATERS EXPLAINED THAT THE RED PIG WAS LIVING HALF A MILE AHEAD."

Mahabulli rode with our party on the right of the line, conversing earnestly with Knyvett, who had been mutually selected to direct us.

"Let him get well away, sahib," was the old man's final injunction, "else he will assuredly break back through the coolies and swim the river again. He fears a man no more than a fly."

"Right you are, Mahabulli!" answered Knyvett, cheerily; "we'll do our best." And looking round our respective mounts, he added: "Any one of us ought to be fast enough to catch him to-day. We'll give him as good a gallop as he cares for, anyhow."

As the four of us rode cautiously forward in front of the beaters we reached and skirted a patch of jungle grass higher and denser than usual, and turned in our saddles expectantly as the coolies entered it. A moment later there was a redoubled hubbub from the men within the covert, a second of breathless anticipation, and then, with a tearing and crashing of undergrowth, the tall grass parted behind us and our redoubtable quarry stood five yards away! He was truly a magnificent brute—full four feet high at the shoulder, with that extraordinary fringe of red bristles sloping backwards to his hoary grey flanks, and the finest pair of tushes I had ever seen. With twinkling, cruel, cunning

eyes, he looked at us grimly and deliberately, one by one, as if selecting the weakest antagonist. He seemed to conclude not to face us just then, whipped round, and went like a grey streak for the nearest coolie. Head over heels went the man, and the others in his neighbourhood scattered discreetly, while the boar headed away to the left, bearing towards the river bank. Presently, however, to our great relief, we saw the next party from the centre spreading out to get between him and the river. The situation might yet be saved. Anxiously we watched the signals, and at length caught the welcome shout: "He has turned, sahibs, he has turned, and comes this way! Oh, be ready now!"

Silently we edged, under Knyvett's guidance, in the direction our informant was pointing. There was one long moment of suspense, and then the great brute burst into view

twenty yards away, turned a shifty glance towards us, and lurched away inland.

"Now, you fellows!" said Knyvett, holding up his hand for a moment's law, "there's a clear country in front; it's between us four and the red pig. R-r-ride!"

We streaked away allabreast for a moment or two. We were all well mounted, but Knyvett was the fastest on a striding waler and led us for half a mile. Bethune, Temple, and I were on Arabs, and could count on our turn if it came to "jinking." Knyvett was keeping, his lead of us without appearing to gain materially on the pig, when suddenly the latter "jinked" sharp to the left down a deep blind nullah, and Knyvett's horse—half checked in its leap—blundered into the opposite bank and fell heavily with its rider.

The boar's opportune turn gave me the advantage, and I took up the running ten yards behind him, and following every twist. I could see his wicked little eye, as he turned now this way, now that, as if longing to charge, but hesitating to venture. I saved my horse for a minute—the boar also slackening speed—and then called on my mount for a rush, to which he responded gamely. At last I was gaining, foot by foot. Twice, three times, my spear was poised for a blow, and all but launched on the



"KNYVETT'S HORSE BLUNDERED INTO THE OPPOSITE PANK AND FELL WITH ITS RIDER."

eventful stroke, but again and again the active brute, scenting danger, "jinked" away to right or left, my staunch little Arab following him like a cat. At last the opportunity came and a shrewd thrust sped, but as the old boar instinctively wriggled aside it only pierced his haunches.

"Spear!" I shouted in triumph, showing blood trickling from my upraised blade.

"Confound it!" growled Bethune, as he shot past my spent horse. "We've got to kill him yet."

Bethune gained on him fast, and ere long speared again; but even in doing so achieved his own immediate downfall, for the pig, on feeling the steel, twisted sharp to the left, right under the horse's fore legs, bringing steed and rider crashing to the ground. Bethune got up and shook himself, but his horse had torn himself free and galloped off.

As I came up, ten yards behind, the boar

turned round to look at the wreckage he had wrought, caught sight of me approaching, and, after one or two shifty strides, wheeled round determinedly with a savage "Woof! woof!" and charged down on me like an arrow from a bow. My game little mount faced him dauntlessly as he came full on the point of my spear; but, alas! as it entered his shoulder the stout bamboo haft shivered in my hand, and The Turk got a gash on his shoulder which brought him to his knees and laid him up for weeks.

The shock threw me a yard or so in advance, and when I tried

to rise I found my right leg limp and useless, and in my hand a splintered spear-handle. The boar had withdrawn a short distance from me, and, with about two feet of spear protruding from his shoulder, eyed me with triumphant malice, lowering and shaking his head as though preparing to charge and gore.

My fragment of spear-haft would have been of little avail against the most ordinary charging boar, and this was a colossal brute. During the moment or two that remained to me—while wondering where I should first feel those pitiless tushes—the advice given in General Kinloch's book to a man dismounted, disarmed, and confronted by an infuriated boar flashed through my mind—viz., to throw oneself face downwards on the ground, so as to protect the more vital parts. But before putting this into practice I had time to speculate—where was Bethune? Though dismounted, he could not be far off—and he had a whole spear. Then the pig came

on, I wriggled myself prone, and waited for the end.

Yet the end seemed unaccountably delayed. Just as I was expecting to feel those tushes tearing through my ribs, I heard Bethune's voice from close at hand upraised in a vociferous shout of "*Hut! Hut! you brute!*" A moment later I ventured to raise my head, and saw him standing across my prostrate form, holding the huge boar back on the point of his spear.

They swayed backwards and forwards, Bethune throwing all his weight into the struggle, and the pig gnashing his teeth in silent, savage determination, and seeming as if he would climb up

his side; yet even as his life-blood dyed the yellow sand he feebly dragged himself towards us with a look of fell determination in his eyes.

"What a huge brute!" said Knyvett, in admiration and amaze, as he dismounted beside us. "Who got first spear?"

"Bobbie, confound him!" growled Bethune.

"Just my luck," grumbled Knyvett. "I'd like to have got that pig."

"It was rather a fluke," I admitted, ruefully, "but I think you've had about as much to do with it as any of us."

The line of coolies and the elephants had been coming in our direction, and soon appeared on the scene. While a doctor made my broken limb as comfortable as was possible under the circumstances I saw that my poor horse's wound was adequately attended to, and was thereafter lifted and placed in a recumbent position on the pad of one of the elephants.

There was only one more beat that day—unattended, however, with success or any other noteworthy incident—and its conclusion landed us at a spot where the traps were waiting to convey us back to cantonments.

An improvised litter in the Gunners' brake insured me a journey home unattended with any more pain or discomfort than might reasonably have been expected.

Somewhat later that evening, and just after my leg had been properly set and bandaged, Bethune—who shared the bungalow with me—came into my room before going over to mess, and, congratulating me on what he was pleased to call the event of the season, punctiliously deposited a cheque for sixteen rupees on the writing-table.

"Well, old man," I replied, with more than a trace of feeling in my voice as I gripped his hand, "it seems to me that, if it hadn't been for you, neither that"—I nodded towards the table—"nor anything else would have been much good to me by this time."

"Oh, rot!" he exclaimed, as he walked away; "I shall be late for mess."

But my conviction remained.



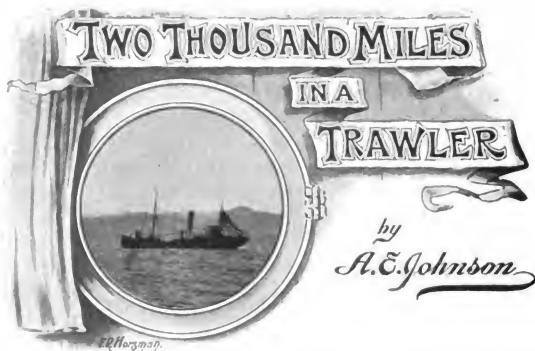
"I SAW HIM HOLDING THE HUGE BOAR BACK ON THE POINT OF HIS SPEAR."

the very spear-haft to get at us, though it should pierce his heart in the effort.

"By Jove! the brute weighs a ton," gasped Bethune. "I can't hold him back much longer. Where on earth is Knyvett or Temple or—somebody on a horse? Hi! Knyvett! Temple!"

He raised his voice in a rather breathless halloo.

There was an answering yell from hard by, then a crashing through grass and *phew* as Knyvett burst into the open and, grasping the situation at a glance, turned his horse and came charging down like a tornado on the boar's flank. As his spear passed into the gaunt grey body the brave beast tottered and fell over on



An account of a voyage in unfamiliar waters. The author went to Iceland in a Grimsby trawler, and here describes and illustrates his experiences.

NOW the present writer, idling one afternoon upon the slimy quays and snuffing the ancient and fish-like smell of Grimsby's ever-picturesque docks, chanced to fall in with his friend Captain Joe Little, best of skippers and good fellows, and what followed that acquaintance, are matters which scarcely concern the reader. Suffice it to say that on a bright morning in the early part of May the ss. *Windsor Castle*, GY. 1,101, "the best steam trawler out of GY.," as the mate put it, lay in the Humber, just outside the docks, waiting only for the arrival of the skipper to begin her voyage northward to the fishing-grounds of Faroe and Iceland in quest of scaly spoil for epicurean stay-at-homes.

On board were the crew—thirteen all told, from mate to boy—and the useless passenger who tells this tale. Everyone was occupied—the steward with preparations for the midday dinner, the engineers in the engine-room below, the deck hands in mending the trawl, and the mate in polishing the windows of the wheel-house. The useless passenger worked hard at looking on. At noon came dinner, served in the stuffy little cabin aft, where the liver and

sausages sizzled juicily in the pan, and filled the nostrils with as cheery an odour as ever a land-lubber could wish to go to sea with.

Shortly afterwards a tiny tug put off from the docks and came bobbing across the water in our direction. Trailing a diminutive cloud of grimy smoke from its absurd funnel, it danced alongside, and with a wave of the hand our skipper jumped aboard. A hearty hand-shake with the useless passenger, a stentorian "Now then, my lads," to the crew, and, as the anchor came rattling in, the telegraph tinkled, and the good ship, with an answering "chunk, chunk" of the screw, set out upon her latest voyage. Presently the steward climbed the wheel-house ladder with two vast pots of tea. "A fisherman's no good without his tea," observed the skipper, raising his mug—a sentiment which it was speedily evident was shared by the whole crew. Acting upon the hint, the useless passenger drained his pot, and as the *Spurn* lightship was passed and the open sea reached descended to the deck and chose an easy seat upon the nets, conveniently close to the ship's side, there to meditate upon the vanity of things in general and the folly of leaving dry land in particular.

Steaming steadily at half speed, the *Windsor Castle* arrived at West Hartlepool during the night. Early in the morning she left, after coaling, with bunkers crammed and the decks on either side the wheel-house piled high with fuel, full speed ahead for Kirkwall in the Orkney Islands.

All that day and throughout the succeeding night the vessel ploughed her way, with a fair wind, northward through the grey furrows of the North Sea. Away in the distance lay the coastline, dull in the daytime, speckled at night with the tiny glow-lamps of some port, or faintly lit up by the mysterious glare reflected from an unseen furnace on shore. Towards noon on the Sunday, abreast of Duncansby Head, the skipper pointed out a fissure in the land which marked the entrance to the angry Pentland Firth, in dirty weather no whit less perilous a strait than that of old which lay betwixt Scylla and Charybdis; and by the afternoon we were steaming placidly through the smooth waters intersecting the fair islands of the Orkney Archipelago, by Copinsay and bluff Mull Head, till, passing the wee lighthouse of Heliar Holm and the stately pile of Balfour Castle on Shapinsay, by early morning we lay alongside the pier of Kirkwall, with decks cleared, ready to begin next morning—for in the Orkneys, as on the Scottish mainland, the Sabbath is strictly a day of rest—the work of getting out the salt fish left over from the last trip, and brought north from Grimsby.

On the next day, while the crew were busy hauling up from the hold basket after basket and ton after ton of salt and slobbery cod, the useless passenger went ashore and wandered in and out the grey stone cottages and tenements of the Orcadian "capital," its picturesque *culs-de-sac*, and quaint little narrow streets, with cobbled pony-track running down the middle of the paving-stones in lieu of roadway. By evening the salt and ice rooms (the latter being the place where fish other than cod is stored in ice) were alike empty, the decks

washed down, and the ship ready for sea. But a contrary breeze was blowing—to the huge delight of the captain of a homeward-bound trawler, with a cargo consisting chiefly of haddocks. (Haddocks were "up," our skipper had told him, when we left Grimsby.) It was stiff enough even in sheltered Kirkwall Bay, and far worse, therefore, it was reasonable to suppose, outside. So we lay beside the pier for the night and all through the next day until, the gale abating in the small hours of the Wednesday morning, we cast off our moorings and, steaming gently through the West-ray Firth, were out and away, Iceland-bound across the broad blue bosom of the Atlantic before even the thrifty Scot had sat down to his morning porridge.

In the space which might have been devoted to a chronicle of the two days'



THE AUTHOR, THE "USELESS PASSENGER."
From a Photo.



THE SKIPPER—"MAKING HIS TEN POUNDS A WEEK AND EARNING
FROM A] EVERY PENNY OF IT." [Photo.

voyage from the Orkneys to Iceland, had that part of the trip been less uneventful than it proved, it may be well to say a few words upon the *personnel* of the crew and the life on board. First, then, as to the ship-mates — fourteen in number, all told — with whom the useless passenger found his lot cast in. First came the skipper, a good seaman, skilful fisherman, and staunch friend. One of the first to exploit the newly-discovered fishing-grounds of Iceland a score of years ago, and a man of many experiences, he has, by sheer hard work, risen to the command of the "finest trawler out of Grimsby," making his ten pounds a week, and earning every penny of it. Then there was the mate, Peter, best of good company and cheeriest of comrades, a veritable virtuoso on mouth-organ, concertina, or bones, brimful of yarns spun from varied adventures in every phase of a fisherman's life, from the rough lot of boy on a North Sea smack upwards. Next came Fred, the third hand, a lusty loon with an insatiable craving for other folks' tobacco, famous throughout Grimsby for his inability to laugh as other men, his distressing cachinnatory performances having more than once caused something akin to a panic in the local theatre; Jack, the tight-lipped "chief" of the engine-room, and Jim his lieutenant — Scotch, as it was not surprising to learn. The steward, or cook, was another Jim, who had served his time in the Army and seen service in foreign parts.

One person I must not omit to mention — Mr. J. Rogers, otherwise known as "Shad," "Shaddy," or "Shadow," the coal trimmer, whose principal sphere of activity was supposed to be the bunkers, whence he would emerge at

meal-times to eat ravenously, reminding himself of his former connection (as coachman) with the gentry ashore by solemnly spreading across his knees a soiled rag, borrowed from the engine-room, by way of makeshift for a serviette.

Of the useless passenger himself, his appetite, and infinite capacity for loafing, perhaps the less said the better.

Concerning life on board during the voyages to and from the fishing-grounds there is little to be said. Breakfast was served at seven in the morning, dinner (of salt beef and peas) at

noon, and tea at six in the evening. We ate our meals in the little cabin aft, with its two "state-rooms" reserved respectively for the mate and the chief engineer (the skipper sleeping in his own sanctum, the chart-room) and its couple of bunks on either side. A picture for a painter, this: the gang of brawny giants in brine-stained guernseys and thick woollen stockings pulled over their trousers, seated round the small table, beneath the dim lamp, which perhaps lit up dingily the bulky form of some prostrate sleeper in the bunks, devouring their food in hungry silence, or noisily chaffing the



From a

PICKING UP A BUOY.

[Photo.

luckless "Shad" and his grimy serviette, with ever and anon a fresh pair of clumper-shod legs descending the steep ladder, as a new arrival came down from the deck. When not eating or on watch, your deep-sea fisherman sleeps most of his time away, well aware that when the fishing starts he will have little time for repose. Some few who can read make use of the magazines sent by charitable, though occasionally misguided, folk (among a bundle of papers thrown to us at Hartlepool were copies of *The Wanstead Parish Magazine* and a

report of the Anglican Mission to North China), and distributed by the agents of the port missions. But aboard the *Windsor Castle* the chief recreation was a game at halfpenny nap, or "wood yard," an ingenious pastime at which a reckless gambler might lose, with bad luck, perhaps sixpence at a sitting.

On the seventh day out from Grimsby, at an uncomfortably early hour of the morning, the useless passenger was rudely awakened by the mate's bald announcement that land was in sight. He did not leap instantly from his bunk, however, well remembering his previous experience of early rising. On that occasion he rushed on deck, clad in the scantiest garb, in response to the mate's invitation to see a whale, and was rewarded by the sight merely of an occasional spout of water rising like steam on the horizon, which he was assured was an exhibition of cetacean methods of breathing. Coming on deck at his leisure this time, he wished that he had bestirred himself. There lay Iceland on the weather bow, a far-distant citadel of glittering black and white walls, like a veritable stronghold of the ice fairies. "Ingolf's Hof," said the skipper, laconically, naming the south-east promontory according to fishermen's custom; though the Hof is but an inlet made by the sea in the towering Orafa Jokull, which rose sheer on the horizon, blending its snowy summit with the clouds, of which, indeed, its unreal appearance made it seem a part.

But the impression thus gained of the Icelandic coast was destined soon to be modified. Though good fishing is generally to be had off Ingolf's Hof, the skipper would none of it this trip and steered his course for Portland. With the glinting snow-drifts of Orafa Jokull fading in the distance, we pursued our way steadily westward just within sight of a long, flat coast, on to which a man might drift in thick weather while thinking himself far out at sea, and which has indeed proved the doom of more ships than any other part of Iceland. After a while the land rose higher and barren islets hove themselves up, bringing into view a long succession of bare, brown, desolate cliffs, with here and there a gorge that gave a welcome glimpse of scant vegetation within. Volcanic in nature, the coast looked as though it were composed of the slag heaps from some gargantuan furnace; which in truth it is. Behind rose the mountains, the taller capped with snow, which is a reminder of a very curious feature of Icelandic coast scenery. So extraordinarily clear is the air that miles seem as yards, high cliffs appear low ridges on the shore, and mountains that rise above the line of eternal snow mere hills. Only when the ruddy roof of a house is spied through the glasses like

a red pebble on the beach is a proper sense of proportion approached.

Abreast of the Portland "Blow-Hole," a huge natural arch beaten by the waves out of a jutting rock, the telegraph rang in the engine-room, and the busy stir on deck gave warning that fishing was at length to begin. It was already late in the evening, but the deep-sea fisherman at work reckons little of time. Besides, the sun shone gloriously in the cold, invigorating air, and who could think of turning in just now? The idea was absurd: so the useless passenger, forgetting the short-lived days of England, remained on deck, indulging in the photographic absurdity of taking *snap shots* at ten of the night.

Meanwhile, the business of shooting the trawl was quickly going forward. A trawler carries two nets, either side of the ship being fitted with the necessary tackle, to provide against the not infrequent contingency of an accident to the gear. The trawl itself needs but little description, being a wide-mouthed net, of biggish mesh, gradually tapering to the end, known as the "bag," which is divided from the open part of the net by a hanging fringe or curtain, which acts like a valve, and affords the fish easy entrance, but no exit. The mouth of the trawl is kept open by two large steel-shod "doors," which slide upright over the bottom, and to which are attached the steel warps that pass over the iron gallews, or derricks, fore and aft, and round various "bollards," or revolving stanchions, to the winch, by means of which most of the hauling is done. The pressure of the water as the net is towed through it suffices to keep the net distended. The trawl having been shot overboard, the winch is allowed to run free until the net is some three or four hundred yards astern. Then the warps are pinned together aft by a hook and chain, the telegraph signals half speed ahead, and the trawler cruises slowly round and about the fishing-ground, the skipper steering his devious course and keeping clear of the rocks which previous experience of damaged gear has warned him of, by means of various landmarks which he has learned for himself, and which, indeed, inasmuch as they often enable him to work exclusively a favourable, but unfrequented or difficult, patch, form an important part, as it were, of his stock-in-trade.

The trawl may be towed for any length of time—from fifteen or twenty minutes up to two hours or even longer—according to circumstances. At last, however, the skipper determines to haul. He leans out of the wheel-house window. "Winch ready?" he shouts. "Aye, aye, sir," comes the answer, and as the mate takes his stand at the winch the skipper



From a]

SEAGULLS HOVERING OVER THE NET.

[Photo,

begins to bring the ship round, so that by the time the hauling process is finished she shall be broadside to the breeze, with the net to windward—this to obviate the possibility of drifting, when the engines have stopped, on to the trawl and so fouling it. As the throb of the propeller ceases in obedience to the tinkling signal from the wheel-house, the skipper leans again out of the window. "Le' go be'ind!" he shouts. "Le' go be'ind!" yells the mate. And the preliminary tap of the hammer upon the pin is followed by a dull crash as the straining warps are parted and fly asunder. "Right away!" roars the skipper. "Away it is," observes the stentorian mate, and with a puff and a snort the clattering winch begins slowly to haul in the warps. The monotonous rattle continues for some minutes, by which time the net has been dragged round. Suddenly up with a bang come the massive doors on the derricks, their metal-shod keels shining bright from friction with the bottom. The noisy winch stops, and the skipper, going to the side, peers anxiously across the water. Nothing for the moment is visible. Next instant a large patch of the water turns pale green and, with a bubbling swirl, up pops the rounded

end of the bag, packed tight with a silvery load, to be greeted by the downward swoop of a flock of gulls eager for the sand-eels which the cod and haddock give up in their discomfort. The deck hands crowd to the side, and with many a "Hi-i-i *up* with it, up and *up* again," and many a lusty tug they haul the bulging bag alongside. Then the "snaunter," a length of stout rope, is deftly attached, and a turn or two of the winch brings the bag half out of the water. As it lies there the double-looped "bag becket" is twisted round and hooked on to the pulley-tackle of the mast. "Up on the



From a]

THE CREW HAULING IN THE CATCH.

[Photo,



THE GREAT BAG OF FISH SWINGING INBOARD.
From a Photo.

tackle" is the general cry, and as the winch rattles round, the "snaunter" is removed and the great bag of fish is hauled slowly up, until it swings inboard, to be caught and held in position by a couple of warps specially strung to receive it. The fore deck has already been divided into a number of square pounds, over which the catch hangs. The third hand stoops and catches hold of the free end of the great knot that fastens the tail end of the bag, now hanging downwards, and gives it a vigorous tug. The load "gives" visibly, and at the next tug the bag suddenly opens and, with a loud *boom*, an avalanche of fish descends flapping and struggling upon the deck. Their doom is soon sealed, for scarcely has the empty bag been lowered overboard, to be again towed behind, before the deck hands wade into the shippery mass, beheading and splitting open the cod, and gutting the haddock, plaice, halibut, and other fish, to be packed, after being washed, below, the former

between layers of salt and the latter in well-iced pounds.

So the fisherman's task went round, towing, hauling, gutting, towing, hauling, gutting. As for the useless passenger, he enjoyed life to the full. With nothing to do but eat, drink, sleep, and fill his lungs with an air that no elixir of the ancients could rival, it would have been strange had he not done so. But there were endless sources of amusement besides. Every time the warning rattle of the winch announced that a haul was preparing expectation ran high as to what the bag might disgorge. Sometimes a monster halibut of ten stone or more would fall flapping on the deck. The curious eye would rest now upon a clumsy and inert lump-fish, now upon an evil-looking dog-fish, which would unexpectedly lash itself, if unwarily picked up, and inflict a vindictive gash upon the hand with its vicious dorsal tooth. Even when



THE OPENING OF THE BAG—"AN AVALANCHE OF FISH DESCENDS FLAPPING AND STRUGGLING UPON THE DECK."
From a Photo.

the bag brought up no curiosities of the deep there was endless food for philosophical reflection in the hapless struggles of the dejected cod, the unhappy haddock, and the helpless halibut. And when at length the sun did set and the air grew nipping and eager, there was always the wheel-house to which to resort, there to listen, through the paradoxical daylight of the night, to the skipper's fishing lore and his tales of the "bogey man"—the Danish gunboat that protects the fisheries, and tries to enforce the law that prohibits foreigners from fishing within three miles of the shore—or the queer adventures of the mate, afloat on the North Sea and the Atlantic, or ashore in Reykjavik, the Faroe Isles, and other strange places.

For two glorious days the *Windsor Castle* lay fishing off Portland. By that time she had some tons of haddock in her ice-room, with a fair number of plaice and halibut. But cod was not so plentiful as could be desired; for, though the price of other fish varies according to the market, salt fish can always be relied upon as a paying investment. Besides, it matters comparatively little how long it be kept aboard, and it is consequently especially welcome at the beginning of a trip. Therefore the skipper wanted more cod. So, apparently, did a Dutch trawler from Yuimuiden, whom we saw pitching bag after bag of haddock—good food for hundreds of hungry people—overboard. "Ought to get six months, the scoundrel," was the skipper's just comment upon this lamentable exhibition of wanton waste.

Tow as we would, but little cod was to be had; so late on the evening of the third day (a Sunday, for was there not plum-duff for dinner?) the skipper banished all hesitation, and signalling full speed ahead steered a course for Faxa Bay, on the western coast, the farthest

but the best (as regards the quality of the fish) of the fishing-grounds. That night we passed through Vestmannaeyjar, the little group of tiny Westmann Isles, and morning found us pursuing our way along the burnt southern coast, past Grindavik, where once the gunboat swooped unexpectedly, with disastrous results to many, upon a whole fleet of delinquent trawlers fishing within the limits, to Reykjanes, the rocky and perilous south-west promontory of Iceland, with its little lighthouse perched on the

summit of a towering cliff, and opposite, far out at sea, the solitary Gannet Rock, white with the accumulated guano of who shall say how many years. Thence, the corner rounded, up the western coast, along the treacherous low land, sticking up from which the glasses revealed the bare masts and prostrate hulk of a wrecked trawler, and past Utskalar into Faxa Bay, with Snæfells' Jokull—"Snowy Jokull," as the fishermen call it—rising in white magnificence sixty miles (though it seems but ten) across the water, and Reykjavik in the distance, looking, even through the glasses, more like a collection of bathing machines upon



[From a]

A DAINTY MORSEL FROM THE TRAWL.

[Photo.]

the shore than a capital city.

For just a week, in varying weather that sometimes, when the landmarks were hidden from sight, necessitated the dropping of a buoy by which to work, we towed our trawl over the grounds of Faxa Bay. Fish was plentiful, but of a different quality from that caught off Portland, the haddock being smaller and finer and the plaice fresher and more delicate, resembling the much-prized ones of the North Sea. At intervals a crew of coast Icelanders, hardy sons of the old Vikings, would come alongside, clad from head to foot in clothes of horse-skin, with the hair worn inside, to barter whisky and cigars

for the small fish cast aside by the deck hands as useless for the English market. A great bone of contention between owners and masters is this traffic with the Icelanders, the owners being afraid lest valuable fish be thus lost to them—somewhat unnecessarily, however, for no skipper worthy of his trust would knowingly give away fish that could command a price in

Sometimes a friendly skipper from a neighbouring Hull or Grimsby trawler would come aboard (it being our own skipper's unvarying rule never to leave his ship until home again) for half an hour's boisterous chaff and good-fellowship. On one occasion a couple of whales that had strayed into the bay and seemed flustered over their efforts to find a way out



From a]

ICELANDERS COMING ALONGSIDE FOR SMALL AND USELESS FISH.

[Photo.

port (especially as he is generally a sharer in the profits), while the owners can scarcely grumble at the disposal of useless fish, which, if not thus removed, would only be cast overboard to rot on the bottom and spoil the fishing grounds. The Icelanders themselves, with the fish thus obtained added to the cod they catch on their lines, make a living by curing—for which their climate is unrivalled—and selling the dried fish to the storekeepers of the nearest town, the commodity forming one of the chief exports of the country. In truth, they work hard for their living, being often at sea in their open boats for twenty-four hours and more at a stretch. And a wonderful sight it is to see them start for home with a cargo of small fish, their curious craft laden down to the water, scudding before the wind with mainsail, topsail, foresail, and jib all set, while the whole crew, their almost bladeless oars thrust as far out as possible to make extra weight, sit over on the weather side to keep the boat trim, baling her out with all their might as she flies over the waves.

swam round and about the ship for some minutes. They were young and, for whales, small; yet, though the crew scarcely heeded them and the useless passenger was able himself to gaze dry-eyed upon the swimming monsters of the deep, they afforded food for much sober reflection.

Thus passed the time in Faxø Bay, and the skipper still prayed for cod. At last, on the seventh day from Portland, just as a homeward course was being meditated, the waters were suddenly filled with cod. Bag after bag, full to bursting point, was hauled in, though the towings were of less than half an hour's duration. So large was each catch that the process of "hooking out" had to be resorted to in order to lighten the load—this being accomplished by unlacing a special opening in the net and allowing the fish to swim out, gaffing them as they did so with a gruesome weapon in the shape of a sharp hook on the end of a long pole, and thus jerking them aboard. Within two hours there must have been something like four thousand cod emptied on board, and the



From a]

"HOOKING OUT" TO LIGHTEN THE LOAD IN THE NET.

[Photo.

decks were piled high with the greenish fish. The skipper's face was wreathed in smiles as he put his hand on the telegraph. "Now we're off," quoth he, and shoved the pointer down. The bell rang, the water astern seethed into foam, and the *Windsor Castle* pointed her nose for England.

On the third day of the voyage home a nasty head wind, increasing in strength towards night, sprang up. Early next morning the useless passenger awoke to the sound of a mighty rushing of waters, and perceived the unwonted spectacle of a miniature salt Niagara pouring into the cabin. With praiseworthy presence of mind he leaped from his berth, and pounced upon his boots just as they were putting off from the side upon a voyage of exploration across the unornamental lake into which the cabin floor had been transformed. Nor would he be content with mooring them to the bunk, but took them to bed with him, and nursed them beneath his rug throughout the day, while the ship lay to and the waves crashed broadside over her, setting the jars of fish livers adrift from their lashings, dislocating the hand-rail on the engine casing, and keeping the decks immersed in swirling water. How the steward cooked the meals that day is a matter that has caused the useless passenger much puzzled cogitation since. At the time, food and all appertaining thereto had no interest for him.

But even dirty weather comes to an end

(though it sometimes takes a long time about it), and at length the *Windsor Castle* made Fair Island, and thence shaped a course for Kirkwall. Into that haven she steamed early on the Thursday, having left Faxø Bay on the previous Sunday morning. The useless passenger promptly went ashore, and the crew set about their weary task of landing some twenty odd tons of salt fish.

In the evening, with her bows, relieved of the load of salt fish, higher out of the water, the *Windsor Castle* left again, to perform the last part of her homeward voyage. After the storm, the calm; and the Orkneys could scarce have been fairer to the eye. On the next day the wind got up again, and a heavy rain, thick as a mist, necessitated half speed and caution during the night. But the Saturday morning broke fair, and after passing green-topped Flamborough Head, gleaming white in the sunshine as only the cliffs of Albion can, the Spurn lightship was rounded shortly before noon and the mouth of the Humber entered. We were home again. Everyone on board packed his traps and prepared (it being Saturday, and, therefore, useless to land the fish immediately) to go ashore; the skipper, mate, and crew to spend a few hours on dry land before setting out on another long tramp of two thousand miles and more across the ocean, and the useless passenger to take the first train to London town and wish himself anywhere else.

The Most Inaccessible Place in China.

BY A. HALL HALL.

Being an account of how a Cambridge undergraduate succeeded in penetrating into the mysterious Grand Llamaserai, near Pekin, exchanged cards with the Grand Llama, and finally came away safe and sound. Prior to 1900, so far as is known, no European had ever entered the gates of this strange place and returned to tell the tale.



URING a recent visit to Pekin I instituted inquiries about the famous temple of the Grand Llama, but for several days could gain no exact information on the subject. If I asked a Chinaman to tell me what he knew about the mysterious place he would put off the matter as long as possible, and, when finally one's patience was exhausted and the absurd assumption of ignorance could be borne no longer, he would take refuge in direct and obvious falsehood and deny the very existence of the temple, or even of the Llamas themselves, so far as Pekin was concerned. He had heard that there were some of them in Manchuria, and that, for example, there was a great temple and monastery at Urga, but he knew of no such establishment near Pekin. The information obtainable from Europeans was a little more definite, but hardly reassuring. Everyone had heard of the Llamaserai, of course, and alarming tales were current of the way the Llamists had of discouraging the inquisitive "foreign devil" by methods that were more ingenious than polite. Though the building itself was but five miles from the wall of Pekin,

it had always been considered the most inaccessible place in the Chinese Empire. Prior to 1900, I was told, several attempts to enter the gates had been made, but the few travellers who had succeeded had been less fortunate in their efforts to get out. In fact, not a single one had returned to tell the tale of his adventures.

This information, scanty enough in all conscience, was all I could obtain; but I had learnt all that was necessary for the direction of my coolies. The gruesome tales of slow, ingenious tortures (boiling oil, of course, was mentioned, and that particularly artistic operation called "The Death of a Thousand Cuts" was



From a

ON THE WAY TO THE LLAMA TEMPLE.

[Photo.

suggested as a very probable fate) quite failed to deter me; while the stories of strange religious rites and ceremonies and the seemingly impenetrable cloud of mystery hanging over the place had their natural effect, and I felt that I could not sleep another night without making a good attempt to visit the place I had come so far to see.

The rebellion of 1900-1901 was over and the condition of things in general had greatly changed since the suppression of the Boxer



From a

A STREET SCENE EN ROUTE.

[Photo.

movement. In the south of China the effects of the war may have been less marked and it was still dangerous to travel off the beaten track, while to show a revolver in such a town as Canton, for instance, would have been to court immediate death. But in the north the Chinese had learnt a lesson from the war, or, if they had not done so, at any rate considered it wise to let the hated "foreign devil" have his own way for the present—possibly with the idea of equalizing matters at a later date. At Pekin, as I have said, the European was not treated with any hostility, and it was only when one left the European quarter and wandered about the slums of the town—and what slums they are!—that a fierce gleam in the eyes, not entirely the result of opium smoking, or a sharp passing scowl of contempt and hatred was to be observed in the faces of the coolies around one. Circumstances had changed, and I had found during my journey through Manchuria and wanderings about Tientsin and Pekin that the possession and occasional display

of a business-like revolver, no less than the liberal use of Chinese "cash," worked wonders. So, in spite of the doubts expressed by my friends, I felt confident that my appearance at the gate of the Llama-*serai* with the two powerful persuasives named would be followed, not by a lingering and painful death, but by a peaceful walk through the grounds of the temple, an inspection, perhaps, of some of the buildings, and—most important of all from a purely personal point of view—a safe return to the outside world.

Filled with thoughts of the adventures in store for the morrow I retired early, and after dreaming appropriate dreams was awakened by the hotel-boy with the remark that "breakfast for one piece man" was waiting for me. Half an hour later I was in a rickshaw and two partially clad coolies were pulling me towards my destination. "Five piece mile," I had told them; "all samee straight along Harteman Street, and I'll tell you when to stop."

"Pidgin" English, though it is no doubt entitled to respect as the international commercial language of the East, always got on my nerves, and I never could pursue the dialect for more than half a sentence or so at a time. Fancy requesting a dignified Chinese waiting-boy to "go catchee two piece knife, savee!" What



ONE OF THE CITY GATES—THE MONASTERY LIES ABOUT FIVE MILES OUTSIDE PEKIN

From a Photo.

stranger to the East could make a remark of this kind without feeling a certain loss of self-respect?

Perhaps it was owing to this insular pride, or perhaps it was that my coolies had reasons of their own for leading me astray, that—after we had been trotting some considerable distance and as I was expecting every minute to see the huge carved wooden gates of the temple—I discovered that we were no longer following the direction of Harteman Street, but were going at right angles to it. We were by this time in a narrow passage, where the walls of the houses almost touched the rickshaw on either side. I gave new directions to the coolies, but they took no notice, and it was only by forcibly prodding the nearer one in the back with my walking-stick that I at length prevailed on them to stop. I shouted the name of the Llamaserai to them in Chinese, but it produced no effect beyond a stupid stare of ignorance and an expression of countenance that I can only compare with that of a plain deal board. This counterfeited simplicity made me thoroughly angry, for a crowd had collected, and by the surly looks of those around us I could see that a speedy retreat was the only reasonable course to adopt. Shouting the name of my hotel to them I at the same time drew my revolver and placed it carefully and conspicuously upon my knees. Whether it was the particular words I chose in which to convey my meaning, or whether it was the sight of the large (but unloaded) revolver that impressed them, I do not know, but in a few minutes we were again in Harteman Street and, in obedience to a second firm and forcible command on my part, were making for the outer wall and leaving the hotel behind us.

At about midday we reached a massive gate,
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made apparently of cedar-wood and beautifully carved; the coolies stopped, and I found myself at last at the gate of the mysterious temple of the Grand Llama. So pleasing was the sight of this gate that my anger disappeared, and I paid the undeserving coolies a week's salary for their services. A thousand Chinese "cash" I gave them in that moment of reckless generosity, and since there were two of them they received the equivalent of just sixpence each! For some minutes I stood in the roadway and contemplated the gate of the Llamaserai. Then, having looked in vain for a bell, I

knocked loudly with my stick. Presently a Llamist priest appeared upon the scene. A mild-looking person he was, clothed in a long yellow gown that had seen far better days, and carrying in his hand a rosary. He did not strike me at all as the kind of man to do one to death in an artistic manner; in fact, I could hardly imagine a more peaceful-looking person, and but for the fact that he had neither a venerable nor an intellectual

appearance he might have stepped straight out of the pages of "Kim." His evident mildness of disposition, however, did not prevent him from refusing to admit me. The gate was opened a few inches, and I was told, so far as I could gather from the tone of voice adopted, that his Eminence the Grand Llama was "not at home." But I was not to be deterred by such a trifle as that, so I smiled and bowed, placing both hands on my knees in approved Eastern manner, and, having done so, took out my card-case, gave him a card, carefully turning down a corner—as I thought his Eminence might possibly have some wives and families to be thought of—and told him to take it to his master. I dare say he had never seen a plain ordinary visiting-



THE GATE OF THE MYSTERIOUS TEMPLE OF THE GRAND LLAMA—"PRIOR TO 1900, SO FAR AS IS KNOWN, NO EUROPEAN HAD EVER ENTERED THIS STRANGE PLACE AND RETURNED ALIVE." [Photo.]

card before, and probably he did not feel quite certain what to do with the one he held in his hand at that moment; but, as far as I was concerned, any excuse for gaining admittance was better than none, and this appeared to be the simplest way of getting rid of the priest.

As I expected, he disappeared — leaving the gate unlocked! Here, then, was my opportunity, of which I was not slow in taking advantage. I entered the grounds of the temple and found myself in a courtyard surrounded with handsome buildings and containing a considerable number of trees. Having glanced quickly round I carefully closed the gate, not wishing my simple-minded friend to get into trouble on my account, and walked to a seat under some sheltering trees, where I lit a cigarette and sat down to await eventualities.

At this point the humour of the situation occurred to me. Here was I, an undergraduate of Cambridge, sitting at my ease and smoking a peaceful cigarette in the mysterious forbidden temple of the Llamas, in efforts to enter which, if report spoke truly, many Europeans had lost their lives! I sat watching a group of Llamist priests, who were to all appearances roasting coffee under the shade of some trees a few yards off. So engrossed were these men in their coffee-roasting that it was a long time before I was noticed. At length one of the group, attracted, perhaps, by the flash of a waistcoat button or the gleam of a white Panama, spoke to his companions and pointed me out to them. The coffee-roasting stopped abruptly and one of the party set out in my direction to investigate what was to them, I suppose, an interesting phenomenon. I snap-shotted him as he came from under the shadow of the trees, but he seemed quite unconscious of the operation. As he approached

I rose and, following his lead, shook hands, not with him, but with myself, according to the excellent custom of the country. Then I waited with some interest to see in what direction the conversation would turn. But he said nothing whatever, and though I am

not naturally inclined to be nervous or bashful I felt a little embarrassed. Someone had to begin the conversation, and as the monk still refused to take the initiative I broke the ice myself. "Good afternoon," I said, throwing away my cigarette, for he looked an ascetic and I did not wish to offend him. It seemed a feeble remark at best and sounded very crude in plain English, but it evidently made a good impression, for he shook hands with himself again most cordially and I did the same



A LLAMIST PRIEST PHOTOGRAPHED BY THE AUTHOR.

myself. The conversation, having opened so happily, closed again for the time being, and I was trying to think of another speech, one that should, if possible, be even more eloquent than the last, when the monk volunteered an observation on his own account, the exact nature of which I was unable to grasp. It was an invitation to do something, but I was at a loss to know exactly what, as the sounds he made were like the noise of a gramophone working backwards. I accepted the invitation, however, and followed it up with a request for him to show me round the grounds and take me into some of the buildings, making gestures to explain my meaning. Fortunately, he fell in with my plans and led me off towards his coffee-roasting friends, who, I discovered at this juncture, were not roasting coffee at all, but performing their devotions by means of Tibetan prayer-wheels — cylinders which they were slowly twisting round after having placed in them long strips of paper on which prayers were written.

More Chinese salutations followed, and, these over, my guide led me away to the main building

of the temple. Entering it I found innumerable statues, some of very fine workmanship. We paused for some time before a gigantic statue of

Buddha, fully fifty feet high, with outstretched arms. By signs my guide informed me that the great gilt statue was made of a single piece of wood, a statement I felt obliged to doubt, as a close examination revealed marks that looked suspiciously like joints in the fabric. In another building I noticed that a service was in progress, and here I found ample food for thought. The

shrines and statues I had seen up to the present, both in this temple and others, had made me wonder at the really striking similarity between these temples and the Christian churches to be seen all over Europe. These Llamists in their yellow robes, too, greatly resembled Russian bishops, and, now that I watched and listened while the service was taking place in the temple, I could hardly believe that I was not attending a Christian service. There was a strong smell of incense, and while a kind of litany was being sung the voices of a choir of some fifty boys alternated with those of the priests. At times the clicking of rosaries could be heard above the voices. The service was extremely interesting, but it was getting late. I hurried my guide along and persuaded him to take me to a

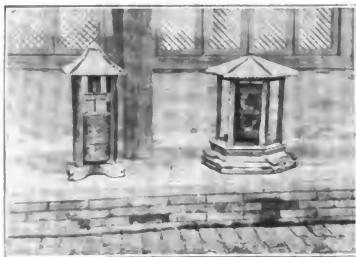
smaller building, richly decorated, and standing at some distance from the one we had just left. But he was unwilling to enter, and directed my

attention to a couple of splendid old stone prayer-wheels that stood near the wall.

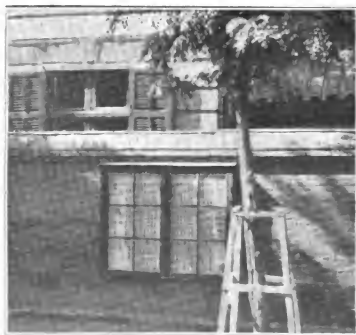
The Tibetan method of saying prayers is distinctly quaint. A cylinder is constructed and the prayers are either carved upon its surface or placed inside it, written on slips of paper. The cylinders vary greatly in design and size and are used in many different ways. Some are only a

few inches in length and are carried in the hand, while others, as large as water-butts, are mounted over streams, so that the water spins them round as it passes below. Others, again, are placed

where the wind will cause them to turn continually. The prayer-wheels my Lama was now showing me were some of special interest and great value. Each was made of a single piece of stone, and had been brought from far-away Lhasa many years ago by the original founders of the Llamaserai. Though exposed to view, they were far too sacred for common use and were carefully preserved, each under a separate roof, in this sheltered part of the grounds.



ANCIENT TIBETAN PRAYER-WHEELS FROM LHASSA.
From a Photo.



THE TIME-TABLE OF THE PRIESTS' DUTIES HUNG ON THE MONASTERY
From a WALL. *(Photo.)*

Eventually we reached the door of the building I was anxious to enter, but still the priest hesitated. At that moment, as luck would have

it, my revolver slipped from my belt and fell at his feet.

Stooping and picking up the revolver, the priest begged me to allow him to carry it for me. I declined the offer, with thanks, but asked him to be so good as to hold a string of "cash" which I passed him. He was now perfectly willing to take me into the mysterious room, and we accordingly entered. A large cupboard near the door contained some vestments evidently worn by the Grand Llama on special occasions. The robes were of yellow and richly embroidered, and there were a few truly wonderful hats shaped somewhat like a Roman helmet, with a colossal plume surmounting the top of the crown. At the far side of the room were some curtains, and on pulling these aside I was astonished to find a great number of gold statues. These were, no doubt, the most valuable possessions of the Llamaserai. The statues consisted of six sets, having about ten figures in each. Animals of various species were represented, but of the design I can only say that it was in every case extraordinary. As the figures varied in height between ten and fifteen inches their intrinsic value would be considerable.

Those who have read "Dr. Nikola" will remember the inaccessible nature of this Llamaserai, as described therein, and will wonder why I was not by this time being tortured by the priests, having my eyes burnt out, for example, or being made to ride on a spiked saddle, or merely being pushed over a precipice; but the present seemed to be a close season for the armed "foreign devil," and though I saw many a sullen look and many a threatening expression in the faces of the

Llamas, a glimpse of the revolver to which I have referred would always bring, if not a pleasant, at least a peaceable, look into the eyes of even the most evil-looking priest I encountered.

My guide next pointed to a framed time-table of the priests' duties which was hanging on the Serai wall, and this I took to be a gentle hint that he had no more time to place at my disposal. I signed to him, therefore, that I would not trouble him further, and after once more shaking hands with himself he took his departure—with my coins, of course.

The priest I had first met now appeared upon the scene, bringing with him a piece of paper about six inches long and half as broad, on which were printed some extraordinary remarks which, owing to my ignorance of the language, I was unable to fully appreciate. I concluded, however, that this was nothing less than the visiting-card of his Eminence the Grand Llama.

My companion and I were now opposite the gate through which I had entered some hours before. It was still unlocked, I noticed, so, having taken a polite farewell of the priest, I opened it and returned safely to the outer world. In a neighbouring street I found a rickshaw, and my coolie making his way speedily through a surly-looking crowd we gained a safer part of the town without any mishap, and finally

reached the hotel. An hour later, over a dinner for which I had a good appetite—for I had had no food since leaving the hotel in the morning—I was telling my friends my experiences and they were congratulating me on my safe return from what has always been regarded as the most inaccessible place in China.



"WE GAINED A SAFER PART OF THE TOWN WITHOUT MISHAP."

From a Photo.

What Happened at Morelia.

By ALVAH JACKSON STONE.

The author is an architect, and while engaged in supervising some repairs at the Cathedral of Morelia, Mexico, met with a terrible adventure. For over two hours he hung suspended from an iron staple two hundred feet above the ground, only the strength of his coat saving him from being dashed to pieces.



HAVE been in pleasanter towns than Morelia, Mexico, where in summer-time the sun dallies in the heavens for fifteen hours out of the twenty-four, reducing everything, animate and inanimate, to the consistency of a highly-baked biscuit. But business carried me to the little Mexican town, and there I had to remain until I had got through with my work.

I was just beginning my career as an architect at that period, and as times were hard personal dignity had to be kept in the background, which meant that when I could not obtain a job for the employment of my brains alone I would accept one where a certain amount of manual work had to be done also. That explains how it was that I came to have charge of the business of repairing the tower of the local cathedral, as the natives liked to call their church.

This tower, an object dear to the hearts of the Morelians, had got into a very insecure condition, owing, probably, to a succession of earth tremors. Now, after several weeks' work, I had restored it to a condition of stability, and nothing remained but to execute a little "pointing" work, for which purpose substantial staples had been driven into the brickwork in order to support "chairs" for the workmen—as lazy a lot of scamps as it has ever been my ill-fortune to encounter.

One night the heat was so oppressive, and the strident hum of the mosquitoes so intolerably irritating, that I tossed about my bed in a vain endeavour to court sleep. At length, just as signs of dawn were appearing in the sky, I rose hastily and threw on my clothes, anxious to leave a bed of unrest. Outside the house things were little better, and I debated in my

mind what I could do to occupy the time. Suddenly it occurred to me to ascend the tower of the cathedral and see what sort of work my men had been putting in the day before. At least it could hardly be hotter up aloft, I reflected, and perchance I might find a cooling breeze.

I was soon sitting on one of the workmen's "chairs," suspended by ropes from stout iron staples, with a sheer drop of two hundred feet to the street below. There was certainly a cooler current of air where I was, and this was rendered all the more delightful as I thought of the terrible heat in the sweltering city far below me. Not a soul was to be seen, and as it was about three o'clock there was not likely to be anyone stirring for some hours. My men were due to commence work at 6.30 a.m., though it was often nearer seven before they put in an appearance.

I was reclining lazily in my lofty seat, enjoying the cool air and far-reaching prospect, when suddenly I heard an ominous snap, followed immediately afterwards by a second one, and before I could realize what had happened my seat of an instant ago was dropping like a stone through space until it fell with a crash into the street beneath!

Luckily I retained the presence of mind which a long acquaintance with lofty positions has given me. Simultaneously with the breaking of the rope and the collapse of the chair, I clutched with both hands at the staples while I was in the very act of falling. Thus I hung against the side of the tower, over a death that was fearful to contemplate. It was fortunate for me that the strength of the staples was above suspicion. They had been driven far into the solid masonry, until they were equal to support-

ing a weight much greater than mine. But I could find no foothold. I swung my legs about wildly, but the newly-pointed bricks offered no ledge upon which to rest them. I gave up the attempt exhausted, and a dreary feeling of hopelessness stole over me. I should not, I knew, be able to hold on very long. Already the muscles of my arms, stretched to their fullest capacity, ached violently with the strain. Involuntarily I glanced below me. Yes, there was a sheer drop into the street; I had only to loosen my hands, and in a few seconds I should be like the shattered chair I could see down there on the ground.

There was no one in sight. Indeed, it would be fully two hours before there was likely to be anyone, for it had only just struck four. But how was I to hold on for two hours, before which time there was but little hope of rescue? I had only been suspended for about two minutes, and already I felt in *extremis*. No; I felt instinctively I was doomed. I should hold tight until I could do so no longer, and then—well, a rush through the air and—Heaven send it!—oblivion.

To add to my troubles at this juncture the rays of the sun now beat upon my position and began to render me uncomfortably hot, until I commenced to feel that even should I manage to retain my hold on the staples I should fall a victim to sunstroke and drop to the ground in an insensible condition. Curiously enough, throughout the whole of this terrible ordeal my one all-absorbing dread was that I should retain my senses in the act of falling and at the awful moment when I reached the ground.

I must here explain how it was that I had

been able to reach my lofty perch, and yet, now that the "chair" had given way, could not get back. I had climbed through the opening of the belfry. About three feet below were two staples from which a "chair" had been

suspended the day before. A few feet below this again were a second pair of staples supporting the "chair" I had so recently occupied. By cautiously lowering myself, first to one set of staples and then to the other, I got down to the "chair" easily enough. To get back again while the "chair" was in position was a simple enough matter (though the workmen used a rope over a pulley to assist them), but to get back whilst hanging by one's hands from the lower set of staples was a very different proceeding—an impossibility for me, in fact, for I could get no foothold.

A quarter-past four struck out from the cathedral clock far below. "Only fifteen minutes," I groaned in agony, as I endeavoured to relieve the torture which the aching of my arms was causing me. Was there any means by which I could mitigate the intolerable strain? Unless I could solve the problem speedily it would be too late.

I tried crooking my arms and hanging from the elbow-joint, but anyone who has done that on a horizontal bar will realize the pain it can cause one. And I was not hanging to a horizontal bar, but to rough iron



"I CLUTCHED WITH BOTH HANDS WHILE I WAS IN THE VERY ACT OF FALLING."

staples, which tore my flesh cruelly. I let go with one hand as an experiment, only to catch hold again in a cold sweat as I felt myself about to drop. Then, as I hung painfully, a desperate idea came into my head. If I could manage to force my coat on to the staples I might be able to relieve my arms somewhat. I set to work at once to do this, but owing to the cramped state I was in I had to proceed very cautiously. In order to get the lapel of my coat level with the staples I had to draw myself up—what an effort it cost me!—until my chin was four inches above them. Then, supporting myself by one arm, I forced my coat on to a hook. This in itself was no mean task, for I was wearing a coat of hard cord. How thankful I was that I had relegated my white cotton jacket to the wash the night before, and had not been able to put my hand on a clean one!

Having hooked my coat by the lapel, I next caught hold of it near the last button-hole on the same side, and pushed that on too, so that on the one hook I had fixed my coat twice. This done, I proceeded with infinite caution to do the same to the left side of my coat, fastening it twice on to the other staple. Then, very gently, I tested its ability to support the weight of my body, releasing slightly the grip of one hand at first, then taking it away completely. To my joy the fabric showed no sign of tearing, and I swung my freed arm about to restore the sense of feeling to it. After a few minutes' vain endeavour to do this I tested the other side of the coat, which appeared to hold well also. Next, in fear and trembling, I loosened both my hands slightly, and being reassured by the stubborn way in which the coat held together I finally removed my hands altogether, and swung

helplessly in the air suspended from the two staples by my coat alone. It was a sickening feeling, knowing that my life depended at that moment on the strength of the cloth of which that garment was made, but even had I seen it giving way I do not think I could have held on by my hands again. Bruised, bleeding, and numb they were, and blistered by the now scorching rays of the sun. I had arrived at that stage when I was almost indifferent whether I lived or died.

At that moment the clock below chimed the half-hour—half-past four! I had been hanging by my hands for practically thirty minutes, though to me it seemed as many hours. But now that my arms were free I felt comparatively comfortable. That maddening, torturing strain on my muscles was over, though it was replaced by a milder one on the shoulders where my coat dragged. I calculated now that in an hour I ought to see someone whose attention I could attract, and I made myself as easy as I could under the circumstances.

I would willingly have parted with five years of my life at that moment for a good draught of water to alleviate my burning thirst, for the sun had now been beating down on the back of my neck for some time, and my experiments at sucking a key were not marked with the success I had always understood followed such a procedure. There was nothing for it, however, but to stop there until help came, and to pray that it would come before it was too late—before I had gone mad under the sun's rays or before my trusty coat gave way.

The minutes went by with relentless slowness, and I fancy that I must have had lapses of unconsciousness before I finally heard the



"I FINALLY REMOVED MY HANDS ALTOGETHER AND SWUNG HELPLESSLY IN THE AIR."

cathedral bell strike six. Almost at that moment a man turned the corner of the street below, strolling along with true Mexican indolence. I shouted as loudly as I could—which, owing to my exhausted condition, was not very loud—and the fellow looked up listlessly. I waved my hand, and endeavoured

weeks I was laid up owing to the breakdown of my nervous system. One of the workmen, arriving on the scene shortly after 6.30, saw, to his astonishment, a figure hanging limply high up on the side of the tower, and then noticed on the ground the shattered chair, which, with its frayed-through ropes, was eloquent of



"I WAS LOWERED UNCONSCIOUS TO THE GROUND."

to convey to him that I was in severe straits. Whether he took me for one of the workmen amusing himself I do not know, but, at any rate, he waved his hand back at me and went on out of sight.

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed, in utter anguish of spirit; and then I knew no more.

The remainder of the story I heard from the lips of the doctor who attended me for the three

disaster. With unaccustomed energy he procured ropes and assistance, and eventually I was lowered unconscious to the ground and carried to my house.

Had it not been for the great strength of my coat fabric there is no doubt that I should never have been spared to tell the tale of my sufferings on that dreadful morning at Morelia.

The Blumencorso at Hamburg.

By WELLAND WRIGHT.

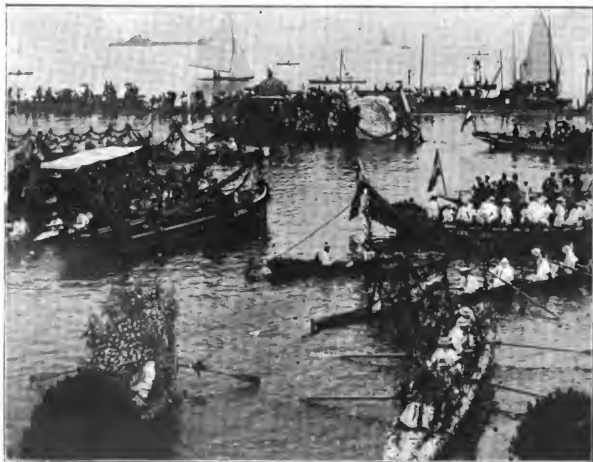
The great water carnival of flowers, which is held annually on the Alster Basin, at Hamburg, possesses many points of interest and novelty for the tourist familiar with water fêtes in England and America. The Hamburg people, rich and enterprising, enthusiastic lovers of water sport, leave no effort lacking to make their Blumencorso one of the great spectacles of a Continental summer, and many thousands travel long distances yearly to see it.



HE brief sub-title above contains the gist of this article, and those who are too busy to bother about water carnivals need go no farther.

But there are water carnivals and water carnivals. There are some in which a few decorated boats strive almost ingloriously to uphold the dignity of the spectacle, and others in which decorative designs as antique as

ful from all points of view that it stands apart from all other water fêtes as a perfect diamond stands apart from a piece of paste. The jaded onlooker can reap from it the benefit which always comes with something new, and the tourist who has never seen anything of the sort can carry with him from the banks of the Alster an unforgettable picture. It appeals unmistakably to eye and sense of beauty. It is done



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE CORSO, SHOWING THE GREAT VARIETY OF CRAFT IN THE CARNIVAL PROCESSION—IN THE BACKGROUND ARE THE SET-PIECES FOR THE PROTECHIC DISPLAY. [Photo.]

the hills are revamped yearly in the hope of tricking the onlooker. It is no wonder, then, if we sometimes wink with our left eye at the name of water fête. Even when it is called a "Blumencorso" there is still some ground for shying at it.

The Hamburg Carnival is, however, so novel, so picturesque, so lavishly carried out, so enthusiastically participated in, and so success-

ful with taste. It achieves high purpose in giving complete happiness to rich and poor alike, and turns one of the loveliest stretches of water in the world, for a few brief hours, into a bower of bloom; weather, of course, permitting.

Sometimes the people of Hamburg have been sorely disappointed over their carnival when days and days of preparation have ended grievously in an afternoon of wet. Water fêtes



A DOUBLE-SCULLING SKIFF IN WHICH THE PALM IS USED WITH EXCELLENT ORNAMENTAL EFFECT IN THE STERN—AN EIGHT-OARED RACING SHELL IS SHOWN IN THE BACKGROUND. [Simons & Heinrich, Hamburg.

and rain are ever enemies. Luckily, however, the recent carnivals have been so smiled upon by fortune and so successful that special efforts are being shown this year to make the Blumen-corso the greatest water carnival ever held in Germany. What this means can be apparent only to those who know the public spirit of opulent Hamburg and the resourcefulness of all who have the carnival in hand.

a smaller basin within known as the Binnen-Alster. On three sides of the inner Alster are quays beautifully ornamented with trees and fine buildings, the fourth side of this square of water being formed by public promenades connected by a splendid bridge. This basin is upwards of a mile in circumference. The outer Alster, on which the Blumen-corso takes place, is more expansive, bordered with lively summer



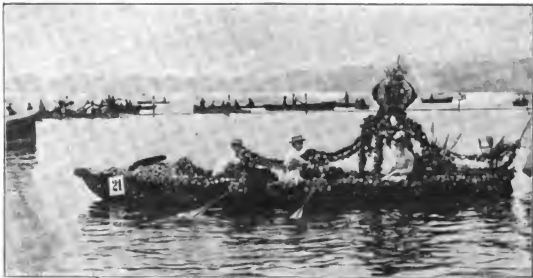
A JUVENILE ENTRY, LINED THROUGHOUT WITH CANVAS, WHICH ATTRACTED WIDE ATTENTION ON ACCOUNT OF ITS NEATNESS AND TASTE. [Simons & Heinrich, Hamburg.

Nature and the modern engineer have worked together in giving to the carnival-makers an ideal playground. The river Alster, flowing from the North through the city, forms outside it a large basin known as the Aussen-Alster and

resorts, magnificent villas and groves, where the Hamburg population make holiday. Little steamers ply frequently from the city to such favourite places as Uhlenhorst, Eppendorf, and Harvestehude and make the trip in about

twenty minutes at remarkably cheap fares, thus bringing within easy reach of all the opportunity of a pleasurable outing. In the summer season millions of passengers are carried by

to add a written word. Suffice it, therefore, to say that the flowers used for decoration are asters, daisies, sunflowers, gladioli, narcissi, pansies, cornflowers, lilies, roses, dahlias, and



A DOUBLE-SCULLING SKIFF WITH A FLORAL CROWN OVER THE STERN—ONE OF THE PRIVATELY DECORATED PRIZE-WINNERS.
From a Photo.

these little boats. The day of the Blumencorso is, of course, a special holiday, when accommodation is taxed to the utmost.

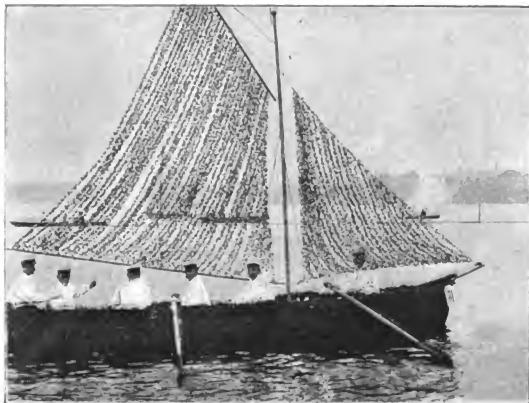
The carnival is made up of a procession of floral boats, a prize-giving, and a fireworks display. In the procession are to be seen big boats, small boats, wide boats, narrow boats, yachts, launches, skiffs, dingheys, racing-boats, and, in fact, all sorts of boats under the sun except punts, all profusely covered with flowers of all kinds in season. When photographs can give, as ours give, such a fine idea of the variety of craft in the carnival it is perhaps superfluous

other blooms, common or expensive, which best lend themselves to decorative effect. The latitude given to the decorator is great, and thousands of marks have at times been spent upon a single boat. It is, however, for taste and effectiveness in decoration, rather than for expenditure, that the prizes are usually won.

The boats foregather in the early afternoon—usually about half-past two o'clock—and await a gun signal at three for the procession to start. This is made near the so-called Fährhaus restaurant at Uhlenhorst (which may easily be found on any map of the environs of Hamburg)



THE FLOWER BARGE OF LOHENGRIN, ONE OF THE MOST TASTEFUL AND PROBABLY THE MOST EXPENSIVE DESIGN SEEN IN MANY YEARS ON THE ALSTER.
From a Photo.



A SMALL BOAT WITH MAST AND SPARS OF BAMBOO, THE MAINSAIL AND JIB BEING REPRESENTED BY SMALL FLOWERS OF VARIOUS COLOURS STRUNG TOGETHER—THE RAILS OF THE BOAT ARE ORNAMENTED WITH A SPECIES OF CACTUS—THIS WAS A POPULAR PRIZE-WINNER. [From a Photo. by] [Simons & Heinrich.]

the owner or, as often happens, by a trained gardener and florist. The big steamship lines contribute to the spectacle, the great manufacturers put their hands in their pockets for this day of days and accord to the carnival a generous support, and both public and private purses are freely opened. Those who contribute may or may not have boats in the procession, but this doesn't really matter. Their gold, in one way or another, has been transmuted into flowers.

and the Lohkoppel Bridge. The scene at such a time is one of loveliness, a fairyland of water. Scores of boats, manned by stalwart youths and fair girls, dart in and out amongst each other in a bewildering profusion, all a mass of flowers filling the air with a delicious perfume. The course is marked with booms and carefully kept clear of stray, undecorated boats by police launches, busy all day with the pressing crowd of sightseers. When the gun is fired the line swings into motion and slowly wends its way over the water past cheering friends and stern judges to the accompaniment of music and the hum of admiring delight.

The rowing clubs, of which Hamburg is full, vie with each other on this day in fitting out special boats, representing various subjects of a popular or legendary nature. Some are represented in the procession by over a dozen boats, manned as the subject or the occasion demands by both sexes in decorative costume or in plain, everyday dress. The ladies show special fondness for white, and many of the dresses are expressly made for the fête at considerable expense. Seated at the helm, often in a bower of flowers, these dainty figures in white add greatly to the pretty picture. Innumerable private boats are also to be seen, single and double sculls, each ornamented by the hand of

After the procession has filed its floral way across the outer and inner Alster and back to the Alsterlust—a well-known restaurant and headquarters of the committee—a battle of flowers takes place in which the occupants of the boats engage with extraordinary zest. In the twinkling, almost, of an eye, the mirrored surface of the water becomes a veritable carpet of flowers on which a troop of water sprites might fitly tread. Many look upon this friendly rivalry as the prettiest incident in the day's proceedings, and the battle wages furiously for a brief period to the delight of crowds upon the banks before the dusk draws in.

The presentation of prizes and the fireworks close the Blumencorso. In addition to the regular prizes there are a large number of special prizes offered by public-spirited citizens. These include gifts of money and a variety of trophies to the decorators and crews of the best-decorated boats, to the florists who have laboured without payment, and special prizes of unique interest to those who take the trouble to decorate their own boats. In the distribution and in the Press reports of the carnival the name of the decorator is always given. This, in itself, increases the interest of professional florists in the carnival, and partly explains the continued novelty in design which has made the Hamburg Blumencorso the best of its kind.

Odds and Ends.

A Ship that "Went to Sleep"—A Much-Travelled Magazine—The Industrious Squaw—
New York "Scenery"—A Cuban Ants' Nest, etc., etc.



From a]

A DOG-FOOD STOREHOUSE OF THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY.

[Photo.



HE curious-looking structure here shown is not a bridge, but a storehouse. This is the way in which fish is kept for dog-food during the winter months in the great Canadian North-West. At the inland stations of the Hudson's Bay Company, where seal and whale-meat are, of course, not available, the Esquimaux dogs, which draw the sledges, are fed on white

fish, which keeps excellently on the curious stages shown in the photograph.

The striking photograph next reproduced shows a unique accident which happened recently at Marcus Hook, on the Delaware River. The French barque *Alice and Isabelle* was lying at the Standard Oil Company's pier, after her cargo had been unloaded, when suddenly, after a few preliminary shakes to warn the crew, she deliberately turned over until her

yard-arms rested upon the pier, thus preventing her from capsizing completely. Not a man was injured, and only a few ropes aboard the ship were broken. It is surmised that, her water-ballast tanks being almost empty and the ship thus being top-heavy, the wind acting on her high freeboard threw the vessel over. It was fortunate for all concerned that the ship listed towards the pier instead of towards the river.



From a]

A SHIP THAT "WENT TO SLEEP"—A UNIQUE ACCIDENT TO A FRENCH BARQUE.

[Photo.



A MUCH-TRAVELLED POSTAL-WRAPPER—IT CONTAINED A "WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE," AND JOURNEYED TWENTY THOUSAND MILES IN SEVENTY-TWO DAYS. [Photo.]

The above photograph is a facsimile of a much-travelled postal-wrapper. It originally contained a copy of THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE, and was posted at Dumbarton on July 11th, 1901, addressed to an engineer on a B.I.S.N. steamer at Calcutta. It duly reached Calcutta on July 28th, but the addressee had sailed. The packet dallied in Calcutta for some days, and on August 1st, having been redirected, arrived in Madras. But the engineer was not there, so the magazine, nothing daunted, pursued him to Bombay, arriving on September 9th. Again the addressee was not to be found, and the packet—now decorated all over with redirections and post-marks—set out for Colombo, in Ceylon. Here disappointment again awaited it, but another redirection saved the situation, and at Rangoon, in Burma, it finally reached the errant engineer, after seventy-two days of wandering. The magazine travelled, roughly speaking, some twenty thousand miles, an average of over two hundred and seventy per day. It followed and met five steamers at different points, and, as will be seen from the photo., the original address is

all but hidden beneath a bewildering array of post-marks and redirections. Instances such as this are splendid testimonials to the energy and perseverance of a hard-worked Post Office.

Railwaymen in foreign lands often carry on their work under conditions that would appal their fellow-workers at home. On certain Central African railways, for instance, trains have frequently been charged by rhinoceroses and other large beasts; and an unhappy telegraph operator on the Uganda Railway, on returning to his station, found the station-master and staff barricaded in a hut, while two big lions patrolled the platform! He promptly wired down the line for "instructions." The edifice seen in the photograph shown below is rendered necessary by very similar conditions. It is a hut built for the pointsman at Walayar, a jungle station on the Madras Railway, and is intended to protect its occupant against the numerous tigers which frequent the vicinity. These ferocious brutes have in the past manifested an unholy taste for railwaymen, and so it was found necessary to place the men at isolated spots in cages. The tigers have even been known to visit the stations, causing dire dismay among the staff and passengers.



A POINTSMAN'S "TIGER-BOX" ON THE MADRAS RAILWAY. [From a Photo.]



A WEDDING PROCESSION IN EGYPT—THE BRIDE OCCUPIES THE CLOSED LITTER ON THE FIRST
From a CAMEL. *[Photo.]*

The accompanying photograph will interest our lady readers, for it depicts a wedding procession in the land of the Pharaohs. The poor "fella" of the Nile Delta makes as much fuss of his wedding as he can, for it costs him a lot of money. Everything, indeed, is conducted on a hard cash basis, commencing with the purchase of the bride herself. In order to make a goodly show, therefore, the bridegroom musters all the horses, camels, and donkeys he can lay hands on among his friends, besides hiring conveyances for the bride and her family. The wife, however, can scarcely be said to grace the brilliant pageant with her presence, as she is invisible, being seated in the closely covered litter seen on the foremost camel. The essence of ladylike behaviour among the Moslems is retirement, and the more valued a bride the more is she guarded from the public gaze. So she is immured in her stuffy litter while the miscellaneous cavalcade winds its way along, preceded by a weird and alarming native band, to the house of the proud and happy bridegroom.

Among savage races, where the women-folk do the greater part of the work, the duty of

attending to the babies has to be sandwiched in with a multitude of other occupations in a manner which would make civilized mothers gasp with astonishment. Not a little ingenuity is sometimes displayed by the mothers in arranging things so that two or more tasks can be accomplished simultaneously. Look, for instance, at the interesting little snap-shot here shown. It was taken at the north end of Vancouver Island, B.C., and shows a Kwakiutl Indian squaw busily engaged in spinning, while she rocks her baby's cradle — cunningly suspended from a dead tree — with a

string attached to her big toe! The "papoose" is perfectly happy, the mother can accomplish the seemingly impossible feat of doing two things properly at once, and everybody is satisfied — including the enterprising photographer who secured this unique picture.

A typical bit of New York "scenery" is shown in the photo. on the next page. Residents of the city who live in the eligible five and



DOING TWO THINGS AT ONCE—A KWAKIUTL INDIAN SQUAW ENGAGED IN SPINNING WHILE
From a SHE ROCKS HER BABY'S CRADLE WITH HER BIG TOE! *[Photo.]*



[From a]

A TYPICAL BIT OF NEW YORK "SCENERY" IN THE TENEMENT DISTRICT.

[Photo.]

six story tenements known as "flats" do not possess such things as back-yards, and the airing of washing is, therefore, somewhat of a problem. The difficulty is surmounted by having the clothes-lines suspended from masts as elevated as the houses. All the ropes are double, passing through pulleys on the masts and leading back to the rear windows of the houses, each story having its own line. As garments are hung out they are pulled away from the building until the line is full. On washing-day, therefore, the view from one's back windows is weird and variegated; and should a sportive breeze work havoc with an overloaded mast, and so bring disaster and confusion upon the aerial laundry, not a little excitement and amusement are afforded the disinterested spectator.

The dark mass seen on the tree-branch in the last photograph is a Cuban ants' nest. These nests are usually of enormous size, running to five or six feet in circumference. They are built by the Bebehana ant, the curse of the Cuban farmers. These insects march in organized bands under recognised leaders, and in forty-eight hours will strip a tree of every leaf it possesses. The first question asked by prospective purchasers of farms is always, "Are there any Bebehanas on the land?" This ant pest is almost as serious in Cuba as the rabbit problem in Australia, and the Spanish Government offered a reward of two hundred thousand dollars to any person who could devise a means of clearing the island of these destructive insects, but without avail.



A CUBAN ANTS' NEST—THESE ANTS ARE THE CURSE OF THE COUNTRY, AND THE GOVERNMENT OFFERED A REWARD OF TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR A MEANS OF DESTROYING THEM.

[From a]

[Photo.]

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